THE

European Magazine,

AND

LONDON REVIEW;

For OCTOBER, 1787.

[Embellished with, 1. A Portrait of TIBERIUS CAVALLO, F. R. S. And 2. A VIEW of Part of WANDSWORTH HEIGHT, from the CHELSEA SIDE of the RIVER THAMES.]

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LONDON:

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[Entered at Stationers' Hall.]

ANSWERS to CORRESPONDENTS.

Neſtor's hints ſhall not be loſt.

The Poem on *Morning*, the *Addreſs* to the *Lares*, and ſome other poetical pieces received, in our next.

Indignator ſhall be returned, as he deſires.

Our new Correſpondent *H.* muſt excuſe us. What is good in his Poem is all borrowed.

We ſhall receive the Biographical Anecdotes from *Oxonienſis* with great ſatisfaction.

We repeat that we cannot negotiate with anonymous Correſpondents.

AVERAGE PRICES of CORN, from Oct. 15, to Oct. 20, 1787.

	Wheat		Rye		Barl.		Oats		Beans	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
London	6	4	3	3	3	1	2	3	3	5
COUNTIES INLAND.										
Middleſex	5	6	3	6	3	0	2	7	3	8
Surry	5	2	3	1	2	11	2	4	4	8
Hertford	5	3	3	6	3	1	2	2	4	0
Bedford	4	11	3	3	2	9	2	1	3	5
Cambridge	5	1	3	3	2	9	1	11	3	2
Huntingdon	4	8	0	0	2	8	1	10	3	3
Northampton	5	2	2	8	2	7	1	11	3	5
Rutland	5	1	3	0	2	10	2	4	3	0
Leiceſter	5	4	3	3	2	9	2	0	4	2
Nottingham	5	3	3	4	2	11	2	3	4	5
Derby	5	11	0	0	3	1	2	6	4	9
Stafford	5	11	0	0	3	0	2	4	4	7
Salop	5	8	3	8	2	11	2	0	5	3
Hereford	4	8	0	0	3	0	1	10	0	0
Worceſter	5	7	0	0	2	11	2	2	3	6
Warwick	5	5	0	0	2	11	2	2	3	10
Glouceſter	5	10	0	0	2	8	2	0	4	1
Wilts	5	7	3	9	2	8	2	4	4	4
Berks	5	6	3	4	2	10	2	3	3	5
Oxford	5	3	0	0	2	10	2	3	3	9
Bucks	5	2	0	0	2	9	2	2	3	6

COUNTIES upon the COAST.	Wheat		Rye		Barl.		Oats		Beans	
Eſſex	4	11	0	0	2	9	2	1	3	6
Suffolk	4	11	3	1	2	7	2	0	2	11
Norfolk	5	0	3	1	2	6	2	1	0	0
Lincoln	5	3	2	11	2	7	1	11	3	7
York	5	6	3	6	2	11	2	0	4	6
Durham	4	11	3	9	2	10	2	0	4	6
Northumberl.	5	1	3	8	2	8	2	0	4	5
Cumberland	5	9	3	7	2	9	2	4	4	1 0
Weſtmorld.	6	0	0	0	3	0	2	2	4	2
Lancaſhire	5	9	3	9	0	0	2	2	4	1 0
Cheſhire	5	5	3	10	2	11	2	0	0	0
Monmouth	5	11	0	0	2	9	1	9	0	0
Somerſet	5	7	3	3	2	11	1	11	3	1 0
Devon	5	3	0	0	2	7	1	6	0	0
Cornwall	5	7	0	0	2	8	1	7	0	0
Dorſet	6	0	0	0	2	7	2	0	4	1
Hants	5	5	0	0	2	8	2	2	3	8
Suſſex	4	9	0	0	2	9	2	3	3	1 0
Kent	5	1	0	0	3	0	2	4	3	3
WALES, Oct. 8, to Oct. 13, 1787.										
North Wales	5	5	4	3	2	10	1	8	4	11
South Wales	5	3	3	10	2	8	1	7	4	9

STATE of the BAROMETER and THERMOMETER.

SEPTEMBER.

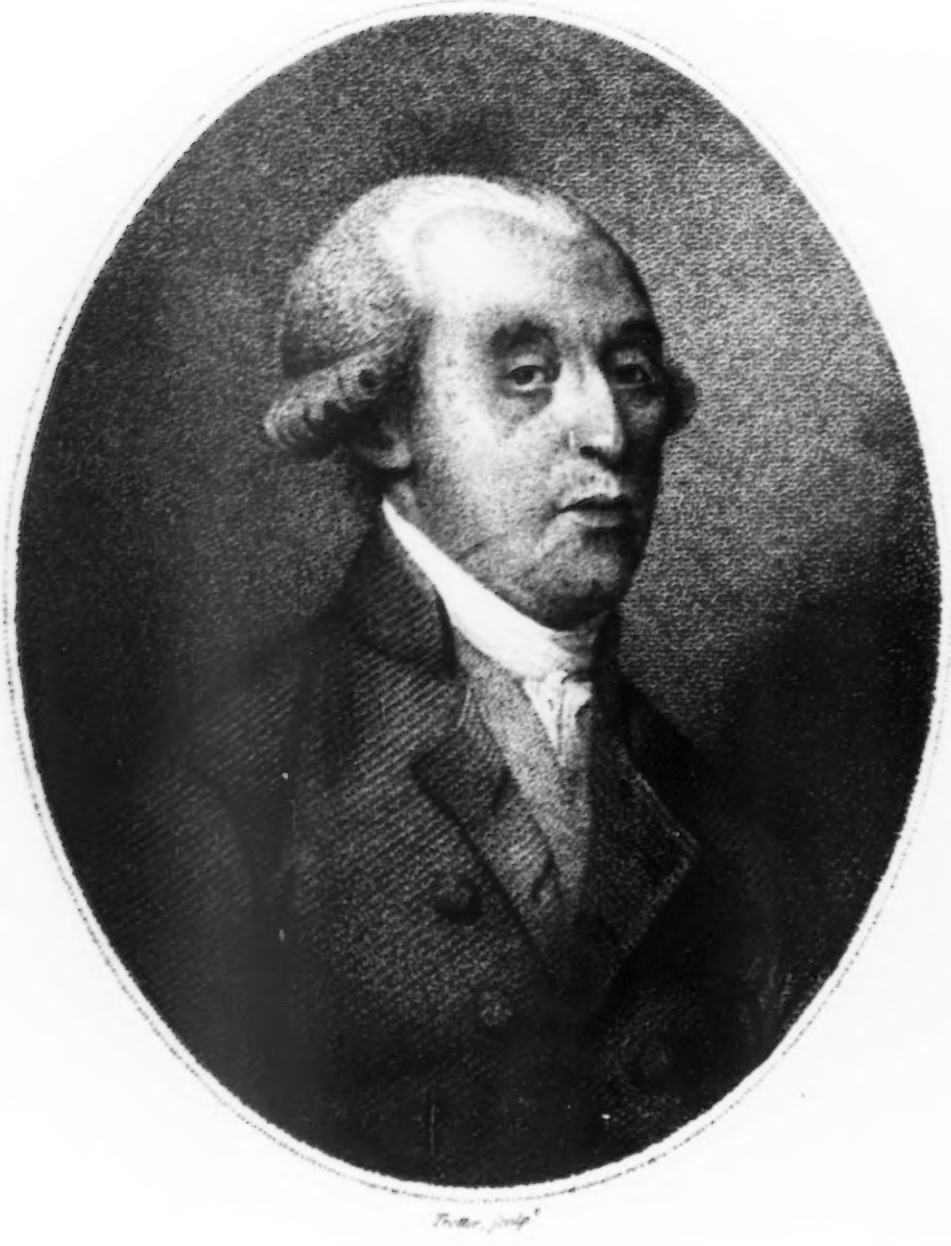
Barometer.	Thermom.	Wind.
27—29 — 75	58 —	N.N.E.
28—29 — 99	55 —	N.N.E.
29—29 — 73	52 —	N. E.
30—29 — 76	56 —	S. E.

OCTOBER.

1—29 — 77	54 —	S. E.
2—29 — 75	59 —	E.
3—29 — 62	54 —	E.
4—29 — 56	60 —	W.S.W.
5—29 — 62	62 —	W.S.W.
6—29 — 70	58 —	S. W.
7—30 — 00	60 —	S.
8—30 — 12	59 —	N.
9—30 — 10	50 —	W.
10—29 — 47	57 —	S. S. W.
11—29 — 11	52 —	S. W.
12—29 — 34	48 —	S.
13—29 — 24	54 —	W.
14—29 — 42	43 —	S. W.
15—29 — 77	42 —	S. W.
16—29 — 73	59 —	W.S.W.
17—29 — 70	58 —	W.S.W.
18—29 — 63	52 —	N.
19—29 — 74	44 —	W.
20—30 — 03	48 —	N.
21—30 — 14	47 —	N.
22—29 — 66	46 —	W.
23—29 — 70	52 —	W.
24—29 — 85	50 —	S. S. W.
25—29 — 69	50 —	N.
26—29 — 69	60 —	W.

PRICE of STOCKS, Oct. 27, 1787.

Bank Stock, ſhut ex div.
New 4 per Cent. 1777, ſhut 89 ½ a ⅞ ex div.
5 per Cent. Ann. 1785, 108 ⅛ a ½
3 per Cent. red. ſhut 71 ¾ a ⅝ a ½
3 per Cent Conſ. 72 ⅛ a ¼ a ½
3 per Cent. 1726, —
3 per Cent. 1751, —
3 per Ct. Ind An. ſhut
South Sea Stock, —
Old S. S. Ann. ſhut
New S. S. Ann. —
India Stock, —
India Bonds, —
New Navy and Vict. Bills, 3 per cent. dif.
Long Ann. ſhut 21 ⅞ a ½ a 7-16ths
30 yrs. Ann. 1778, ſhut 13 ⅛
Exchequer Bills, —
Lottery Tickets 15l. 17s. 6d. a 18s.
3 per Cent. for Nov. 71 ⅛ a 72



Trotter, sculp.

TIBERIUS CAVALLO, F. R. S.

Published by J. Sewell, Cornhill.

THE

EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

AND

LONDON REVIEW,

For OCTOBER, 1787.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

ACCOUNT of the LIFE and WRITINGS of TIBERIUS CAVALLO, F. R. S.

[With a PORTRAIT of HIM.]

IN times of peace we deem the moſt important characters to be thoſe who have produced beneficial diſcoveries to mankind, or enlarged the bounds of ſcience; and with theſe ſentiments we feel a ſatisfaction in preſenting to the public accounts of ſuch perſons as will be remembered when the faint hand of oblivion ſhall have erazed every veſtige of the deſtroyers of their ſpecies, and the diſturbers of ſociety. The gentleman at preſent ſelected has furniſhed the world with ſeveral uſeful productions, and therefore deſerves to be remembered as a benefactor to mankind.

TIBERIUS CAVALLO, we are told, is the ſon of an eminent phyſician at Naples, the capital of the kingdom of that name, and was born the 30th of March, 1749. His education was liberal, and his acquirements did honour to his tutors. After arriving at the age of manhood, he felt a deſire of extending his information by ſeeing foreign countries; and in Sept. 1771 arrived in England, where he has ever ſince continued his reſidence.

The firſt knowledge of him which the public obtained was by a volume entitled, "A Complete Treatiſe of Electricity, in Theory and Practice; with original Experiments." 8vo. This work is divided into Four Parts; in the firſt of which the author treats of the fundamental laws of electricity, or lays down ſuch propoſitions relating to it, as, being independent of any particular hypotheſis, are deduced from the *phænomena* that have been conſtantly and invariably obſerved to take place among electrified and other bodies. After an explanation of the terms peculiar to the ſcience, he gives an uſeful catalogue of *electric* and *conducting* ſubſtances, diſpoſed in the order of their reſpective perfection, beginning with the moſt perfect in each claſs. He next treats of the two electricities; of the different methods of exciting electrics; of the phænomena exhibited by the electric matter when communicated to conducting ſubſtances, and to electrics; and of the Leyden vial, where he relates the more general effects produced by charged electrics.

The ſecond diviſion is appropriated to the hypothetical part of the ſcience. He briefly explains the theory of poſitive and negative electricity, and offers ſome conjectures on the nature of the electric fluid. With equal brevity he enquires into the place occupied by the electric fluid in bodies, and into the nature of the principle which produces that difference in their compoſition, which conſtitutes ſome bodies electrics, and others conductors.

The third and principal part of the work is appropriated to the practice of electricity, and commences with a deſcription, illuſtrated with plates, of the beſt electrical machines and their various appendages; together with an account of all the moſt material improvements which the apparatus has received down to the preſent time.

The fourth and laſt part of the work contains ſome new experiments made by the author; particularly a pretty large ſeries reſpecting the electricity of the atmoſphere.

In March 1779, he was elected a Member of the Royal Academy of Sciences of Naples; and in December the ſame year was admitted a Member of the Royal Society of London.

The

The next year he publiſhed "An Eſſay on the Theory and Practice of Medical Electricity," 8vo. a very valuable work, which has already obtained much praiſe. In 1781, he produced "A Treatiſe on the Nature and Properties of Air, and other permanent y elaſtic Fluids. To which is prefixed, an Introduction to Chemiſtry." 4to. This work is alſo divided into Four Parts. In the firſt Part he briefly deſcribes, under the title of An Introduction to Chemiſtry, the various ſubſtances, together with their principal properties, that are neceſſary to be known by a perſon before he enters on the examination of the different kinds of air or other elaſtic fluids. In the ſecond Part he inſtructs his readers in the principles of *hydroſtatics*, ſo far as the knowledge of them is neceſſary for the performance of the experiments deſcribed. He likewiſe here treats of the principal properties of air and other permanently elaſtic fluids, and gives a deſcription of the apparatus employed in performing the various experiments. In the third and fourth Parts he treats of the nature and properties of the different ſpecies of air in particular chapters, and diſcuſſes their theory and various intereſting circumſtances relative to them, terminating the work by the relation of ſome original experiments made by himſelf.

In 1785, he publiſhed "The Hiſtory and Practice of Aeroſtation," 8vo. containing a hiſtory of the art and the practice of it; and in 1786, "Mineralogical Tables," folio. In this work the excellent ſyſtem of mineralogy ſketched out by Cronſtedt, corrected and improved by Bergman, and further enlarged by Kirvan, is diſpoſed in two tables, each filling one ſide of a large ſheet. One of them (called the *ſecond*) contains the four claſſes of minerals, divided into *orders* and *genera*, with the principal *properties* of each; the other, all the particular *ſpecies* and *varieties*, ranged under the reſpective diviſions; thoſe which are compounded of two or more ingredients being placed in that claſs or order to which their principal ingredient belongs. They are accompanied with a pamphlet, in octavo, containing their explanation and uſe, an alphabetical index of the names of the minerals, with references to their reſpective places in the tables.

Since this work, our author has publiſhed "A Treatiſe on Magnetiſm, in Theory and Practice, with Original Experiments," 8vo. He is alſo the author of ſeveral papers publiſhed at different times in the Tranſactions of the Royal Society of London.

MAXIMS of the late Dr. JEBB.

[PUBLISHED IN HIS WORKS.]

SUICIDE is not a crime which ſhould be deemed cognizable by the civil magiſtrate; but it is a ſinful and vicious action, becauſe it implies a want of truſt in the goodneſs of Providence, and indicates the greateſt degree of ſelf-regard; hence frequent in lunacy, where ſelf-regard ſeems to annihilate all ſecondary affections, ſuch as modeſty, piety, and benevolence.

If the production of happineſs be pleaſing to the Almighty, agriculture muſt be pleaſing, as from thence the means of living are ſupplied, not to man only, but to innumerable kinds of other animals, who reſide near the habitations of men.

The pleaſure and love of the human mind, generated in granting favours, is greater than the love generated by receiving them, in order that men may be incited to the firſt glory of their nature, the practice of benevolence.

Men in England allow the uſe of one metal in planting religion in the human breaſt, viz. the uſe of GOLD; and why not then the uſe of STEEL?

Differences of ſtyle ſhould be as the differences of dreſs in a prudent miſtreſs of a family: one dreſs, when in domeſtic duties; another, when ſhe receives viſitors; a third, when ſhe viſits.

Every thing depends upon the huſbandman. The earth, the common mother of us all, ſhe produces, ſhe ſupports us; and therefore Kings, Biſhops, Lawyers, Phyſicians, Soldiers, Sailors, &c. &c. &c. to be kept within reaſonable bounds, otherwiſe they may depopulate the world.

For

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

The following Letter from the celebrated Antiquary THOMAS HEARNE, which has never been printed, is transcribed from the original copy in his own hand-writing. It was probably addreſſed to Mr. URRY, the Editor of Chaucer's Works.

SIR,

I CANNOT but highly commend your induſtry in being ſo inquiſitive into the Life and Writings of *Jeffry Chaucer*, the Prince of our Engliſh Poets; and I am extremely obliged to you for the account you ſent me of the Editions of him that you have hitherto met with. Would others but imitate your diligence, we ſhould underſtand this excellent Poet much better than we do, and be able to give a far more correct Edition of him than has hitherto appeared. Such an undertaking will derive great honour upon thoſe that ſhall engage in it, and will be gratefully received by all true Scholars and Antiquaries. For *Chaucer* was not only an excellent Poet, but was admirably well verſed in moſt parts of learning: and beſides his profound learning, he was a compleat gentleman, and ſkilled in all the arts of addreſs. Theſe qualifications made him beloved and honoured; and his converſation and acquaintance were courted by the greateſt perſonages; inſomuch that he was ſent Ambaſſador into foreign parts, where he came off with as much applauſe as he did in any of his performances in his own native country. This does not ſeem to be at all owing to his birth; his father, notwithſtanding wealthy, being in all probability only a Merchant; though I know that *Leland*, in which he is followed by *Bale*, tells us that he was *nobili loco natus*; which ſeems to be a miſtake, there being no evidence now remaining that we know of, to confirm ſuch an aſſertion, unleſs it be that from the Roll of Battel Abbey we learn that the *Chaucers* came with the Conqueror into England; and that *Pitts* tells us that his father was a Knight. Nor are we uncertain only as to his anceſtors and his quality, but there are a great many other particulars relating to him, which at preſent we know nothing of; which I am perſuaded we might be ſatisfied in, by a diligent inſpection into ancient Records. I have not time myſelf to aſſiſt in any ſuch attempt; and therefore I leave it to yourſelf and others, who have both leiſure and opportunity of going through ſo deſirable a work.

We have ſeveral eminent perſons for precedents in this uſeful inquiry, which cannot but add life and vigour to thoſe who concern themſelves in it. For ſoon after printing was eſtabliſhed in this iſland, *William Caxton*, beſides divers other good books, ſet himſelf carefully about ſearching out and publiſhing the ſeveral pieces of *Jeffry Chaucer*; but I much queſtion whether he printed divers of them together. For though *Stow* and ſome others inform us, that he was the firſt that publiſhed his works, yet I believe they are to be underſtood of ſome pieces printed by him in diſtinct and ſmall volumes, and not after the method that was followed by his ſucceſſors. For *Richard Pynſon*, in his Preface to his Edition of the *Canterbury Tales*, (which we have amongſt *Mr. Selden*'s manuſcripts, and contains nothing elſe) acquaints us, that he printed them from a copy that was prepared for the preſs by his maſter *William Caxton*; but gives not the leaſt hint that they had been before printed. *Caxton* and *Pynſon* having ſpent their time ſo ſucceſsfully upon *Chaucer*, and ſo much to the content and approbation of learned men, others were ſoon animated to advance and promote what they had begun; and accordingly ſeveral Editions followed, with improvements, as you have particularly ſpecified in your paper: but *Caxton* and *Pynſon* were exceeded in their labours by *William Botevil*, alias *Thinne*, Eſq. who having collected all the old copies of *Chaucer* that he could any ways procure; and having, with great exactneſs, corrected a vaſt number of places, and made conſiderable additions, amongſt which muſt not be paſſed by his notes and explanations; publiſhed the work in one volume in *folio* in the year M,D,XL *, (not in M,D,XLII, as Mr. Wood inſinuates †) which was printed at London by *Thomas Berthelet*, as is noted by Mr.

* See Stow Annals, Edit. fol. p. 326, and *Mr. Leland de Scriptoribus* in vitâ *Chaucери*.

† Athenæ Oxon. vol. I. col. 85.

*Leland**, and dedicated to King Henry VIII. Twenty years after this *John Stow*, the Antiquary, collated† this Edition with ſeveral manuſcripts (ſome of which I ſuppoſe are part of thoſe that had been collected a great many years before by *James Shirley*, Eſq. who died in the year M,CCCC,LVI ‡, and not in M,CCCC,LXV, as you miſtake) added ſome pieces of *Chaucer* not printed before; and in the year M,D,XCVII, joined to him divers pieces of *Lidgate*; which being done, he drew up an account of *Chaucer*'s life, of his preferment, iſſue, and death, collected out of Records in the Tower and other places, which he at length communicated to *Thomas Speght*, who publiſhed them the ſame year, with the ſaid improvements of *Stow* and his own, and methodized the life according to his own judgment. After this *Francis Thinne*, Lancaſter Herald at Arms, a perſon very well verſed in antiquities, and deſcended, as it ſeems §, from the beforementioned *William Thinne*; but not his ſon, as is affirmed by *Speght* in his Life of *Chaucer*; corrected this Edition in abundance of places, drew up ſeveral notes to it, and put them into the hands of the ſaid Mr. *Speght*, who remitted them into another Edition of *Chaucer*, printed in *folio* in M,DC,II, which is the moſt compleat Edition we have yet; and beſides the explication of old and obſcure words, contains great variety of improvements that were not in former impreſſions. But I ſhall not trouble you with a Catalogue of the Editions of *Chaucer*, which you are acquainted with far better than I can pretend to. I ſhall however, if I meet with any Edition that you have not ſpecified, let you know of it; and in the mean time I muſt take notice, that I have ſeen ſome pieces of him printed ſeparately, that you have not mentioned; and 'tis likely I may meet with others hereafter in my ſearches. Among Mr. *Selden*'s printed books in the *Bodleian* Library, is a quarto Collection of old romantick pieces; the firſt of which is *The Story of the noble Kynge Cure de Lyon*, printed at London by *Wynkyn de Worde*, anno M,D,XXVIII. The author's name is not added, and therefore 'tis put down in *Doctor Hyde*'s Catalogue as an anonymous Tract; but upon conſulting the book, I find that ſomebody, perhaps one that was formerly owner of it, has writ the following words, at the beginning: "By *Jeffree Charſher, Pooet Laret.*" What authority he had for this, I will not pretend to gueſs; but I thought fit to give you an account of it, that you may at your leiſure examine into it. In the ſame Library we have another Collection of old Engliſh pieces, which was alſo *Mr. Selden*'s, in which is "*The Plowman's Tale*, with a ſhort expoſition, and matters pr. at London, M,DC,VI," quarto. This expoſition is very uſeful; and the author, who it may be was the ſaid *Francis Thinne*, ſhews himſelf to be a man of ſkill, and to have been a maſter of *Chaucer*. Beſides theſe two pieces, I muſt hint to you that the famous *Mr. Elias Aſhmole* has printed *The Tale of the Chanoins Yeeman*, in his *Theatrum Chemicum*, page 227 (before which he has put *Chaucer*'s Picture and Epitaph from Weſtminſter-Abbey); and that in his *Muſeum* at Oxford is "*The Miller*'s *Tale*, and *The Tale of the Wife of Bath*, with Comments: pr. at London in M,DC,LXV;" which laſt I have not yet ſeen; but I ſhall take the firſt opportunity to do it, and I will not fail to let you know the iſſue of my inquiry.

But notwithſtanding theſe excellent perſons labours were ſo ſucceſsful as that they may ſeem perhaps to ſome to have ſuperſeded all future attempts, yet I may with modeſty aſſert, that a much more correct and complete Edition of *Chaucer* might be given than any that has hitherto appeared. I have conſulted ſome of our *Oxford* manuſcripts, and find that the print is in a great many places corrupted; that in other places whole verſes are wanting, which might by theſe helps be ſupplied; that ſometimes the titles of the Tales are changed; and that, laſtly, entire Tracts might be added that were never yet made publick. I took more particular notice of one manuſcript there ‖, which is a Collection of Poems; ſome whereof bear *Chaucer*'s name, and others have no name at all; which nevertheleſs I take to have been written by him, as being in the ſame ſtyle,

* Loco citato.
† See his Annals, loco citato.
‡ See *Stow*'s Survey of *London*, p. 416.
§ See *Wood*'s *Athen. Oxon.* vol. I. col. 320.
‖ Inter Codd. Fairfaxij, num. XVI.

and all in the ſame hand, which I gueſs to have been of the very age of *Chaucer*. From this Collection, from thoſe that were in *Mr. Stow*'s Library, from that mentioned by *Mr. Edward Philips* in his *Theatrum Poetarum*, and from a multitude of others, we might in all likelihood make another entire volume of Chaucer in folio.

I ſhall not give myſelf the trouble of multiplying inſtances to confirm what is before aſſerted, ſince thoſe cannot but be obvious to every one that ſhall have the curioſity to inſpect and examine a little the manuſcripts. Yet I think it proper at preſent to inform you, that as the Prologue of *The Squire*'s *Tale* in an excellent manuſcript of *Mr. Selden*'s *, is quite different from that in the print, ſo there are eight verſes in the Tale itſelf which are not in the common Editions. For whereas we have received as yet but two verſes of the third part, with a note ſignifying that none of the reſt, notwithſtanding diligently ſought after, could be recovered, we have here the following ones, which immediately precede the two already printed, viz.

But I here now wol maken a knotte
To the tyme it come nexte to my lotte;
For here ben felowes behynde an hope truly
That wolden talke ful beſily,
And have here ſporte as well as I,
And the day paſſith certeynly.
Therefore Oſte taketh now good hede,
Who ſhal next telle, and late him ſpede.

And whereas you mention a paſſage entitled, *Pœnitentia ut dicitur pro Fabula Rectorij*, by which *Chaucer* revoked ſeveral of his books that you found printed in an Edition of his Poems with *Mr. Tanner*, which you have not ſeen in any other, I muſt withal acquaint you, that I have found the ſame Revocation in a manuſcript in the *Bodleian* Library †; which, becauſe it is fuller than that you mention, and ſomewhat different, I ſhall tranſcribe at large:—"Now prey I to hem all that herken this litul tretiſe, or reden, that if ther be any thing in it that liketh hem, that thereof thei thanken our Lorde Jheſu Criſt, of whom procideth alle witte and goodeneſſe. And if there be any thing that diſpleſe hem, I prey hem alſo that thei arrecte it to the defaute of myn unkonnyng, and not to my will, that wold fayne have ſeid better, if I hadde konnyng: for oure boke ſeith that al that is writen for our doctrine, and that is meyn entent. Wherefor I beſeche yow mekely for the mercy of God, that ye prey for me that Criſt have merce of me and forgeve me my giltes: and namele my tranſlacions and enditinges, worldly vanities, the which I revoke in my retractions, as is the boke of Troilus, the boke alſo of Fame, the boke of the Fyve and Twenty Ladyes, the boke of the Duches, the boke of Seint Valintyn's Day, of the Perlement of Briddes, the Tales of Caunterbury (tho' that ſownen into ſyn) the boke of the Leon, and many another boke if thei wer in my remembraunce, and many a ſonge and many a lecherous lay, of the which Criſt for his grete mercy forgeve me the ſyn. But of the tranſlacion of Boete de Conſolation, and other bokes of Legends of Seintes, and Omelies, and Moralite, and Devocion, that thank I oure Lorde Jheſu Criſt and his blisful moder and all the Seintes in Heven, biſeking hem that thei fro henforthe unto my lyves ende ſend me grace to bewaile my giltes, and to ſtodien to the ſavacion of my ſoule, and graunte me ſpace of verrey penitence, confeſſion, and ſatisfaction to don in this preſent life, through the benigne grace of Him that is King of Kinges, and Preſt over alle Preſtes, that bought us with the precious blode of his hert, ſo that I may ben oon of hem at the day of dome that ſhallen be ſaved, and he that wrote this boke alſo. Amen. Qui cum Patre." This paſſage immediately follows theſe words; "and the reſt by travaile, and the life by deth and mortificacion of ſyn;" and is ſo continued with the Tale, as if it were part of it: but though the Revocation be alſo extant in the abovementioned manuſcript of *Mr. Selden*, yet it is written as diſtinct from the Tales, which conclude with that of the Parſon. For thus it is brought in: "Here enden the Talis of Caunterbury, and th' autour taketh leve.—Now preye I to hem alle." So that it begins juſt as that which I have tranſcribed above; but however is much ſhorter, ending with the booke of Seint Valentii.

Beſides the Tracts ſaid in this Revocation to have been written by *Chaucer*, and the difference of the three copies,

* Archiv. B. 30. in Bibl. Bodl.
† Inter Codd. Caroli Hattoni, num. I.

viz. our two and that in Mr. Tanner's book, we may obſerve, that the Scribe has entitled himſelf to a ſhare in the petition: whence I begin to think that the Revocation is not genuine; but that it was made by the Monks. For not only the Regular but Secular Clergy were exaſperated againſt *Chaucer* for the freedom he had taken to expoſe their lewdneſs and debauchery. But nothing gave them ſo much offence as *The Plowman's Tale*; in which he has, in lively colours, deſcribed their pride, covetouſneſs, and abominable luſts; and ſhewed that the Pope is Anti-Chriſt, and they his Miniſters. Such a ſatyr made by a perſon of his note and diſtinction, and ſo much celebrated for his wonderful fine parts, and exquiſite learning and judgment, could not but work mightily upon them, eſpecially when they had arrived at ſo high a pitch of wickedneſs, and were as it were drowned in ſloth and luxury, being much worſe now than their predeceſſors above three hundred years before, when even the Biſhops themſelves were illiterate, though adored and flattered upon account of their dignity and unbounded wealth, and attended upon by an amazing number of ſervants and ſycophants: "circa ea tempora pleriq; epiſcopi erant illiterati, pecuniis & blandiciis potentes, veſtium apparatu fatellitum ſtrepitu muniti," as in the manuſcript Hiſtory of the Church of Lichfield, in the Bodleian Library *. They could not endure to think of a reformation, eſpecially ſince they were indulged to keep concubines, now celibacy had ſo generally prevailed; which however commendable in itſelf, if it be obſerved by ſuch as can contain, gave occaſion in great meaſure to that exorbitant way of living which we hear of in this age. Nor did the extravagancies of the Court a little to heighten and countenance them in their proceedings, the young King (notwithſtanding endowed with ſeveral excellent qualities) and thoſe that were his neareſt favourites being wholly as it were addicted to pleaſures, which were ſet out in the utmoſt ſplendour and magnificence; and that was the chief cauſe that moved a rebellion againſt him, which did not ceaſe till he fell a ſacrifice to thoſe miſcreants, in which the Clergy had ſome ſhare, and for which they were excommunicated, as I have ſeen in a certain manuſcript fragment in the *Bodleian* Library, which has not been taken notice of by our common Hiſtorians, and the act itſelf exclaimed againſt with the greateſt horror and indignation by all virtuous and loyal men.

But if, notwithſtanding what has been alledged, it be ſuppoſed that this Revocation is authentick, and that it was penned by Chaucer himſelf, we may then conjecture that it was done by him towards the latter end of the reign of *Richard* II. when having loſt the favour of his Prince and moſt of his noble friends here, and being withal grown old, he retired himſelf from the pleaſures of the world, and reflected ſeriouſly upon the changes and infirmities to which human nature is ſubject. This conſideration, with the thoughts of a future ſtate, could not but make him renounce the vanities of this life, and retract thoſe paſſages which he perceived either had or might do miſchief to religion and morality. After which he became quite weary of this life, and ſeemed to have no reliſh for any thing in it: though that may be attributed chiefly perhaps to the misfortunes which happened to him, he and his lands being taken into the King's protection in the ſecond year of his reign, becauſe of ſome danger that ſeemed to threaten from his favouring and ſtriking in with the raſh attempts of the common people. Whatſoever this attempt was, whether rebellion, or ſomething bordering upon it, 'tis certain he forfeited the love of his Prince and moſt of his friends; and he was forced to lead afterwards a melancholy life, which often extorted from him grievous complaints, particularly of his own raſhneſs in following the multitude, and ſometimes would wiſh to exchange life for death †; which miſery, however, was fortunate in this, that it prepared him the better for eternity, and influenced him to retract all the looſe things in his writings.

Now the Plowman's Tale having given more offence than all the reſt of *Chaucer's Works*, perhaps that is the reaſon why it appears in ſo few manuſcripts. I have not found it in one of thoſe I have conſulted at *Oxford*, which has made ſome think that it is not *Chaucer's*: and this they believe confirmed from the ſtile, which is different from his other poems. *Mr. Pitts* confounds it with the ſatyr that is called *Piers Plowman*; but the publiſhers have ſkilfully aſcribed it to him,

* Manuſcript 65.

† This may be ſeen in the Complaint he made to his Purſe, which *Mr. Speght* found ten times larger in Mr. Stow's manuſcript than in print.

being

being warranted from a manuſcript in *Mr. Stow*'s Library; though it muſt be confeſſed that it is not properly termed a *Tale*, and it does not ſeem to have been put as one of the Tales by the author himſelf: for they are ſuppoſed to have been *ſpoken* and not *written*, as this ‡ is plainly ſaid to be, the Plowman concluding thus:

To holy church I will me bow,
Ech man to amend him Chriſt ſend ſpace;
And for my writing, me allow
He that is almighty for his grace.

The ſame word of *writing* is there made uſe of ſeveral times: as, "For my writing if I have blame;" and, "Of my writing have me excuſed;" which ſeems to me an undeniable argument, that it was not delivered as a Tale told by mouth, as all the reſt were.

I might from this occaſion inſiſt upon divers other particulars, but I have already exceeded the bounds of a letter; and I am afraid I have quite tired your patience. I hope, however, you will take what I have ſaid as an inſtance of my readineſs to ſerve you, being, with all ſincerity,

SIR,
Your very humble ſervant,
THOMAS HEARNE.

Oxon, May 28, 1709.

For the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

A CORRESPONDENT, after obſerving that the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE has lately furniſhed the World with ſeveral literary curioſities, deſires we will inſert the following NOTES on OVID's ART OF LOVE, 8vo. 1709, which are tranſcribed with all their peculiarities from the original copy, formerly belonging to MR. POPE, in his own hand-writing, on the blank leaves.

NOTES by Mr. POPE.

AMONG a thouſand errors in the notes to this book theſe are a few (in the notes on Book I.).

"P. 63. (Ovid relates the whole fable of Chiron and Saturn's Love to Phillyra in the 5th Book De Faſtis)."

The Fable of Saturn and Phillyra is not told there, but only the death of Chiron related.

"P. 68. (The Romans met in the "Temple of Venus to mourn Adonis, "and infamous acts of lewdneſs were "there committed, if we may believe Juvenal, Sat. 6. *Nam quo non proſirat "fœmina templo?*")

This verſe is in the 9th Satire, lin. 24. and makes nothing to the purpoſe in regard to Venus's Temple more than any other temple: for Juvenal there mentions four temples, but none of them this.

"P. 75. (The number of the Sabines "raviſhed Valerius Antias makes to be "427, and Jubas (as Plutarch writes "in the life of Romulus) ſwells it to "600.")

Plutarch himſelf quotes Valerius Antias affirming the number to be 500, and Jubas 683. Vid. Plut. in Rom.

"(P. 86. After Ovid had treated the "ſubject of Paſiphae and the Bull ſo "elegantly, in the 15th of the Met. he "ſhews the excellency of his genius in "adding ſo much to it here.")

Ovid does not treat of this ſtory at all in the 15th of the Metam. he only juſt names Paſiphae in lin. 500. So this remark is impertinent.

"P. 94. (Aconius wrote on a golden "apple the verſes which are cited in "Cydippe's Epiſtle.)"

The verſes are ſo far from being cited there, that Cydippe expreſsly avoids citing them, in theſe words:

"*Mittitur ante pedes malum cum carmine tali*—
"—*Hei mihi! juravi nunc quoque pœne tibi.*"

Ovid. Ep. Cyd. lin. 107.

The verſes in the Hiſtory of Love, page 439. beginning—You haunt me ſtill, &c. to the very end of that poem, are excellent, and worth all the reſt of the book *(meo ſaltem judicio)*.

To this may be added, that Mr. Pope had put the name of Mr. Yalden as tranſlator of the 2d Book, which is anonymous, and A. Manwaring, Eſq. of the Court of Love.

‡ See a note at the beginning of the Tales in manuſcript, in Bibl. *Bodl.* inter Codd. Laud. K. 50, by *John Barcham*.

To

To the EDITOR of the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

SIR,

THE enemies of the late Dr. Johnſon, who have ſo maliciouſly related anecdotes of him, and attempted to detract from his reputation, have received their deſerved puniſhment. The public at firſt deſpiſed, and have now condemned them to neglect. A croud of ſnarlers, indeed, by their inſignificance have been protected from diſgrace; for as Johnſon was the common object at which impertinent vanity directed its darts, it would have been a nauſeous taſk for any one to have attacked ſuch a crew. To expoſe to the public the grounds on which theſe ſcribblers have generally attempted to found accuſations againſt Johnſon's character and writings, I think it worth while to make ſome remarks on a paper written by Dr. Percival of Mancheſter, which I accidentally looked at the other day in a bookſeller's ſhop. Its title is, "On Inconſiſtency of Expectation in Literary Purſuits." The paper begins with an alas! that Locke was a feeble valetudinarian, and that under the circumſtances of a delicate and broken conſtitution it could not be affirmed that

"Locke had a ſoul wide as the ſea," &c.

How advantageous to a writer is anatomical knowledge! Who but a perſon groſly ignorant of anatomy could entertain a thought of putting the ſea into the thorax of a man of a delicate conſtitution? The Doctor's criticiſm is highly ingenious and original; and, had it not referred to anatomy inſtead of natural hiſtory, might have been introduced with peculiar propriety into his "Eſſay on the Alliance of Natural Hiſtory and Philoſophy with Poetry." He proceeds to tell us, that Dr. Watts "paſſed a life of lingering ſickneſs;" that "Mr. Paſcal languiſhed four years under a diſtemper;" that "Pope's vital functions were diſordered;" that he had a head-ach; that "his learned biographer, Dr. Johnſon, records with all the ſeverity of ſarcaſm, that in the ſevere winter of 1740, one of Lord Oxford's domeſtics was called from bed four times in one night, to ſupply Pope with paper that he might not loſe a thought;" that Dr. Johnſon acknowledges, "he himſelf *triumphed* in the acquiſitions which he ſhould diſplay to mankind, and indulged all the dreams of a poet doomed to make a lexicographer;" that there is a paſſage in Thomſon applicable to this kind of "*folly.*" I cannot help ſtopping here to pay my tribute of gratitude to the learned author for his minute account of the diſeaſes of great men, which, very connectedly, uſhers in his remarks on Johnſon. Had he been as well acquainted with the ancient as the modern hiſtory of literary men, he would, no doubt, have told us, that Cæſar paid Cicero the compliment of taking a vomit before he went to dine with him, and that the Dictator was troubled with a diarrhœa. Such anecdotes ſhould not have been omitted in "An Eſſay on Inconſiſtency of Expectation in Literary Purſuits;" and I hope, when the Doctor publiſhes another edition of his works, that he will not fail to take advantage of the hint which I have ſuggeſted to him.

But to attend to his ſtrictures on Johnſon. His ingenuity is here unparalleled; for without Johnſon's doing more than relating the above-mentioned fact of Pope, in order to prove that his contempt of his own poetry was affected, Dr. Percival, as he expreſſes it, with elegant alliteration, diſcovers the "ſeverity of ſarcaſm." Our author is as ingenious in his explanation of what is ſaid, as of what is omitted. Johnſon, in his Preface to his Dictionary, tells the reader, that his plans were too comprehenſive for execution, "that they were the dreams of a poet doomed to wake a lexicographer." This gives the eſſayiſt occaſion of introducing a general implied charge of vanity againſt Johnſon. In whom then is the "ſeverity of ſarcaſm?" In Dr. Johnſon or Dr. Percival? To attempt more than he is able to execute, is ſurely undeſerving of ſuch an epithet as Dr. Percival uſes.—It is the common fate of genius, "nor is any one (as Johnſon obſerves) ſatisfied with himſelf that he has done much, but becauſe he can conceive little." I will not inſult the underſtanding of Dr. Percival's readers by aſking whether the character is applicable to him? The paſſage quoted from Thomſon, "This globe pourtrayed," &c. which he applies to Dr. Johnſon, accuſes him of "the folly" of being at his books, "turning over pages backwards and forwards," writing and blotting, ſcrawling and ſcribbling, loſing the preſent to gain a future age, to be praiſed when he cannot hear, and enriched with fame when worldly ſtore is uſeleſs." Theſe charges in general are

equally

equally applicable to Dr. Percival; for though, from what he has said of Johnson, it does not appear that he reads accurately, yet it must be acknowledged that he "turns over pages, writes and blots, scrawls and scribbles;" with some view no doubt, though one cannot suppose it to be a regard for fame either present or future.

After having examined Dr. Percival's reflections on Johnson, which was the design of my present address to you, I cannot resist the inclination of continuing my analysis of this exquisite essay, which contains a great deal of information unexpected from the title, and indubitably original in its application.

When the Doctor has taken leave of Johnson, he tells us that "knowledge may be cultivated in the busy scenes of active life;" that "Tully, Pliny, Bacon, and Temple, are evidences of this fact;" that "genius and industry cannot ward off sickness;" that "Cicero was under the necessity of retiring at certain seasons to one of his country villas," in order to be splenetic and melancholy.—But I can go no farther—I have as bad a head-ach as ever Pope had.—Sleep, which has been stealing on me ever since I opened the book, has got so much the better of me, that my pen has just now dropped from my hand. I must content myself with the fate of Johnson, and submit myself to the imputation of vanity, because like him I had proposed to myself a scheme which I find it is impossible to execute. What, to give at one sitting an abstract of such an essay! Nothing but the perfection of vanity could make me think of it.—Such anecdotes, and propositions so weighty and original, cannot be read without long thought, and the most steady attention. The reader may see the rest himself; and while he is doing it, I would advise him to look at that part of the essay of which I have given so concise a view, that he may be convinced I have omitted nothing which ought to have been inserted, nor misrepresented any thing that I have noticed. The Doctor concludes his "reflections" with a maxim from Seneca, that "we should not rest satisfied with the words of wisdom without the works, nor turn philosophy into an idle pleasure, which was given us for a salutary remedy."

Some readers perhaps, from observing the little relation between the contents of the paper and its title, may ask why the Doctor should chuse such an one. The question is natural enough, and ought to be answered. Mrs. Barbauld wrote an excellent essay with a similar title. Doctor Percival, wisely judging that it is not the execution, but the title of a work that stamps its merit and reputation, wrote a paper, and then prefixed Mrs. Barbauld's title to it with some trifling variation. The success was equal to his expectations, and I may add deserts; for surely the inventor of so unthought of a species of plagiarism is well intitled to public thanks. The Doctor has applied his invention to another essay on the Alliance of Natural History and Philosophy with Poetry, which title Mr. Aikin very happily furnished him with.

To express to the reader the high respect which I have for the Doctor's talents, and to convince him that I am capable of distinguishing between what requires censure and what deserves praise, I beg leave to refer him to a very pathetic story of a crow in the paper last mentioned, which reflects equal honour on the Doctor's descriptive talents, and the benevolent and sympathetic feelings of his heart. *O si sic omnia!* As the Doctor's design in publishing this exquisite story was to incite others to an observation of similar facts for the improvement of poetry, in conformity with so laudable an intention, I attempted the other day to versify his interesting narrative, which as you have inserted in your last Magazine, I may hope to be intitled to the thanks of the sentimental projector for my success in it.

Before I take leave of you, I cannot avoid noticing some very ingenious criticisms on Milton in the paper which furnished me hints for the above poem. The sword of "flame wide-waving Born by the cherubim stationed at the gate of Paradise," the Doctor thinks might have been described in a "more minute and pictorial" manner, if "the poet had been acquainted with the modern discoveries in electricity."

"To assist the reader's imagination," he is presented with an experiment on a glass tube sealed hermetically, and applied to an electrical conductor, which continues luminous for a long time after, and is made more so by rubbing. It is a pity that the Doctor has not worked this idea into a poem. How sublime must be the appearance of those celestial beings rubbing a glass tube with one hand, and turning an electrical machine with the other! What terror must such an exhibition have raised in the minds of our fallen

fallen parents! But the Doctor is not content with this diſcovery. He tells us that perennial ſprings, odoriferous gales, and the ſpicy beauties and pearly treaſures of the Eaſt, do not accord with an Engliſh landſcape. We are then informed that Milton thus addreſſes the Goddeſs of the Severn:

"May thy billows roll aſhore
The beryl, and the golden ore,
May thy lofty head be crown'd
With many a tower and terrace round;
And here and there thy banks upon
With groves of myrrh and cinnamon."

The Doctor's careleſs method of reading prevents him from diſcovering, that Milton does not here aſſert that the Severn's banks are crowned with groves of myrrh and cinnamon; he only expreſſes a wiſh that they may be; and this does not imply that the ſpices ſhould grow there, but that they ſhould be brought by commerce. After theſe very elegant criticiſms, the Doctor, fearing that Milton's reputation ſhould be entirely overthrown, thinks it neceſſary to apologize to the reader for "plucking a leaf" from the poet's brow. He ſeems to think that Milton's motto was prophetic of this attack:

"*Ne vati noceat mala lingua.*"

Dr. Percival's effort to "pluck a leaf" from Johnſon and Milton's brow is like a dwarf's attempt to mutilate a trophy by the elevation of a three-legged ſtool. We are in diſtreſs for the pigmy animal, and expect every moment that he will overreach himſelf, and break either his neck or his ſhins. I am, Sir,

Your humble ſervant,
PHILO JOHNSON.

OBSERVATIONS ON TWO OF GRAY'S ODES.

ODE ON THE SPRING.

FEW authors have attempted poetical compoſition who have not celebrated the approach of ſpring. This does not ſo much ariſe from perſonal obſervation and natural feeling, but from a glow kindled in the fancy by reading the deſcriptions of the Greek, Roman, and Italian poets. An imaginary beauty is often more powerful than a real one. Thus from reading romances and novels we conceive the idea that women are angels; and though an angel in petticoats was never diſcovered any where but in romance, we act under the influence of this deluſion near one half of our lives.

"LO! where the roſy-boſom'd hours,
Fair Venus' train, appear,
Diſcloſe the long-expecting flowers,
And wake the purple year!
The Attic warbler pours her throat,
Reſponſive to the cuckoo's note,
The untaught harmony of ſpring:
While, whiſp'ring pleaſure as they fly,
Cool Zephyrs thro' the clear blue ſky
Their gather'd fragrance fling."

Why are the hours ſaid to be *roſy-boſomed*, and to be in the *train* of Venus? I ſhould rather take them to be her harbingers. The *roſy boſomed hours waking the purple year*, forms a ſplendid confuſion of imagery that no painter could draw, and that no man of ſenſe can underſtand.—— Where grandeur is ſtudied, abſtract terms are proper; where beauty is intended, particular images have a happier effect.

Who is the "Attic warbler?" I profeſs I do not know. There is no harmony in the cuckoo's note: This bird is remarkable as being the meſſenger of the ſpring, but not as a ſongſtreſs. The three laſt lines of this ſtanza are very good.

"Where-e'er the oak's thick branches ſtretch
A broader browner ſhade;
Where-e'er the rude and moſs-grown beech
O'er-canopies the glade;
Beſide ſome water's ruſhy brink
With me the Muſe ſhall ſit, and think,
(At eaſe reclin'd in ruſtic ſtate)
How vain the ardour of the croud,
How low, how indigent the proud,
How little are the great!"

A Northern poet, if he was to conſult his own feelings, would, on the arrival of ſpring, walk on a green hill, baſk in the ſun, and enjoy the beauties of nature around him. He has no occaſion for the *broad brown ſhade of the oak*, or the *rude* canopy of the beech to ſhelter him from the vernal beams.—*Ramorum ingenti protegat umbra, &c.* is a very natural wiſh in the *ſummer* of Greece or Italy, very unnatural in a Britiſh ſpring. Such is the effect of claſſical prejudices and of imitation!

"With me the Muſe ſhall *ſit* and *think*."

I wiſh ſhe would rather *walk* and *feel* than think at all, eſpecially than think upon the *ardour of the croud*, the *littleneſs of the proud*, and *the indigence of the great*; ſubjects much more proper for a day of national faſting, than for the birthday of the year.

"Still

"Still is the toiling hand of Care;
The panting herds repose;
Yet hark, how thro' the peopled air
The busy murmur glows!
The insect youth are on the wing,
Eager to taste the honied spring,
And float amid the liquid noon;
Some slightly o'er the current skim,
Some shew their gaily-gilded trim,
Quick-glancing to the sun."

The first stanza plainly refers to morning, here it is noon. "To glow," I imagine, is an object of sight, not of hearing. This stanza however is classical.

"To Contemplation's sober eye
Such is the race of man:
And they that creep, and they that fly,
Shall end where they began.
Alike the busy and the gay
But flutter thro' life's little day,
In Fortune's varying colours drest:
Brush'd by the hand of rough Mischance,
Or chill'd by Age, their airy dance
They leave in dust to rest."

Very good *night-thoughts*, not vernal contemplations at all. In the eighth line, "swept" is a more proper word than "brush'd," as the besom of destruction is an image of more dignity than the brush of mischance.

"Methinks I hear, in accents low,
The sportive kind reply:
Poor Moralist! and what art thou?
A solitary fly!
Thy joys no glitt'ring female meets,
No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,
No painted plumage to display:
On hasty wings thy youth is flown;
Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone—
We frolic while 'tis May."

By far the best, and worth all the rest put together. This insect speaks like an angel, and gives an excellent rebuke to the poet, for having forsaken the paths of nature to indulge in an unseasonable morality.

Quære, Why are most vernal odes melancholy? Is it not from the natural feelings of men getting the better of their early prejudices; and the demon of the East counteracting the genius of the West?

N. B. I once wrote An Ode on Spring, which I shall not look at for the present, lest I should find myself the object of my own criticism; an incident very likely to happen in the fluctuations of this present evil world.

SECOND ODE.

A CHILD forms a carrot into the figure of a man; a clown carves a human head on his staff, (often the best head of the two) and men of genius entertain themselves by animating inferior objects with their own passions and desires. The amusements of people have often a reference to their serious pursuits; and great poets, from Homer to Gray, have amused themselves and their readers, by giving a kind of heroic consequence to the little incidents of the hour. A trifle is more than a trifle from a great man; and though we are sorry to hear that Hercules handled the distaff, and that Achilles wore petticoats, we are well pleased to find that Alcibiades diverted himself with children, and that Addison fought birds' nests.

In works of this kind the concealed allegory forms one of the great beauties of the piece. Homer's mice and frogs are Greek and Trojan heroes in disguise; and Gray's Selima, excepting her tortoise coat, her snowy beard, her purring and her paws, (not forgetting her conscious tail) is a real woman, and actuated with female passions. This observation, I think, obviates the objection which Johnson has made to this pretty poem, which is a happy specimen of that humour which Gray often shews in his letters.

An ACCOUNT of the LIFE and WRITINGS of Sir WILLIAM JONES.

(*Concluded from Page* 185.)

THE Riots of the next year gave occasion to another publication of our Author, entitled, "An Inquiry into the legal Mode of suppressing Riots; with a constitutional Plan of future Defence," 8vo. and in 1781 he published "An Essay on the Law of Bailments," 8vo. a very masterly Treatise, which did great honour to his legal abilities. In this year also he recalled his Muse in an Ode, bearing that title, on the nuptials of Lord Viscount Althorpe to Miss Lavinia Bingham, March 6, 1781. This excellent performance is preserved in our Magazine for January 1785, page 62.

From many circumstances which might be collected together it would appear, that

our Author at this juncture did not coincide in opinion with those who had the direction of Government, nor did he approve the measures at that period adopted.—— With these sentiments he seems to have been selected as a proper person to be introduced as a Member of the Constitutional Society, and accordingly in 1782, he was chosen, and accepted the honour in the following letter:

"*Lamb's-Buildings, Temple, April* 25, 1782.

"SIR,

"IT was not till within these very few days that I received, on my return from the circuit, your obliging letter, dated the 18th March, which had I been so fortunate as to receive earlier, I should have made a point of answering immediately

"The Society for Constitutional Information, by electing me one of their members, will confer upon me an honour, which I am wholly unconscious of deserving, but which is so flattering to me, that I accept of their offer with pleasure and gratitude: I should indeed long ago have testified my regard for so useful an Institution, by an offer of my humble service in promoting it, if I had not really despaired, in my present situation, of being able to attend your meetings as often as I should ardently wish.

"My future life shall certainly be devoted to the support of that excellent Constitution, which it is the object of your Society to unfold and elucidate; and from this resolution, long and deliberately made, no prospects, no connections, no station here or abroad, no fear of danger, or hope of advantage to myself, shall ever deter or allure me. A form of government so apparently conducive to the true happiness of the community, must be admired as soon as it is understood, and, if reason and virtue have any influence in human breasts, ought to be preserved by any exertions, and at any hazard. Care must now be taken, lest, by reducing the Regal power to its just level, we raise the Aristocratical to a dangerous height; since it is from the People alone that we can deduce the obligation of our laws and the authority of magistrates. On the People depend the welfare, the security, and the permanence of every legal government; in the People must reside all substantial power; and to the People must all those in whose ability and knowledge we sometimes wisely, often imprudently, confide, be always accountable for the due exercise of that power, with which they are for a time intrusted. If the properties of all good government be considered as duly distributed in the different parts of our mixed republic, goodness ought to be the distinguished attribute of the Crown, wisdom of the Aristocracy, but power and fortitude of the People. May justice and humanity prevail in them all! I am, Sir,

"Your very faithful and obedient servant,

"W. JONES."

To Mr. THOMAS YEATES.

At this period he began to engage himself warmly in the politics of the times. On the 28th May, 1782, he delivered a speech to the assembled Inhabitants of the Counties of Middlesex and Surrey, the Cities of London and Westminster, &c. at the London Tavern, which he directly published in 8vo. To shew that he was not unmindful of the object of the Constitutional Society's institution, he transmitted to it the following letter:

"*Lamb's-Buildings, Temple, June* 7, 1782.

"SIR,

"I Lately met with some dangerous doctrine concerning the Constitution of England, in the work of an admired English writer; the doctrine so dangerous, that an immediate confutation of it seems highly necessary; and the writer so admired, that his opinions, good or bad, must naturally have a very general influence. It was the opinion, in short, of the late ingenious Henry Fielding, that "the Constitution of this island was nothing fixed, but just as variable as its weather," and he treats the contrary notion as a ridiculous error. Now, if this doctrine be well founded, our Society will soon, I imagine, think it wise to dissolve themselves, since it is hardly consistent with the gravity of sensible men to collect and impart information, like the makers of almanacks, upon any thing so uncertain as the weather: if, on the other hand, the error be palpably on the side of Mr. Fielding, you will not only proceed with assiduity in your laudable design of rendering our Constitution universally known, but will be at least equal in usefulness and true dignity to any society that ever was formed. His words are these, in the preface to his tract "On the Increase of Robberies," dedicated to Lord Chancellor Hardwicke: "There is nothing so much talked of, and so little understood in this country, as the Constitution. It is a word in the mouth of every man; and yet, when we come to discourse of the matter, there is no subject on which our ideas are more confused and perplexed. Some, when they speak of the Constitution, confine their notions to the law; others to the legislature; others, again, to the governing or executive part; and many there are, who jumble all these together in one idea. One error, however,

is common to them all; for all seem to have the conception of something uniform and permanent, as if the Constitution of England partook rather of the nature of the soil than of the climate, and was as fixed and constant as the former, not as changing and variable as the latter.

"Now in this word, The Constitution, are included the original and fundamental law of the kingdom, from whence all powers are derived, and by which they are circumscribed; all legislative and executive authority; all those municipal provisions, which are commonly called the Laws; and lastly, the customs, manners, and habits of the people. These joined together, do, I apprehend, form the political, as the several members of the body, the animal œconomy, with the humours and habit, compose that which is called the natural constitution."

He adds a paragraph or two of elegant but idle allusions to the Platonic philosophy, as if we lived under the polity of Plato, not in the dregs of William the Norman.

Now of all words easy to be comprehended the easiest, in my humble opinion, is the word Constitution: it is the great system of public, in contradistinction to private, and criminal law, and comprizes all those articles, which Blackstone arranges, in his first volume, under the rights of persons, and of which he gives a perspicuous analysis. Whatever then relates to the rights of persons, either absolute rights, as the enjoyment of liberty, security, and property, or relative, that is, in the public relations of magistrates and people, makes a part of that majestic whole, which we properly call The Constitution. Of those magistrates some are subordinate, and some supreme; as the legislative, or Parliament, which ought to consist of delegates from every independent voice in the nation; and the executive, or the King, whose legal rights for the general good are called prerogative. The People are the aggregate body or community, and are in an ecclesiastical, civil, military, or maritime state.

"This constitutional or public law is partly unwritten, and grounded upon immemorial usage, and partly written or enacted by the legislative power; but the unwritten, or common law, contains the true spirit of our Constitution: the written has often most unjustifiably altered the form of it; the common law is the collected wisdom of many centuries, having been used and approved by successive generations; but the statutes frequently contain the whims of a few leading men, and sometimes of the mere individuals employed to draw them: lastly, the unwritten law is eminently favourable, and the written generally hostile, to the absolute rights of persons

But though this inestimable law be called unwritten, yet the only evidence of it is in writing, preserved in the public records, judicial, official, and parliamentary, and explained in works of acknowledged authority. Positive acts of the legislature may, indeed, change the form of the Constitution; but, as in the system of private law, the narrowness or rigour of our forensic rules may be enlarged or softened by the interposition of parliament (for our courts of equity are wholly of a different nature) so all legislative provisions, which oppose the spirit of the Constitution, may be corrected, agreeable to that very spirit, by the people or nation at large, who form, as it were, the high court of appeal in cases of constitutional equity; and their sense must be collected from the petitions which they present, expressed with moderation and respect, yet with all the firmness which their cause justifies, and all the dignity which truly becomes them. I am, Sir,

"Your very faithful, humble servant,
W. JONES.

To Mr. THOMAS YEATES, Secretary to the Society for Constitutional Information.

It was in this year that he published "The Mahomedan Law of Succession to the Property of Intestates, in Arabic, with a verbal Translation and explanatory Notes." 4to.

At length the post of one of the Judges in the East-Indies, which had been kept vacant five years, was determined upon being filled up, and our Author on the 4th March, 1783, was appointed to that station, and on the 20th received the honour of knighthood. On the 8th of April he married Miss Shipley, eldest daughter of the Bishop of St. Asaph, and almost immediately embarked for the Indies. He had previously written the celebrated Dialogue, which was printed by the Constitutional Society, and is well known from the legal prosecution which has since been carried on against the Author's brother-in-law, the Dean of St. Asaph, for the publication of it. A short time before his departure from England he also published "The Moallakat; or, Seven Arabian Poems, which were suspended on the Temple at Mecca, with a Translation and Arguments." 4to. To this it was intended to add a preliminary discourse and notes.—The former to comprize observations on the antiquity of the Arabian language and letters; on the dialects and characters of *Himyar* and *Koraish*, with accounts of the *Himyarick* poets; on the manners of

the Arabs in the age immediately preceding that of *Mahomed*; on the temple at *Mecca*, and the *Moallakat*, or pieces of poetry ſuſpended on its walls or gate; laſtly, on the lives of the *Seven Poets*, with a critical hiſtory of their works, and the various copies or editions of them preſerved in *Europe*, *Aſia*, and *Africa*. The latter to contain authorities and reaſons for the tranſlation of controverted paſſages; to elucidate all the obſcure couplets, and exhibit or propoſe amendments of the text; to direct the reader's attention to particular beauties, or point out remarkable defects; and to throw light on the images, figures, and alluſions of the Arabian Poets, by citations either from writers of their own country, or from ſuch of our European travellers as beſt illuſtrate the ideas and cuſtoms of Eaſtern nations. This diſcourſe and the notes have not yet appeared.

During his voyage to the Eaſt-Indies he planned the ſcheme of a Society, which has already afforded conſiderable entertainment and inſtruction to the public in *The Aſiatic Miſcellany*. In the Diſcourſe read before them, 15th January 1784, he ſays, "When I was at ſea laſt Auguſt on my voyage to this country, which I had long and ardently deſired to viſit, I found one evening, on inſpecting the obſervations of the day, that *India* lay before us, and *Perſia* on our left, whilſt a breeze from *Arabia* blew nearly on our ſtern. A ſituation ſo pleaſing in itſelf, and to me ſo new, could not fail to awaken a train of reflections in a mind, which had early been accuſtomed to contemplate with delight the eventful hiſtories and agreeable fictions of this Eaſtern world. It gave me inexpreſſible pleaſure to find myſelf in the midſt of ſo noble an amphitheatre, encompaſſed by the mountains of *Perſia*, which has ever been conſidered the nurſe of ſciences, the inventreſs of delightful and uſeful arts, the ſcene of glorious actions, fertile in the productions of human genius, abounding in natural wonders, and infinitely diverſified in the forms of religion and government, in the laws, manners, cuſtoms, and languages, as well as in the features and complexions of men. I could not help remarking, how important and extenſive a field was yet unexplored, and how many ſolid advantages unimproved; and when I conſidered with pain, that in this fluctuating, imperfect, and limited condition of life, ſuch enquiries and improvements could only be made by the united efforts of many, who are not eaſily brought, without ſome preſſing inducement or ſtrong impulſe, to converge on a common point; I conſoled myſelf with a hope, founded on opinions which it might have the appearance of flattery to mention, that if in any country or community ſuch a union could be effected, it was among my countrymen in Bengal; with ſome of whom I already had, and with moſt was deſirous of having the pleaſure of being intimately acquainted."

In conſequence of the plan laid down in this Diſcourſe, a Society has been eſtabliſhed from which great expectations are formed, and from the beginnings, it is hoped, theſe expectations will not be diſappointed. Five Numbers of their Papers have been already publiſhed, and from thoſe we are led to believe that the inſtitution will be productive of great advantages to ſcience and literature.

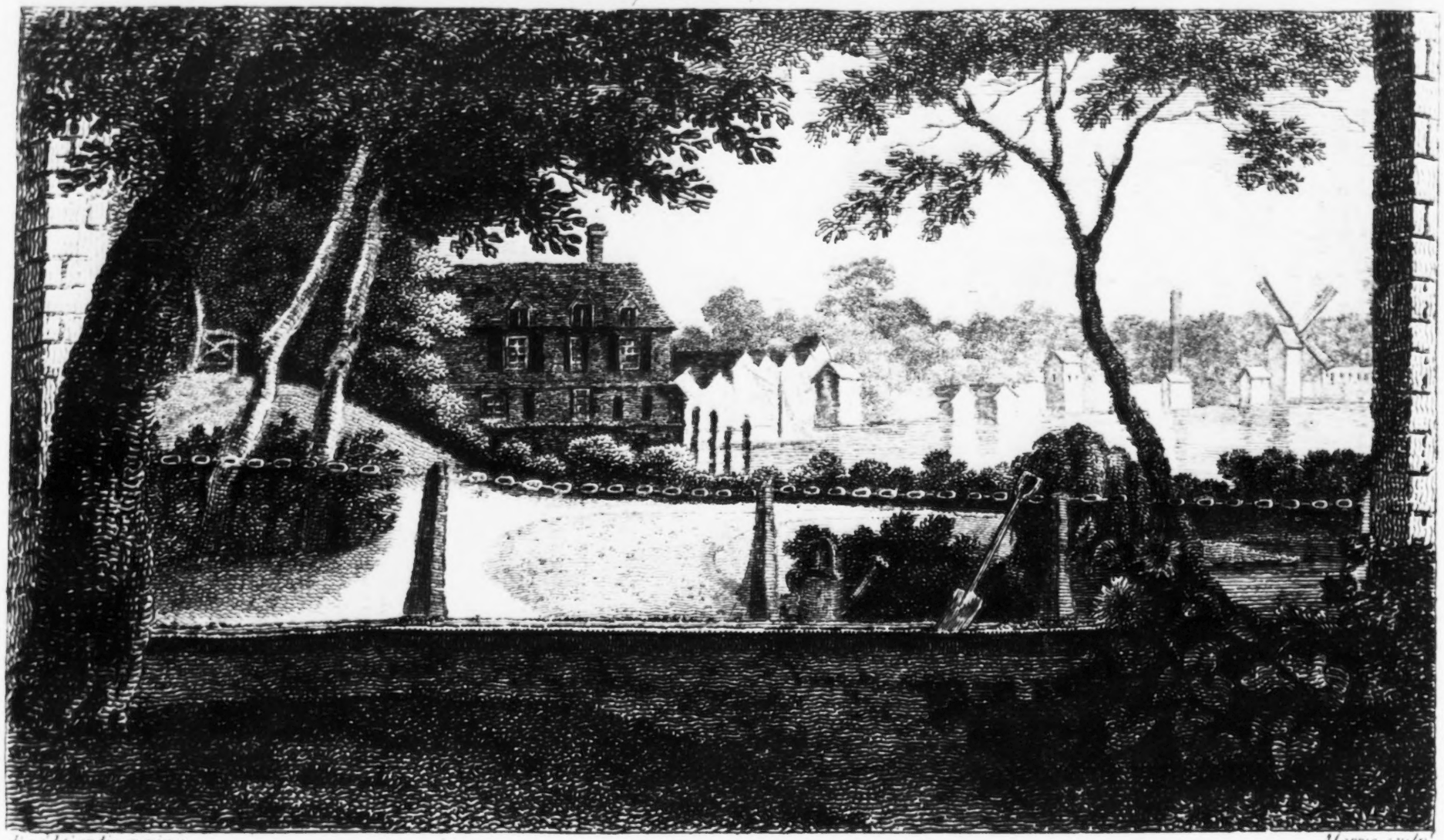
Sir William Jones's firſt Charge was delivered to the Grand Jury at Calcutta, December 4, 1783. It has been ſince publiſhed, and contains ſentiments worthy of a Judge; equally agreeable to the principles of law, and conſiſtent with the dictates of right reaſon. In his ſtation he has conducted himſelf with ability, firmneſs and diſcretion; and we doubt not that his reſidence in India will be equally beneficial to himſelf, to the natives of that populous part of the globe, and to his own country.

VIEW of Part of WANDSWORTH HEIGHT, from the CHELSEA Side of the River THAMES.

THIS View is copied from a painting by the Rev. Mr. GARDINER of Batterſea on a wall in his garden, which forms a very pretty deception from the room, looking through the paliſades, and is taken from a view near the bridge on the Chelſea ſide of the river Thames. It is ſo happily conceived and ſo well executed, as to call for the attention of a traveller to ſtop and behold it, who ſeldom departs unentertained. When he turns his back on it, he ſees a cheerful landſcape well adorned with neat villas on the Middleſex ſide of the Thames, together with the bridge and Batterſea new church, which form a picture of the moſt pleaſing kind.

It may not be unentertaining to our readers to inform them, that the great Lord Bolingbroke, whoſe writings will be read for ages to come, had formerly a ſeat and gardens near this place, which are now pulled down, and the ſpot occupied by va-

rious



Rev. J. Gardiner pinx. Morris sculp.

View near Wandsworth, taken from Chelsea.

rious manufactories. It was in this place he ſpent his hours of retirement with ſuch of his friends, which were no inconſiderable number, as viſited him in this retired ſituation. He frequently regaled them with a walk to the veſtry-room at Batterſea old church during the time of high water, remarking, though he had travelled much in various parts of Europe to view the magnificent ſcenes which preſent themſelves in more ſerene climates, yet he declared he had never beheld a more beautiful ſheet of water.

What would his Lordſhip think now there is a bridge over the ſame, many elegant villas on each ſide, a new church on as pretty a conſtruction as ancient and modern improvements united can admit of—together with good roads to all the adjacent villages; and ſuch affluence at preſent, that there are now ſeventeen coaches kept in this village, which in his time only afforded one?

We ſhall take this opportunity to obſerve, that in this neighbourhood, the hill and part of the low ground adjoining to York-houſe, formerly the reſidence of Cardinal Wolſey, (where, with little expence, a cut from the river Thames could be made navigable to the foot of Wandſworth hill) were the places judged by the committee appointed under an act of parliament the moſt eligible ſpots (for *health* and good water, articles particularly directed by the act) for building penitentiary houſes, or places of induſtry, where by ſeparate confinement and labour it was hoped the young offenders againſt the laws of their country might be reclaimed, and made uſeful members of the community; a plan greatly recommended by Mr. Howard and Mr. Hanway.

The original committee conſiſted of the late Dr. Fothergill, George Whatley, and John Howard, Eſqrs. but not agreeing in their opinions; the former inſiſting on the vicinity of the ground near Bagnigge Wells with that degree of obſtinacy peculiar to his ſect, another on the new cut from Blackwall to Limehouſe, and the third on another place; their contention continued ſo many years, that the public loſt the advantage of a very excellent plan, which might have been matured greatly to the advantage of ſociety.

The expence and inſufficiency of the hulks at Woolwich, ſoon after revived the deſign, on the proſpect of peace. A new committee was choſen, and plans adverti-ſed for, with a reward of an hundred guineas for the beſt, and fifty for the ſecond beſt. Many ingenious deſigns were ſent, which employed the committee many days to examine; at length they adjudged Mr. Blackburne's as firſt, and Mr. Hardwicke's as ſecond. The contrivance of all the building and apartments appeared to have every convenience that could be wiſhed, aided by the natural ſituation and riſe of the ground. Nothing ſeemed wanting to make ſo laudable an undertaking compleat but unanimity. The governor's houſe was ſo admirably contrived, that the firſt appearance of riot or idleneſs could not eſcape his notice, he being able to ſee the whole without being perceived by the culprit. Idleneſs, or a more than ordinary diſobedience, were to be puniſhed not by ſtripes, but by confinement in a room of ten feet ſquare, with ſmooth perpendicular walls, and lighted from above; the floor made of triangular hard pieces of wood, about three inches each triangle, thus ſharpened cloſe to each other. Here the culprit was to be ſhut up without ſhoe, ſtocking, or any other covering than a pair of trowſers; by which means, whether he moved, ſtood, ſat, or lay, he could receive little enjoyment of his favourite vice *Idleneſs*.

The ground, about eighty acres, was ſurveyed and properly laid out, its price aſcertained by a jury, we believe 85l. per acre; when behold, it was diſcovered there was no proviſion in the act to raiſe the money to pay for the ground and ſuch an expenſive undertaking!

Thus thoſe viſionary hopes of reformation that had been ſo fondly adopted by Meſſ. Howard, Hanway, and other friends to the community, fell to the ground, to the great joy of the inhabitants adjoining, who preſented ſtrong remonſtrances againſt the erection on ſuch an admirable ſpot. How far their fears of inconvenience were well-founded we are at a loſs to judge, ſince elegant buildings well fenced and guarded, would have ſtood on church land that can never be improved further than by agriculture; and from its tenure, that improvement not carried at beſt further than mediocrity. But what we moſt lament is, that the committee did not pay for the land, which under the act would have been made freehold. Had it then been ſold in ſmall parcels, doubtleſs many pretty villas would have been erected on this delightful ſpot, which muſt now remain in its preſent ſtate, being, as already obſerved, ſubject to the inconvenience of church tenure.

THE

THE LONDON REVIEW; AND LITERARY JOURNAL.

Quid ſit turpe, quid utile, quid dulce, quid non.

An Haſty Sketch of a Tour through Part of the Auſtrian Netherlands and great Part of Holland. 8vo. 4s. Sewell. 1787.

THE very great modeſty with which the author ſubmits this little volume to the world, joined to his motive for publiſhing it, diſarm us at once of the ſeverity of criticiſm.—His intention in printing it is to devote the profits to the relief of an unhappy lady, reduced by unforeſeen misfortunes from affluence and elegance to actual want and miſery, aggravated by the additional diſtreſs of beholding four helpleſs children looking up to her for that ſupport, which the cruelty of fate deprives her of the means of affording them.—Under ſuch circumſtances we muſt overlook much more capital errors than occur in this little work, for charity covereth a multitude of ſins.

This Tour may in one reſpect be not only entertaining but uſeful. The author has been careful to give a liſt of the objects worth viſiting in every place through which he paſſed, with a very exact account of the expence, which to future travellers may be found highly convenient. He has likewiſe given a full account of the conſtitution of the *Pays Bas Autrichiens*, and a very particular and accurate deſcription of *Amſterdam*, which, from the preſent poſture of affairs, will not, we preſume, be an unpleaſing ſubject for the inſpection of our readers; we therefore ſubmit it to their peruſal.

You are immediately ſtruck with the extreme neatneſs and grandeur of the city of Amſterdam—Trade here wears a moſt flouriſhing, chearful aſpect, nor do you ſee one idle fellow in the ſtreets—This city is ſituated on the river Amſtel, and is eſteemed the greateſt port in the world, yet the entrance to it is ſo very dangerous, and attended with ſuch diſadvantages, that it is very inconvenient, as well as hazardous, for loaded ſhips, and men of war, to enter it—The foundations of this city are laid on large piles of wood, driven into the moraſs, the Stadthouſe alone having near 14,000 to ſupport it—This city, in the fourteenth century, was only a little inſignificant fiſhing town; ſince that time it has riſen to the ſtate in which it is at preſent—a ſtate of magnificence, grandeur, and riches, not to be ſurpaſſed, and ſcarcely to be equalled by any city in Europe—It has in ſeveral inſtances evinced the reſources it poſſeſſes within itſelf, independent of the other provinces—It was amongſt the laſt cities which acceded to the confederacy of the States, nor did it ſhake off its allegiance to Spain till the year 1578, ſix years after the firſt breaking out of the diſturbances in the Low Countries—Surrounded at this time by enemies on all ſides, deprived of its inland trade by the States, who forbad any communication with them, while under the Spaniſh yoke, it was obliged (though with reluctance) to accede to the confederacy, and ſubmit to the government of the States—In the year 1672, Louis XIVth invaded the United Provinces, and ſuch brilliant ſucceſs at firſt attended his arms, that, in the courſe of a few weeks, he gained poſſeſſion of the provinces of Gueldres, Utrecht, and Overryſſel, and had he not waſted his time at Utrecht in vain pomp and uſeleſs parade, all the United Provinces would undoubtedly have fallen under the dominion of France—At this period Amſterdam alone retained the ſmalleſt degree of courage or reſolution—The rapid ſucceſs which had attended the arms of the French Monarch had ſtruck ſuch a panic into the other provinces, as deprived them of all ability to make any exertions for the common good—The conduct of Amſterdam raiſed them from the ſtupor into which they were fallen—That city alone made thoſe exertions which aſtoniſhed all Europe—The Magiſtrates appointed an extraordinary guard of the Bourgeois—the populace were kept under ſubjection by the influence of money—ſhips were ſtationed to guard the coaſt, and prevent ſupplies from coming to the French army—the greateſt part of the adjacent country was alſo laid under water—Theſe precautions (intelligence of which was conſtantly

ſtantly tranſmitted to the French Monarch) induced him to give up the attempt of any further conqueſt that campaign, and he returned, crowned with laurels, to Paris, amidſt the congratulations and rejoicings of his ſubjects, who, in viewing the glory he had acquired from his rapid ſucceſſes, forgot the price at which they had been purchaſed, as well as the little advantage they were likely to derive from it—Not more than three months after his return, the Provinces were recovered by the States, and their old maſters reſumed the government.

The Government is compoſed of the following Civil Officers.

Thirty-ſix Senators, or Members of the Grand Council.
Grand Bailiff.
Four Burgomaſters.
Nine Eſchevins.
Penſionary.
Treaſurer Ordinary.
Treaſurer Extraordinary.
Intendant of Orphans.
Clerks of Account.
Commiſſioners of the Bank.
Commiſſioners for Inſolvents.
The Borrowing Bank.
The Office for ſettling trifling affairs.
The Office for the affairs of the Marine.
Receivers of the Exciſe and Cuſtoms.

The thirty-ſix Senators repreſent the body of the people, and watch over the laws and rights of the citizens, to take care that they are not abuſed or altered; nor can the Burgomaſters make any alteration in the laws without their conſent. All the principal affairs, either of the republic or city, are entruſted to their care and management—On the deceaſe of any of them the number is filled up by election.

The Grand Bailiff is a kind of Chief Juſtice, whoſe office is to correct all tranſactions of the law—His power, however, is very comprehenſive—the power of arreſting criminals comes from him—he interrogates them in perſon, and ſigns their confeſſion—demands the infliction of puniſhments due to their crimes, and executes judgment upon them. He has in his train a Secretary, Sergeant, Keeper of the priſon, and thirteen Archers.—The Secretary takes down the accuſation, as alſo the confeſſion of the priſoners.—The Sergeant or Bailiff brings the priſoners before the Grand Bailiff.—The Archers follow him either in part or the whole wherever he goes—they conduct all the delinquents to priſon, apprehend them, and are preſent at their executions.—The office of the Keeper is chiefly to execute the commands of the Grand Bailiff and Schepens.

The dignity of Burgomaſter is the moſt conſiderable of any in the States—There are always four governing Burgomaſters—Every year, on the firſt of February, three are elected, who, with one of the preceding year, take charge of the affairs in their department—Generally the old ones are employed as Treaſurers, or as Deputy Counſellors to the States of Holland, or to the Admiralty—No perſon can be admitted to the rank of Burgomaſter, till he has been a Bourgeois for ſeven years, and exerciſed ſome conſiderable civil employment—The four reigning Burgomaſters may convoke the council whenever they chuſe—their inſpection extends to moſt departments—Conjointly with the Treaſurer, they have the ſuperintendance of all public edifices, of the ſtreets, canal, fortifications, &c. They are not, however, in the capacity of Judges; nor do any civil or criminal offences come under their cognizance,—but (as I have before ſaid) belong to the juriſdiction of the High Bailiff. The Burgomaſters are, nevertheleſs, at the executions, and in either civil or criminal cauſes are often aſked by the Grand Bailiff for their advice—All the offices of the city are in their nomination,—and the Directors of the different churches, the Governors of the hoſpital, are all under their direction, and muſt give in their different accounts to them—There cannot be a more diſintereſted, impartial office than that of Burgomaſter—nor do they ſhew more favour in their deciſions to their own countrymen than to ſtrangers.

The office of a Schepen is a very different one—they were formerly called Jurats, becauſe they are obliged, before they enter into office, to ſwear that they will preſerve the laws and cuſtoms of the State inviolate—
—There are nine of them—Seven new ones are elected annually, much at the ſame time the Burgomaſters are—The thirty-ſix Senators aſſemble, and chuſe fourteen perſons, who are preſented by them to the Stadtholder, and the Prince elects ſeven out of that number—the two old ones of the laſt year unite with the ſeven new ones, one in quality of Preſident, the other of Vice Preſident—The Schepens ſit in judgment and pronounce ſentence, both in civil and criminal matters, and in the abſence of the Grand Bailiff diſcharge the functions of his office—Immediately after the election of the Burgomaſters and Schepens, all the different vacancies in the public offices are filled up; thoſe which relate to civil affairs, are in the nomination of the Burgomaſters—thoſe which relate to criminal in that of the Schepens.

The Penſionaries are men well verſed in the laws of their country, as well as in

thoſe

thoſe of foreign nations.—They act in the ſame light as counſellors to the Burgomaſters and Schepens, who ſeldom tranſact any buſineſs of conſequence without previouſly conſulting them. In any treaty with foreign nations, one of them is generally ſent in the capacity of Embaſſador from the States.

The military force of the city conſiſts chiefly of the Bourgeois.

They compoſe five regiments, in each of which are twelve companies—theſe are all diſtinguiſhed by particular colours, as blue, green, yellow, &c. like our trained bands in the city of London—Every night four companies mount guard at the Stadtholder's houſe, and other public buildings. The turn of theſe ſixty companies comes only once in fifteen days—on the day, two drums beat near the houſes and lodgings of thoſe who are to mount guard. All who are ſixty years of age, as alſo Jews, are exempted from mounting the Bourgeois guard—indeed any who diſlike this office may have their attendance diſpenſed with, by procuring a ſubſtitute, or paying a fine, which is not very great—There are alſo at Amſterdam, as well as in all the cities of the United Provinces, another kind of guards under the title of *Les Gardes de Nuit*.—The number of theſe are in proportion to the ſize of the cities, and number of ſtreets—At Amſterdam, I am informed there are between two and three hundred—each of them are paid five ſtyvers a night during the ſummer, and half that ſum in the winter, as they are relieved—This money is raiſed by a tax on beer, vinegar, paper, the tolls of the city, &c. &c. In moſt of the cities in Holland, theſe guards walk about with a ſword dangling at their ſide, and a large ſtick in their hand, like our watchmen in London, which does not give them a very martial appearance. I muſt do them, however, the juſtice to ſay, that they are in general a very fine, healthy, ſtrong body of men, reſembling in nothing the poor decrepid watchmen which we ſee in London, ſave in their office—At Amſterdam, in the room of ſticks, they carry a long pole ſimilar to our halberd, and walk two by two; in other cities they walk ſingly—They are on duty in winter from ſix in the evening to the ſame hour in the morning; during the ſummer ſeaſon, only from ten till three. The inhabitants call this guard by ſeveral different names, as Rautelman, Klapperman, Waaker, &c. all deſcriptive of the thundering noiſe they make with an inſtrument they carry about with them, called *Un Marteau de Bois*.—Theſe they ſound very often, to let the people know that they are upon the watch, and that they are the defenders of their perſons and property—Indeed, you are all night diſturbed with the noiſe of theſe inſtruments, ſo that a ſtranger, inſtead of ſuppoſing himſelf in a ſtate of ſecurity, rather fancies he is an inhabitant of a beſieged citadel—I think, excluſive of the aforementioned guards, there are but two companies of regular troops, which are of North Holland—No inhabitant of Amſterdam can attain the right of Bourgeois, except by marriage, or paying a particular ſum—and every one who quits his country, and goes to reſide in any other part of Europe, forfeits immediately all his privileges, except he keeps a houſe and domeſtics at Amſterdam, in which caſe he retains all his rights. The Bourgeois (or Burgeſſes) are exempted from tolls of every kind, both for themſelves and their property, though for the latter, I believe it is neceſſary to have a kind of paſſport—No city exceeds Amſterdam in its number of charitable inſtitutions, or in the regularity and order preſerved in them—It is computed, that no leſs than ten thouſand paupers (including thoſe at the hoſpital) are ſupported at the expence of the States, and by private contributions. What country in Europe can boaſt of charitable inſtitutions ſuperior to the following, viz. *La Maiſon de Charité pour les pauvres Familles*, where more than one thouſand four hundred are ſupported—*L'Hoſpital*, where a certain number of ſick and wounded are admitted, and maintained at the expence of the States, and under the immediate direction of the chief magiſtrates of the city.—*Maiſon des Lepreux*, an inſtitution originally deſigned for the relief of thoſe who were afflicted with the leproſy, but (which diſorder having been for ſome time happily unknown) is now converted into an aſylum for old men and women, who, on paying a ſmall ſum of money, are maintained the remainder of their lives.—*L'Hoſpital des Orphelins Bourgeois*, for the reception of the poor unfortunate children bereft of their parents in infancy, who are maintained and educated at the expence of the State, and when arrived at a proper age, are put out to different trades, as the boys from Chriſt's Hoſpital in London—*La Cour de Veuves*, a building erected for the reception of widows who have fallen into diſtreſs—An houſe called the *Bayard*, which receives indiſcriminately all deſcriptions of paupers, and affords them three nights lodging, and three days meat and drink—To this inſtitution, we may, I think, attribute the ſcarcity of beggars to be met with in the ſtreets of Amſterdam, and which, when we conſider the extent of the city, is no ſmall matter of aſtoniſhment—Theſe are a few, out of a great number of public edifices, erected for the purpoſes of charity.

Notes

Notes on the State of Virginia. Written by Thomas Jefferſon. Illuſtrated with a Map, including the States of Virginia, Maryland, Delaware, and Pennſylvania. 8vo. 6s. Stockdale.

(*Continued from Page* 112.)

IN our Magazine for Auguſt, we left Mr. Jefferſon upon the "high ſtilts" of *political* braggadocio, and in the midſt of what, even *phyſically* conſidered, is at moſt, to uſe his own expreſſion, but a "*proud theory.*" In all men, the *amor patriæ* is a ſpontaneous and a laudable paſſion; but when, contracting itſelf into a *puerile prepoſſeſſion*, it will admit of no diſtinct or excluſive ſuperiority in any other country, ceaſing to produce praiſe, it begins to excite contempt. Thus, when (in the ardour of his zeal to aggrandize the intellectual powers of "the Man of America," and to *belittle* * thoſe of the Man of Europe) our author betrays in almoſt every ſentence the *imbecility of his own mind*, what idea can in ſober reaſon be formed of thoſe *tranſcendent* gifts of underſtanding which he ſo hyperbolically aſcribes to the *reſt of his countrymen?* Certain it is, that, if we may judge of the general ſtock from the particular ſample exhibited by Mr. Jefferſon himſelf in the volume before us, no very flattering opinion can be entertained of it.

But our author, if unqualified to appreciate the mental qualities of Man, is by no means unequal to the taſk of enumerating the various ſpecies of birds, and even of quoting their reſpective deſignations from Linnæus and Cateſby. Of thoſe belonging to Virginia, between ninety and a hundred, he tells us, have been deſcribed by Cateſby alone; and to a catalogue of the indigenous animals of the country, he adds a ſhort account of an anomaly of Nature in the race of Negroes brought from Africa, who, though black themſelves, have ſometimes white children, called *Albinos*. Of theſe Albinos Mr. Jefferſon had acceſs himſelf to know four; and of three others he had received faithful accounts. The circumſtances in which all the individuals alluded to agree, are really in themſelves curious, and worthy of phyſical inveſtigation as to their cauſe.

"They are of a pallid, cadaverous white, untinged with red, without any coloured ſpots or ſeams: their hair of the ſame kind of white, ſhort, coarſe, and curled, as is that of the Negro; all of them well-formed, ſtrong, healthy, perfect in their ſenſes, except that of ſight, and born of parents who had no mixture of white blood. Three of theſe *Albinos* were ſiſters, having two other full ſiſters, who were black. The youngeſt of the three was killed by lightning at twelve years of age. The eldeſt died at about twenty-ſeven years of age in child-bed with her ſecond child. The middle one is now alive in health, and has iſſue, as the eldeſt had, by a black man, which iſſue was black. They are uncommonly ſhrewd, quick in their apprehenſions, and in reply. Their eyes are in a perpetual tremulous vibration, very weak, and much affected by the ſun: but they ſee better in the night than we do. The fourth is a negro-woman, whoſe parents came from Guinea, and had three other children, who were of their own colour. She is freckled, her eye-ſight ſo weak that ſhe is obliged to wear a bonnet in the ſummer; but it is better in the night than day. She had an *Albino* child by a black man: it died at the age of a few weeks.—A ſixth inſtance is a woman *of* the property of *a* Mr. Butler, near Peterſburgh. She is ſtout and robuſt, has iſſue a daughter, jet-black, by a black man. I am not informed as to her eye-ſight. The ſeventh inſtance is of a male belonging to a Mr. Lee, of Cumberland. His eyes are tremulous and weak: he is tall of ſtature, and now advanced in years. He is the only male of the Albinos *which have* come within my information. Whatever be the cauſe of the diſeaſe in the ſkin, or in its colouring matter, which produces this change, it ſeems more incident to the female than male ſex. To theſe I may *add the mention* of a negro-man within my own knowledge, born black, and of black parents; on whoſe chin, when a boy, a white ſpot appeared. This continued to increaſe till he became a man, by which time it had extended over his chin, lips, one cheek, the under-jaw, and neck, on that ſide. It is of the *Albino* white, without any mixture of red, and has for ſeveral years been ſtationary. He is robuſt and healthy, and the change of colour was not accompanied with any ſenſible diſeaſe, either general or topical."

Of phenomena like theſe we recollect other inſtances, varying in certain particulars, but upon the whole ſubſtantially the ſame; and it cannot but be within the memory of moſt of our readers, when the circumſtance of a *ſimilar* tranſmutation of colour having taken place on the

* A *new*, but *favourite* expreſſion of our author.—See p. 114.

ſkin of a female negro in Virginia, was recorded among the Tranſactions of the Royal Society; but unhappily without the addition of a ſingle remark by which the *cauſe* of it might be aſcertained either on rational or ſcientific grounds.

It is rather remarkable, that of the fiſh and inſects of America there has been nothing like a full deſcription or collection. More of them are deſcribed by Cateſby than by any other writer; and many are alſo to be found in Sir Hans Sloane's Jamaica, as being common to that Iſland and the American Continent.

According to Mr. Jefferſon, the honey-bee is not a native of America; for though Marcgrave mentions a ſpecies of honey-bee in Brazil, yet, from his deſcription, it has no ſting, and is therefore different from the one found in the United States, which reſembles perfectly the European honey-bee. The Indians themſelves are alſo of opinion, that bees were originally brought from Europe; but when and by whom no man can tell. They call them the *white man's fly*, and conſider their approach as indicating the approach of the ſettlements of the whites.

Here a queſtion of ſome curioſity occurs to our author, namely, "How far northwardly have theſe inſects been found?"—That they are unknown in Lapland, he infers from the information of Scheffer, that the Laplanders eat the pine-bark, prepared in a certain way, inſtead of thoſe things ſweetened with ſugar. *Hoc comedunt pro rebus ſaccharo conditis.* Scheff. Lap. c. 18.—and certainly no poſition can be more clear than that honey, if they had it, would be found a better ſubſtitute for ſugar than any preparation of the pine bark. Beſide, if it be true, as Kalm tells us, that the honey-bee cannot live through the winter in Canada, Mr. Jefferſon is perfectly juſtifiable in his inference, that this valuable inſect furniſhes an additional proof of the remarkable fact, firſt obſerved by Buffon, that "no animals are found in both continents, but thoſe which are able to bear the cold of thoſe regions where they probably join."

We now come to the ſeventh query ſubmitted to the conſideration of our author. Of this query ſo vaſt is the object, that it requires nothing leſs, to uſe Mr. Jefferſon's own *elegant* and *correct* language, than "a notice of *all what* can increase the progreſs of human knowledge." Under the *latitude* of this queſtion he endeavours to furniſh certain data for eſtimating the *climate* of Virginia; and for this purpoſe, conceiving journals of obſervations on the quantity of rain, and degree of heat, to be "*lengthy*," confuſed, and too minute to produce general and diſtinct ideas, he exhibits the reſult of "five years obſervations, *to wit*, from 1772 to 1777, made in Williamſburgh and its neighbourhood;" reduces that reſult to an average for every month in the year; and ſtates the various averages ſo reduced in a table, which is alſo enriched with an analytical view of the winds during the ſame period.

Though by this table it appears, that in Virginia there are "on an average 47 inches of rain annually, which is conſiderably more than uſually falls in Europe," yet our author ſuppoſes there is a much greater proportion of ſun there; and is even inclined to think, that "there are twice as many cloudy days in the middle parts of Europe, as in the United States of America.

The changes from heat to cold, and cold to heat, he repreſents to be ſo "very ſudden and great," that "the mercury in Farenheit's Thermometer has been known to deſcend from 92° to 47° in thirteen hours." A change in the climate, he obſerves, however, is taking place very ſenſibly. Both heats and colds are become much more moderate within the memory even of the middle-aged. Snows are leſs frequent, and leſs deep. They do not often lie below the mountains more than one, two, or three days, and very rarely a week. They are remembered to have been formerly frequent, deep, and of long continuance. The earth uſed to be covered with ſnow about three months in every year. The rivers, which then ſeldom failed to freeze over in the courſe of the winter, ſcarcely ever do ſo now. This change, nevertheleſs, we are told, has produced an unfortunate fluctuation between heat and cold, in the ſpring of the year, which is very fatal to fruits.

The population of the State next occupies the attention of Mr. Jefferſon; and to illuſtrate it, he furniſhes a table, ſhewing the number of perſons imported for the eſtabliſhment of the colony in its infancy, and the cenſus of inhabitants at different periods, extracted from different hiſtories and public records. According to our author, it appears, that from the year 1654 to the year 1772, the *tythes* *

* A term which includes the free males above 16 years of age, and ſlaves above that age of both ſexes.

of

of Virginia had increaſed from 7209 to 153,000. The whole term, being of 118 years, yields a duplication once in every 27 ¼ years. The intermediate enumerations, taken in 1700, 1748, and 1759, furniſh proofs of the uniformity of this progreſſion; and ſhould this rate of increaſe continue, he infers, that within 95 years Virginia will have between ſix and ſeven millions of inhabitants, amounting (in the ſuppoſition that his country will be bounded, at ſome future day, by the meridian of the mouth of the Great Kanhaway) to one hundred ſouls for every ſquare mile; which, in his opinion, is nearly the ſtate of population in the Britiſh Iſlands.

In his objections to "the preſent deſire of America to produce rapid population by as great importations of foreigners as poſſible," we perceive no accuracy of calculation, no truth of argument, but much of the viſionary ſpirit of an illiberal patriotiſm.—"Let us ſuppoſe," ſays he, "that, in this State, we could double our numbers in one year by the importation of foreigners; and this is a greater acceſſion than the moſt ſanguine advocate for *emigration* * has a right to expect; then I ſay, beginning with a double ſtock, we ſhall attain any degree of population only 27 years and 3 months ſooner than if we proceed on our ſingle ſtock." To evince the impolicy of the meaſure, he obſerves, "Every ſpecies of government has its ſpecific principles. Ours perhaps are *more peculiar* than thoſe of any other in the univerſe. *It is a compoſition of the freeſt principles of the Engliſh conſtitution, with others derived from natural right and natural reaſon.* To theſe nothing can be more oppoſed than the maxims of abſolute monarchies. Yet from ſuch we are to expect the greateſt number of emigrants. They will bring with them the principles of the governments they leave, imbibed in their early youth; or, if able to throw them off, it will be in exchange for an unbounded licentiouſneſs, paſſing, as is uſual, from one extreme to another. It would be a miracle were they to ſtop preciſely at the point of temperate liberty. Theſe principles, with their language, they will tranſmit to their children. In proportion to their numbers, they will ſhare with us the legiſlation. They will infuſe into it their ſpirit, warp and bias its direction, and render it a heterogeneous, incoherent, diſtracted maſs."

Leaving our author to the undiſturbed enjoyment of theſe and other political *reveries* on the ſubject of American population, and paſſing over the anſwers to the ninth and tenth queries (which contain nothing but a retroſpective view of the number and condition of the Virginian militia and regular troops, and their pay, in the years 1780 and 1781; together with a ſimilar one of the marine of the State, which, *woeful* and *wonderful* to tell! when the Engliſh obtained the poſſeſſion of their rivers, was "*left with a ſingle armed boat only*") we proceed to the eleventh query, which leads the author to give a deſcription of the *Aborigines* of Virginia. Tracing them from 1607, when the firſt effectual ſettlement of the colony was made, he obſerves, that the country from the ſea coaſt to the mountains, and from Patowmac to the moſt ſouthern waters of James's river, was occupied by upwards of forty different tribes of Indians. Of theſe the moſt powerful were the Powhatans, the Mannahoacs, and the Monacans; who all, it is remarkable, ſpoke languages ſo radically different, that interpreters were neceſſary when they tranſacted buſineſs.

The circumſtance of the Indians being ſeparated into ſo many little ſocieties, Mr. Jefferſon aſcribes to their having never ſubmitted themſelves to any laws, any coercive power, any ſhadow of government.—"Their only controuls," ſays he, "are their manners, and that moral ſenſe of right and wrong, which, like the ſenſe of taſting and feeling in every man, makes a part of his nature. An offence againſt theſe is puniſhed by contempt, by excluſion from ſociety, or where the caſe is ſerious, as that of murder, by the individuals whom it concerns. Imperfect as this ſpecies of coercion may ſeem, crimes are very rare among them: inſomuch that were it made a queſtion, *whether no law, as among the ſavage Americans, or too much law, as among the civilized Europeans, ſubmits man to the greateſt evil, one who has ſeen both conditions of exiſtence would pronounce it to be the laſt; and that the* SHEEP *are happier of themſelves than under the care of wolves.* —It will be ſaid, that *great ſocieties*

* We are at a loſs to know what our author means here by *emigration*. It is for *importation*, if we miſtake not, and not *emigration*, that the Americans are ſuch fireſtuous advocates.

cannot exiſt without government. The ſavages therefore break them into *ſmall ones.*"

To this preference of *no law* in a ſavage condition to *too much* in a civilized one, ſucceeds a table containing a ſtate of the ſeveral tribes in queſtion, according to their confederacies and geographical ſituation, with their numbers when the firſt ſettlers became originally acquainted with them, where theſe numbers are known. From the cenſus of 1669, it appears that in the ſpace of 62 years ſeveral of the tribes were reduced to about one-third of their former numbers. This melancholy circumſtance our author aſcribes to the abuſe they made of ſpiritous liquors; to the introduction of the ſmall-pox among them; to wars; and to abridgments of their territories. By no means, however, will he allow, that the lands of the country were taken from them by *conqueſt.* On the contrary, he declares, that "in hiſtories and records he has found repeated proofs of *purchaſe* which cover a conſiderable part of the lower country; that many more would doubtleſs be found on further ſearch; and that, as he phraſes it, the upper country, *we know*, has been acquired *a together* by purchaſes made in the moſt *unexceptionable form.*"

Having thus reſcued his own foreſathers, and the foreſathers of his countrymen in general from the odious imputation of having obtained that by *fair* means, which hitherto it was ſuſpected they had obtained by *foul*, and added a few remarks, neither new nor intereſting in themſelves, on the indolent diſpoſition and rude cuſtoms of the Indians, Mr. Jefferſon proceeds to a diſcuſſion of the grand queſtion, "From whence came thoſe aboriginal inhabitants of America?"

On this head, the obſervations of our author merit notice.—In adverting to the diſcoveries long ago made, which were ſufficient to ſhew that a paſſage from Europe to America was always practicable, *even to the imperfect navigation of ancient times*, and that in going from Norway to Iceland, from Iceland to Greenland, from Greenland to Labrador, the firſt traject is the wideſt; he infers, that this having been practiſed from the earlieſt times of which we have any account reſpecting that part of the earth, there is no difficulty in ſuppoſing that the ſubſequent traject may have been ſometimes paſſed. Again, as the late diſcoveries of Captain Cook, in coaſting from Kamſchatka to California, have proved that if the two continents of Aſia and America be ſeparated at all, it is only by a narrow ſtreight, ſo it is probable that from this ſide alſo inhabitants may have paſſed into America. Beſide, the reſemblance between the Indians of America and the eaſtern inhabitants of Aſia would induce a conjecture that the former are the deſcendants of the latter, or the latter of the former; excepting indeed the Eſkimaux, who, from the ſame circumſtance of reſemblance, and from identity of language, muſt be derived from the Greenlanders, and theſe probably from ſome of the northern parts of the old continent.

Perfectly do we agree with Mr. Jefferſon, when he obſerves, that "a knowledge of their ſeveral languages would be the moſt certain evidence of their derivation which could be produced."—This, in fact, is the beſt proof of the affinity of nations which ever can be referred to; and, as he again remarks, "How many ages have elapſed ſince the Engliſh, the Dutch, the Germans, the Swiſs, the Norwegians, Danes, and Swedes, have ſeparated from their common ſtock; yet how many more muſt elapſe before the proofs of their common origin, which exiſt in their ſeveral languages, will diſappear!"—Viewing the matter in this light, it is certainly not a little to be lamented, that the Americans ſhould have ſuffered ſo many of the Indian tribes already to be extinguiſhed, without having collected and depoſited in the records of literature the general *rudiments*, at leaſt, of the languages they ſpoke.

To theſe obſervations ſucceeds a ſtate, drawn up in the form of a catalogue, of the nations and numbers of the Aborigines that ſtill exiſt in a reſpectable and independent form; as alſo of their reſpective boundaries within, and circumjacent to, the United States.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Proſe on ſeveral Occaſions, with ſome Pieces in Verſe. By George Colman. 3 Vols. 8vo. 10s. 6d. Cadell.

(Concluded from page 213.)

THE Second Volume of Mr. Colman's Proſe opens with a ſeries of detached letters, publiſhed at different times in the newſpapers. They are in general ſprightly, and there are ſome good laughs at the politics of thoſe days; but the ſubjects

are

are now too far *paſſé* to be intereſting. One of the beſt of them is a ridicule of the paſſion of Engliſhmen for quack medicines, with a medical caſe ſubjoined, which, as we think it well told, we ſhall preſent to our readers.

MEDICAL CASE.

"A gentleman who had long been complaining and complaining, and ailing and ailing, and who had taken all the medicines in and out of the diſpenſatory, at length applied to the celebrated Doctor Radcliffe. The Doctor ſoon perceiving the nature of his caſe, told him, that he was in poſſeſſion of a ſecret, which was infallible for his diſtemper; but that unluckily it was at that time in the hands of Doctor Pitcairne at Edinburgh, to whom he would write to apply it in favour of the patient, if he himſelf thought it worth while to go ſo far in queſt of it. The patient readily undertook the journey, and travelled to Edinburgh: but when he arrived there, he had the mortification to find that juſt before Doctor Radcliffe's letter reached Edinburgh, Doctor Pitcairne had ſent the medicine to Doctor Muſgrave of Exeter. The patient however had reſolution enough, on Doctor Pitcairne's advice, to go acroſs the country to Exeter, in further purſuit of it. but as ill-luck would have it, Doctor Muſgrave told him, that he had, but the day before, tranſmitted it back again to Doctor Radcliffe in London, where the patient naturally returned, to take the benefit of it at home. He could not help laughing with the Doctor at the tour he had taken, and at his ſtrange diſappointments. I went after the medicine, ſaid the patient, to no purpoſe; and yet I cannot tell how it happens, but I am much better than I was when I ſet out. I know it, cries the Doctor, I know it. You have got the medicine. The journey was the ſecret. And do but live *temperately* and keep yourſelf in exerciſe, you will have no occaſion for any phyſick in the world."

Mr. Colman next offers ſeveral remarks on Johnſon's Edition of Shakeſpeare in 1765. In general he agrees with the critic, and where he differs it is with candour. We, however, are in general inclined to coincide with Johnſon rather than his corrector. In one place, for example—in Henry the Fifth—— Shakeſpeare ſpeaks of an uſurper endeavouring "*to fine his title with ſome ſhews of truth.*" Johnſon propoſes to read "*line his title,*" and juſtifies it by a paſſage in Macbeth, where the Thane of Cawdor is ſaid "*to line the rebel with hidden help and vantage;*" and we think him right. Mr. Colman however contends for the old reading, and explains the word "*fine*" to ſignify "*refine.*" But how can a man be ſaid to *refine* with a *ſhew?* Though Shakeſpeare is looſe in his metaphors, he is not often abſurd.—If "*fine*" ſtands, we would rather ſuppoſe it a verb coined from the adjective, and interpret it to *make fine.* In Henry the Fourth the King talks of "*facing the garment of rebellion with ſome fine colour,*" which is preciſely the ſame idea: and beſides, if "*fine*" ſignified to *refine*, it would have been written "*fine**" with an apoſtrophe. We would however, on the whole, rather adopt Johnſon's correction.

Theſe fugitive pieces are followed by "Critical Reflections on the old Engliſh Dramatic Writers," addreſſed to David Garrick, Eſq. The drift of theſe remarks was, to incite Mr. Garrick, then Manager, to revive ſeveral excellent old plays, and to do the ſame juſtice to Jonſon, Maſſinger, Beaumont and Fletcher, which he had ſo liberally imparted to Shakeſpeare. Mr. Colman ſtates ſome of the objections againſt the older plays: that

"Many of them, though they abound with beauties, and are raiſed much above the humble level of later writers, are yet, on ſeveral accounts, unfit to be exhibited on the modern ſtage; that the fable, inſtead of being raiſed on probable incident in real life, is generally built on ſome foreign novel, and attended with romantick circumſtances; that the conduct of theſe extravagant ſtories is frequently uncouth, and infinitely offenſive to that dramatick correctneſs preſcribed by late critics, and practiſed, as they pretend, by the French writers; and that the characters exhibited in our old plays, can have no pleaſing effect on a modern audience, as they are ſo totally different from the manners of the preſent age."

But to this he anſwers, that

"The mind is ſoon familiarized to irregularities which do not ſin againſt the truth of Nature, but are merely violations of that ſtrict decorum of late ſo earneſtly inſiſted on. What patient ſpectators are we of the inconſiſtencies that confeſſedly prevail in our darling Shakeſpeare! What critical catcall ever proclaimed the indecency of introducing the ſtocks in the tragedy of Lear! How quietly do we ſee Gloſter take his imaginary leap from Dover cliff! Or to give a ſtronger inſtance of patience, with what a philoſophical calmneſs do the audience doſe over the tedious and unintereſting love-ſcenes, with which the bungling hand of Tate has

* Macbeth ſays, "For Banquo's iſſue have I *filed* my ſoul," for *defiled*; and the apoſtrophe is inſerted.

coarſely pieced and patched that rich work of Shakeſpeare!—To inſtance further from Shakeſpeare himſelf, the grave-diggers in Hamlet (not to mention Polonius) are not only endured, but applauded; the very nurſe in Romeo and Juliet is allowed to be nature; the tranſactions of a whole hiſtory are, without offence, begun and compleated in leſs than three hours; and we are agreeably wafted by the *chorus*, or oftener without ſo much ceremony, from one end of the world to another.

"It is very true, that it was the general practice of our old writers, to found their pieces on ſome foreign novel; and it ſeemed to be their chief aim to take the ſtory, as it ſtood, with all its appendant incidents of every complection, and throw it into ſcenes. This method was, to be ſure, rather inartificial, as it at once overloaded and embarraſſed the fable, leaving it deſtitute of that beautiful dramatick connection, which enables the mind to take in all its circumſtances with facility and delight. But I am ſtill in doubt, whether many writers, who come nearer to our own times, have much mended the matter. What with their plots and double-plots, and counter-plots and under-plots, the mind is as much perplexed to piece out the ſtory, as to put together the diſjointed parts of our ancient drama. The comedies of Congreve have, in my mind, as little to boaſt of accuracy in their conſtruction, as the plays of Shakeſpeare; nay, perhaps, it might be proved that, amidſt the moſt open violation of the leſſer critical unities, one point is more ſteadily purſued, one character more uniformly ſhewn, and one grand purpoſe of the fable more evidently accompliſhed in the productions of Shakeſpeare than of Congreve."

In theſe ſentiments we perfectly agree with Mr. Colman. It is certain that the moſt powerful effects are produced on the ſtage by that noble daring which ſnaps aſunder the ſhackles of colder criticiſm; and he alone arouſes our paſſions and alarms our feelings, "*qui ſpirat tragicum ſatis et feliciter audet.*" In ſhort, our author's reflections on our old Engliſh Dramatiſts are acute, ſenſible, and judicious; and we heartily wiſh they had been ſucceſsful in their aim. But how does it happen that ſince himſelf has been one of the *arbitri elegantiarum*, he has never put his own opinions in practice? Maſſinger, Beaumont and Fletcher are at leaſt as great ſtrangers in the Hay-Market, as in Covent Garden, or old Drury.

In the "Preface to Beaumont and Fletcher's Works," publiſhed in 1778, we find little more than common-place obſervations, and a repetition of the arguments in his "Critical Reflections." The only amuſing paſſage is a note on the orthography of the name of Shakeſpeare. We truſt our readers will excuſe the inſertion of it; for every circumſtance, however otherwiſe trifling, becomes of importance when it refers to our immortal Bard.

"The name of Shakeſpeare is ſpelt at leaſt a dozen ways. We are told, in the firſt note on the Dunciad, of "an autograph of Shakſpeare himſelf, whereby it appeared that he ſpelt his own name without the firſt *e*." Yet even this autograph is not deciſive. In the regiſter-book at Stratford upon Avon, the name of the family is regularly entered Shakſpere. In the poet's own will, which now lies in the Prerogative-office, Doctor's Commons, his name is ſpelt three different ways. In the body of the will it is always written Shackſpere: this, however, may be aſcribed to the lawyer. The will conſiſts of three ſheets, the firſt of which is legibly ſubſcribed Shackſpere; the two others Shakſpeare. It muſt be acknowledged that the hand-writing, as well as ſituation of the firſt ſignature, is different from that of the two following; but it appears extraordinary that a ſtranger ſhould attempt to falſify a ſignature, which is uſually ſubſcribed to each ſheet for the ſake of giving authenticity to ſo ſolemn an inſtrument, and is, therefore, always taken to be the hand-writing of the teſtator. Mr. Garrick, however, had in his poſſeſſion the leaſe of a houſe formerly ſituated in Black-Friars, and but lately taken down on account of the new bridge, which belonged to that poet. As a party to that leaſe he ſigns his name Shakſpeare; and the firſt ſyllable of his name is now pronounced in his native county, Warwickſhire, with the *ſhort* a, Shak-and not Shakeſpeare. On the other hand, it muſt be confeſſed, that the dialect of that county is more provincial than claſſical, and we believe that all the families, who are now known by the poet's name, both ſpell and pronounce it Shakeſpeare; which indeed ſeems moſt reconcilable to etymology, if etymology be at all concerned in ſo capricious a circumſtance. Many of the quartos publiſhed in his lifetime, not only followed this mode of ſpelling, but ſeemed nicely to mark the proper pronunciation, by printing his name in the title-page with a byphen between the two ſyllables that compoſe it, thus, Shake-ſpeare. His contemporary Jonſon, as well as Milton and Dryden his ſucceſſors, adhered to the ſame orthography."

To the Preface ſucceeds a litigation between Doctor Farmer and Mr. Colman, relative to the learning of Shake-

ſpeare;

ſpeare;—the Doctor attacking, and the Manager defending it.—That the Poet had ſome learning is eaſily proved, and that it was but little is equally certain. He did not need the ſpectacles of books to look through Nature. His learning is intuition; but as

" Learn'd commentators view
" In Homer more than Homer knew,"

ſo do we think on the preſent occaſion Mr. Colman has overſhot the mark; or, if he thinks this deciſion too hard, we will tell him in the words of Sir Roger de Coverley, that " much may be ſaid on both ſides."

Mr. Colman next ſeats himſelf in the chair of Ariſtarchus, on the celebrated reply of the Jew in the trial ſcene in the Merchant of Venice. Many a man has thought himſelf very clear in a point of law or of conſcience, until he has gone to conſult a lawyer or a caſuiſt. In commentaries, generally ſpeaking, our knowledge is inverſely as our ſtudy—the more we read, the leſs we underſtand; and thus much we will boldly aſſert, that every man who reads Mr. Colman's remarks on the paſſage he treats of, will find himſelf at the end ten times more confuſed than at the beginning. He will probably have loſt his own opinion, and certainly have got no other in exchange.

The paſſage is this, as it ſtands in Rowe's, Theobald's, Pope's, and Hanmer's Editions:

" And others, when the bag-pipe ſings
" i' the noſe,
" Cannot contain their urine for affection.
" Maſterleſs paſſion ſways it to the mood
" Of what it likes or loaths."

The ſenſe here is tolerably obvious.—" Affection" ſignifies ſympathy;—but then ariſes a difficulty. " *Paſſion*," in the next line, is ſaid to *ſway it*;—that muſt be *affection or ſympathy*. Now a ſympathy may ſway our paſſions, but not *è contra*. To remedy this, an amendment is propoſed, and the paſſage read and pointed thus:

" And others, when the bag-pipe ſings
" i' the noſe,
" Cannot contain their urine. For affections,
" Maſters of paſſion, ſway it to the mood
" Of what it likes or loaths.——"

This cannot ſtand. If this were the reading, *it* in the laſt line ſhould be *they*. Sympathies or affections ſway our paſſion to what *they* like or loath; but this is too great a violation of the text. Capel's reading is,

" ——— For Affection,
" Miſtreſs of paſſion, ſways it to the mood
" Of what it likes or loaths:"

which makes in our judgment a perfect and an elegant ſenſe. But it ſeems the ſtop at the word " *urine*," in the ſecond line, hurts Mr. Colman's ear: and how does he remedy it? His method is as ready as a Borrower's cap: it is but ſuppoſing a line or two dropped from the preſs, which he fills up thus:

" And others, when the bagpipe ſings i' the
" noſe,
" Cannot contain their urine for Affection.
" *Sovereign Antipathy, or Sympathy,*"
" Miſtreſs of paſſion, ſways it to the mood
" Of what it likes or loaths."

At this rate of criticiſm, all difficulties vaniſh. It is but ſuppoſing a line or two dropped, and the paſſage may ſignify any thing. But Mr. Colman muſt not think with his frize to patch the velvet of Shakeſpeare. No man who ever read one play of the Bard's could fail in an inſtant to ſeparate the metal from the clay. Mr. Colman's reading is unneceſſary, inelegant, feeble, and as like Shakeſpeare as he to Hercules.—Shall we venture to offer a conjecture of our own?

" And others, when the bagpipe ſings i' the
" noſe,
" Cannot contain their urine for Affection.
" Maſterleſs paſſion ſways *us* to the mood
" Of what it likes or loaths."

Cedimus inque vicem prabemus crura ſagittis. As we have ſpoken freely of Mr. Colman's opinion, we leave ourſelves to the critical juſtice of our readers.

From Criticiſm Mr. Colman betakes himſelf to Education, and in a very ſenſible little tract combats and, in our mind, overthrows Mr. Locke's ſyſtem, which indeed in many inſtances is ſo abſurd, that nothing but his great name could bear it out. Mr. Colman is *pugnis unguibus et roſtro* for a public education, and in this the univerſal practice of the nation is with him.

The Third Volume is filled with a tranſlation of Horace's Art of Poetry in verſe, with very copious notes. Mr. Colman differs from all the commentators with re-

gard

gard to the design of this work. His idea of it is, that "one of the sons of Piso, undoubtedly the Elder, had either written, or meditated, a poetical work, most probably a Tragedy; and that he had, with the knowledge of the family, communicated his piece, or intention to Horace: but Horace, either disapproving of the work, or doubting of the poetical faculties of the Elder Piso, or both, wished to dissuade him from all thoughts of publication. With this view he formed the design of writing this Epistle, addressing it, with a courtliness and delicacy perfectly agreeable to his acknowledged character, indifferently to the whole family, the father and his two sons. *Epistola ad Pisones, de Arte Poetica.*" In this idea he is supported, if we are not mistaken, by some late German Commentator, who has taken up the same ground—*Sed non nostrum tantas componere lites.*—The translation, though tolerably faithful to the sense of Horace, has little of his spirit, and less of his elegance.

The Work concludes with several excellent Prologues and Epilogues, in which Mr. Colman has hit off the fashionable topics and follies of the day with very great success. On the whole, these little volumes may furnish out a very agreeable relaxation from severer studies.

An Essay; containing a few Strictures on the Union of Scotland and England, and on the present Situation of Ireland. Prefixed to De Foe's History of the Union. 4to. Stockdale.

THIS Essay is partly the work of the celebrated J. L. De Lolme, and concluded by another hand. It is not easy to speak of its merits. M. De Lolme's part consists of nothing but historical facts, and indeed may with more propriety be esteemed materials for a work, than a work itself. He contents himself with a simple statement of facts, without attempting, unless very rarely indeed, to draw any inference. What use he might have made of them, had he completed the Essay, we cannot pretend to judge; but at present we look in vain for the deep research, the philosophical enquiry, and the ardent spirit of liberty that breathe so strongly through the Essay on the British Constitution.

Any thing that falls from the pen of M. De Lolme must be valuable. We therefore regret exceedingly to find his production in this mutilated state, *ut nec pes nec caput uni reddatur formæ.* As far, however, as he goes, he leans uniformly to the cause of liberty, of justice, and of Ireland. He proves from history, that Ireland never was in any sense a conquered country, until the times of Elizabeth and James the First; the petty chieftains there both were and considered themselves as perfectly independent, insomuch that a curious challenge is yet preserved, sent by one of them to Henry VIII. The Irish ambassador met the King coming from chapel, and addressed him, *Stapedibus tuis, Domine Rex! MacGillapatricius, dominus meus, tibi me misit, ut denunciem quod, nisi cohibeas furationes et latrocinia Johannis de Burgi, ipse bellum faciet contra te*; and the matter was redressed accordingly.

In short, the English dominions in Ireland consisted but of four shires, called the Pale; and out of this pale the English laws were neither acknowledged nor obeyed. No magistrate was appointed, no justice went circuit, no revenue was drawn. When the English Lord Deputy endeavoured to soothe Mac Guire, Lord of Fermanagh, into accepting a sheriff, he answered him with great good-humour, "Your sheriff may come, and welcome; "but let me know the price of his head, "that when my people cut it off, I may "know what to fine them accordingly:" and John Allen, Irish Master of the Rolls, informed Henry VIII. that his laws were not obeyed twenty miles in compass.

"The only way to form a true idea of Ireland, and of the dominion of the English Crown and Nation there, previous to the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and indeed of James the First, is by considering the English colony that had been settled on that island in the same light as the settlements or colonies formed by Europeans in remoter parts of the world. It was a settlement of the same nature as those at Senegal or Goree, on the coast of Africa; or like Bombay, on the coast and country of the Mahrattas; or Madrass, thirty years ago, on the coast of the Carnatic; or the Dutch settlements in the Island of Java, and at the Cape of Good Hope. But the justest idea that may be acquired of the nature of the English colony in Ireland, from the times of Henry the Second to those of Queen Elizabeth, is by comparing it with the Colony at New-York, as it would now stand, if the late treaty had not taken place, and the Americans, in conjunction with the North-Indians, did continue to beset its territory, and oppose the extension of the English

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government. The North-Indians, in ſuch caſe, would repreſent the Iriſhry; and the Americans would be the degenerate Engliſh,—or ſome of them the Engliſh ſubjects of blood, according as it might ſuit them to keep ſome intercourſe with the government of the colony; with this difference, however, that the Iriſhry were the more numerous nation, and continued to occupy about two-third parts of the iſland."

Such was the ſituation of Ireland until the death of Queen Elizabeth. During her reign the hands of the Engliſh government had been ſtrengthened, the petty chieftains gradually ſubdued, but the treaty with O'Neal, the laſt of them, was not ſigned till a few days after her death. James the Firſt is therefore to be named the firſt Engliſh Sovereign who really poſſeſſed the dominion of Ireland.

"At this æra, all violent oppoſition to the government was put an end to. The ſpirit of Iriſh reſiſtance was braied, to uſe the expreſſions of Sir John Davies, as it were in a mortar, with the *ſword, famine, and peſtilence altogether*. The law now penetrated into every remote corner of the iſland.—Juſtice, the ſword having firſt cleared the way, took the whole country in her progreſs, in the ſame manner as the *Virgo* moves in the Zodiac preceded by *Leo*, as Sir John claſſically and elegantly expreſſes it; and the judges were now enabled to proceed round the whole kingdom, like planets in their extenſive orbits; whereas their circuits had till then been confined to the ſmall precinct of the Pale, like the narrow circle which the *Cynoſura* deſcribes about the *Pole*.

"At the ſame time that the power of the judges and of the Engliſh government was thus extenſively fixed, the *leud* Iriſh laws and cuſtoms were aboliſhed, and the Engliſh laws eſtabliſhed in all caſes without exception, through the whole iſland. Lawyers had then buſineſs enough; and even more than enough. The harveſt was great, to uſe once more the expreſſions of Sir John Davies, but the labourers few; *(magna meſſis, ſed operarii pauci)* and "the number of the judges was encreaſed in every bench *."

"As a further ſtep for the ſettling of Ireland, numerous colonies were ſent from Great-Britain to occupy the lands which had been taken from thoſe tribes and chieftains who had been more particularly engaged in the war that had been lately terminated. King James gave uncommon attention to the framing of the ordinances that were made for the proper ſettling of theſe colonies; and all writers have agreed in praiſing the judicious meaſures that were adopted, and in conſidering the zeal and ſucceſs of the king in that reſpect, as the moſt laudable part of his reign."

But though Ireland was thus for the preſent reduced to order, the independent ſpirit of the nation, and their diſlike to the domination, and indeed the name, of England, ſoon broke out. The Reformation was introduced into Ireland by the point of the ſword; but as the colourable pretext of law was neceſſary to ſupport this, it became neceſſary to procure a majority in parliament.

"There had been no parliament held in Ireland for twenty-ſeven years before the time we are ſpeaking of, which was the eighth year of the reign of King James the Firſt. The proteſtants were ſo few in Ireland, in Queen Elizabeth's time, that the government of the colony could not venture upon calling a parliament: there was too little certainty of getting a majority on the proteſtant ſide, even with the power poſſeſſed by the crown of erecting new counties and corporations: this had been the cauſe of the long intermiſſion of parliaments that has been above mentioned. The council of James the Firſt, in the eighth year of his reign, had a more advantageous ſcope, now that the iſland was univerſally ſubdued, and a numerous colony of the proteſtant religion had been introduced, that was ſettled upon extenſive tracts of land. New boroughs were erected in thoſe quarters occupied by the new ſettlers. Even then the government found themſelves, at firſt, miſtaken in their reckoning, through the remarkable ardour with which the oppoſite or catholic party exerted themſelves, eſpecially in the elections for counties: elections were loſt where there was thought to be little danger of it; and even privy-councillors excluded. The diſappointment was made up by ſpeedily erecting freſh corporations, or boroughs, and conferring upon them the right of electing members. Hence the complaints made afterwards by the catholic party, that ſeveral new corporations which had ſent members, had been erected, in order to the ſending of precepts to them for elections, after the firſt iſſuing of the writs for calling the parliament."

By theſe means a majority was procured; Government proceeded with vi-

* "The power of the law and of the judges did not become, however, quite ſo completely eſtabliſhed in Ireland, at the beginning of the reign of James the Firſt, as Sir John Davies deſcribes it. Several inſurrections took place in this reign, that were raiſed by Iriſh Chieftains; though they were quelled without any great difficulty, as their power and reſources had been ſo broken by the late war."

gour; and the penal ſtatutes of Elizabeth were put in force.

"By virtue of theſe ſtatutes, no man who refuſed to take the oath of ſupremacy, could be inveſted with an office in a corporation, or be a juſtice of the peace, or a magiſtrate: he was not to be a privy councillor, nor to be preferred to any poſt in the government: if a lawyer, he was not to be admitted to plead at the bar, or to fill the office of judge. All the higher dignities of the church, together with church livings, and church emoluments, were moreover allotted to the proteſtant clergy, as a reward for their orthodoxy. A weekly fine was alſo to be laid upon every perſon who ſhould neglect to attend the church ſervice.

"By all the above ordinances and meaſures the proteſtant became eſtabliſhed, to the complete excluſion of the catholic religion; and at that period aroſe thoſe formidable party diſtinctions of catholics and proteſtants, into which the inhabitants of Ireland have ſince been divided.

"By theſe ſtrong meaſures, an union was now formed between the Iriſh chieftains and tribes, who, after loſing their lands and their laws, were now to loſe their religion, and the whole of the old Engliſh colony, whoſe lords and men of influence were now to loſe their conſequence, whoſe lawyers and prieſts were thrown out of employment, while the numerous commonalty had their churches taken from them, and were inſulted by penalties for not conforming to the religious rites of their opponents. All were now united together under the common banner of the catholic faith, and turned their eyes towards the proteſtant party as a common aggreſſor and enemy."

The conſequence was, the terrible war in 1641, and the horrid maſſacres committed by both parties—cruelties which, for the honour of human nature, it would be well to bury in eternal oblivion. At length Cromwell landed in Ireland with ſuch an army as had never been ſeen there before, 30,000 foot and 15,000 horſe; and after a courſe of exemplary, though perhaps neceſſary ſeverities, he finally and deciſively conquered the kingdom, ſo that the old diſtinctions of old Iriſh and Engliſh were deſtroyed, and the people run into one common maſs.

The Revolution, happy and glorious as it was for the general intereſts of the Britiſh empire, was attended by peculiar hardſhips on the Iriſh Catholics. After a brave ſtruggle for the intereſts of King James II. they had, by the magnanimity and wiſdom of William, ſecured ſeveral advantages to themſelves at the ſurrender of Limerick, which, during the life of that wiſe monarch, were well and faithfully obſerved.

"But the juſt line of conduct, in regard to Roman Catholics in Ireland, we have above mentioned, ceaſed to be purſued in the reign of Queen Anne. Several acts of the Iriſh parliament were paſſed by which the conditions of Limerick were gradually violated; and at length the famous laws of *diſcovery* were enacted, by which the triumph of the proteſtant over the catholic party was finally completed, after an hundred and ten years ſtruggle.

"By theſe laws, the Roman Catholics were abſolutely diſarmed. They could not purchaſe land. If one ſon did abjure the catholic religion, he inherited the whole eſtate, though he was the youngeſt. If he made ſuch abjuration, and turned *diſcoverer* during the life-time of his father, he took poſſeſſion of the eſtate; his father remaining a penſioner to him. If a catholic had a horſe in his poſſeſſion worth fifty or an hundred pounds, or more, a proteſtant might take the ſame from him, upon paying him down five pounds. If the rent paid by any catholic was leſs than two-thirds of the full improved value, whoever *diſcovered*, or turned informer, took the benefit of the leaſe, &c. &c."

From the death of King William, the affairs of Ireland have taken a different turn. The Catholics being finally ſubdued, had left the external peace of the country ſecure, and Iriſhmen had leiſure to regard their internal ſituation. And here indeed they found ample ground for diſcontent and alarm. During the troubles, and for ſome time after, England had aſſumed a right to bind Ireland by ſpecific acts of parliament, which *ex neceſſitate rei* had been acquieſced in. But now that the cauſe was removed, the Iriſh thought it reaſonable the effect ſhould ceaſe; and at length, in 1698, the noble tract of Molyneux appeared under the title of "The "Caſe of Ireland being bound by Engliſh "Acts of Parliament." This pamphlet may be conſidered as the commencement of thoſe political hoſtilities which, after a ſtruggle of above fourſcore years, have at length terminated in the Independence of Ireland. At the publication of this book the parliament of England took the alarm, and voted it a ſeditious libel, burned it by the hands of the common hangman, and boldly declared that "Ireland was, and ought to be, ſubordinate and dependent on the Imperial Crown of England." The ſituation of Ireland at that time would not permit her to ſtruggle, and under a gloomy ſilence the whole buſineſs reſted. Molyneux's book, however, was not for-

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gotten. The next open diſſention was in the year 1719, in which, on the occaſion of an appeal to the Britiſh Houſe of Lords, and the denial of their juriſdiction by the Houſe of Lords in Ireland, the famous Declaratory Act was paſſed, better known by the name of the 6th of George I. which ſets forth, that

"Whereas attempts have been lately made to ſhake off the ſubjection of Ireland unto the imperial crown of this realm: And whereas the Houſe of Lords in Ireland have of late aſſumed, againſt law, a power to examine and amend the judgments of the courts of juſtice in Ireland: Therefore, be it enacted, that the ſaid kingdom of Ireland is ſubordinate unto, and dependent upon, the imperial Crown of Great-Britain: and that the King's Majeſty, by and with the conſent of the Lords and Commons of Great-Britain, has full power and authority to make laws and ſtatutes to bind the people and the kingdom of Ireland. And be it farther enacted, that the Houſe of Lords of Ireland have not any juriſdiction to judge of, affirm, or reverſe, any judgment or decree given in any court within the ſaid kingdom."—The bill having met with the concurrence of the commons, and received the King's aſſent, became an act of parliament; ſo that the claim laid by the Britiſh Houſe of Peers to juriſdiction over the kingdom of Ireland, was, in caſe of future oppoſition, to be backed by the whole ſtrength of Great Britain."

This is rather a ſingular mode of deciding a difference. Two parties differ; the ſtronger oppreſſes the weaker; the weaker remonſtrates, and is anſwered by a declaration: ſo that what to-day is fact, to-morrow is precedent; what to-day is injuſtice, to-morrow is law! The Houſe of Lords in Ireland did not tamely ſubmit to this infraction of their privileges and the national liberty; but Ireland was ſtill poor, weak, and divided; ſo that after a very ſhort and ineffectual ſtruggle in parliament, ſhe quietly yielded her mouth to the bit, and the authority of England appeared as firm as the Pyramids of Egypt. But the great day of redemption was now at hand. The unfortunate war, as to Britain, of 1775, which exhauſted her force and broke her empire, was attended with a recovery of the conſtitutional independence of Ireland.—The exigencies of England compelled her to withdraw her troops, and the nation was left to her own reſources for defence. An army of citizens, ſelf-appointed, ſelf-arrayed, ſelf-paid and diſciplined, roſe like an exhalation: from one extremity of the iſland to the other nothing was heard but the din of arms. Their officers were men of the firſt rank, fortune, and abilities; of bravery not to be doubted, and who approved by their conduct that their wiſdom was not leſs: by the moſt moderate computation they amounted to forty thouſand men. Government, which at firſt had affected to ridicule, was ſoon taught to reſpect, if not to dread them. The Volunteers felt their own ſtrength, and were ſupported by the unanimous voice of the people at large. They formally required a total liberation, firſt of their trade, and then of their conſtitution. Great-Britain, and greater in her fall than in her proudeſt ſucceſs, felt the juſtice of their claim. She ſaw the long and patient ſufferings of Ireland; ſhe knew that, in fact, by acceding to her demands ſhe did but ſacrifice national pride to national juſtice; and with equal wiſdom and magnanimity gave up what Ireland was reſolute to obtain, and the refuſal of which would certainly have been followed by a ſtruggle ruinous to the intereſts, perhaps ſubverſive of the very name of both countries. On a fair ſtatement it will appear, that Ireland gained much; England loſt little, if any thing. The repeal of the declaratory law, the ſupreme juriſdiction of the Iriſh Houſe of Peers, the power of framing bills originally in the Iriſh parliament, the mutiny law, and the independence of the Judges; theſe do not appear to have been unreaſonable demands, and therefore they were ſucceſsful. Ireland having thus ſecured her external independence, ſet herſelf to reform her parliament at home, in the election of which great grievances appear to exiſt: but here her efforts were not ſucceſsful; there is, however, a pertinacity in the people of that country which renders it highly probable they will perſiſt until they obtain a reform in the repreſentation.

Such is the account given by M. De Lolme of the paſt and preſent ſtate of Ireland, which is, as was obſerved, merely hiſtorical. The remainder of the work is ſaid to be "by another hand." This gentleman is a ſtrenuous and an able advocate for an union between Great-Britain and Ireland. He quotes the opinions of ſeveral eminent politicians in its favour; but then —"we lions are none of us painters,"—they are all Engliſhmen. Whether an union would be a meaſure advantageous to Ireland or not, we confeſs ourſelves incompetent to decide; but it is certain no meaſure can be more unpopular on both ſides. The Engliſh evidently do not wiſh to give up a ſhare in their commerce, and the Iriſh are as little inclined to part with their newly-recovered conſtitution. It is not pleaſant to confeſs it, but we fear it is too

true, that there is not a very cordial national affection between the countries; nor do we hear of any inconvenience reſulting from their preſent mode of connection, which therefore we do not wiſh to ſee drawn cloſer. At any rate, very many years muſt elapſe before ſuch a meaſure can becom: adviſeable to attempt, if indeed the prejudices both of England and Ireland will ever admit it to be carried into execution.

An Account of the Landed Property of the Crown, as contained in the Report of the Commiſſioners appointed to enquire into the Land Revenue *. 4to. 12s. 6d. Hooper.

IN our Magazines for July and Auguſt we gave an abſtract of a very uſeful and well-written work on the Land-Revenue, by the Hon. Mr. St. John, to which the preſent publication forms a valuable ſupplement. It is indeed no other than a *rent-roll* of royal eſtates, containing a deſcription of all the landed poſſeſſions and revenues of the Crown in England and Wales, ſo far as is entered in the office of the Surveyor-general of the Crown Lands, for the remainder of long terms granted prior to the paſſing of the civil liſt act of the firſt year of Queen Anne, and not yet expired; or under leaſes granted ſince that period for terms not exceeding thirty-one years, or three lives; excepting in caſes of meſſuages and tenements, which are allowed to be granted for fifty years, or three lives, conformably to the limitations of the ſaid act. It may be here neceſſary to obſerve, that, beſides the eſtates herein mentioned, there are others not entered in the office of the Surveyor-general, which were granted by the Crown for long terms, prior to the acceſſion of Queen Anne: theſe will become the objects of future attention.

To render this account and abſtract as intelligible as poſſible, the ſubſtance is arranged in columns, under diſtinct heads. The firſt gives the counties in alphabetical order, with a brief deſcription of the lands, houſes, or other hereditaments, demiſed in each county; then follow the names of the leſſees—the dates of the leaſes—the terms whereby granted, and the periods of expiration—the value of the premiſſes by the lateſt ſurvey or eſtimate, according to the Surveyor-general's report—the fines received on renewal—the old rents formerly reſerved—the increaſed and new rents, ſurcharged and to take place in caſe new leaſes ſhall be granted—and laſtly, ſome obſervations applicable to the particulars contained in the reſpective leaſes.

On looking through this ſchedule, the firſt obſervation that ſtrikes us is the grievous miſmanagement of the Land-Revenue in prodigal grants to opulent individuals, by which the Crown is impoveriſhed, at the ſame time that the receiver is by no means proportionably benefited. It appears that the actual value of the Crown Lands is 102,626l. 14s. 1½d. while the rents received amount at preſent to 10,563l. 12s. 1d. with an eventual riſe at remote periods and contingencies of 6,221l. 2½d. ſo that the eſtate is under-let no leſs a ſum than 85,842l. 1s. 9½d. per annum;—for ſomewhat leſs than *one-ſixth* of its value! In Berkſhire, the value is 1,418l. 19s. and the actual rent 213l. 18s. 3d. In Eſſex the diſproportion is greater, the value being 2,897l. 5s. 4½d. and the rent but 225l. 2s. 7½d. In Kent, the eſtate is 5,178l. 12s. 10½d. the rent 500l. 18s. 1d. Lincolnſhire is eſtimated at 3,574l. 12s. 6½d. and produces 352l. 10s. 0½d. Norfolk is valued at 1,044l. 12s. 5d. and the rent is 158l. 4½d. Surrey is not behindhand in miſmanagement; her value is 6,969l. 18s. 2½d. her produce 639l. 6s. 9½d. or ſomewhat under *a tenth* of what it ſhould be. Yorkſhire is rated by the Surveyor-general at 4,942l. 4s. 7⅛d. and yields 530l. 6s. 10d. which is very nearly *a ninth* of the real value. But Middleſex out-does all; the rate is 61,024l. 11s. 11d½. and the produce 4,709l. 8s. 7d. or very nearly *thirteen times* leſs than the real value.

This extreme miſmanagement we can hardly hope to ſee remedied, while the Land-Revenue remains on its preſent footing; at the ſame time that it is evident, if it were put in a proper train, it might become an object of national concern. As it now ſtands, it is an appendage to the Crown ſo trifling, as to be even diſgraceful, producing but 10,000l. a-year; and of thoſe who are benefited by it, a great majority would not feel the loſs, if they were even to pay the real value of their *farms*, inſtead of a nominal *ſix-and-eight-pence*. It is therefore our earneſt wiſh that the whole of the Land-Revenue, or at leaſt ſuch part as can be ſold without a great loſs, be immediately diſpoſed of, and the principal veſted, part of it to make good the charges at preſent ſuſtained by the Land-Revenue, and the remainder for the general ſervice of the nation. The liberality of Parliament in granting one million ſterling annually to his Majeſty's private uſe, may well juſtify the kingdom

* A ſimilar publication of this Report is ſold alſo by Mr. Debrett (the publiſher of Mr. St. John's work) in 4to. Price 12s. 6d. Boards.

in expecting, and the King in granting, what, though of little ſervice and leſs honour to him, may yet contribute in ſome degree to lighten that heavy and almoſt intolerable burden under which Great-Britain at preſent ſtaggers.—— Indeed the recent enquiries into this ſubject, the publication of Mr. St. John's book, which from his ſituation may be looked on as official, and this laſt Report of the Commiſſioners, induce us to hope that Adminiſtration meditate a reformation of the Land Revenue. How very neceſſary ſome reformation is, will appear from a few extracts, which we ſhall ſubmit from the Schedule, and which will ſhew in what a prodigal manner that buſineſs is at preſent arranged.

In Kent, Sir John Shaw holds the manor of Eltham, value 807l. per annum, for which he pays a rent of 150l. and a fine of 1800l. or one year's income: for this he has a tenure of thirty-one years. Sir Sampſon Gideon, in Lincolnſhire, holds an eſtate of 1000l. a year for thirty-one years, for which he pays 110l. and about 2000l. fine. In Middleſex, the Duke of Marlborough pays for his houſe in the Park 75l. per annum for fifty years, and a fine of 30l. when it is rated, and certainly under-rated by the Surveyor-General 600l. yearly. The Earl of Godolphin has ſuch another hard bargain: his lordſhip's houſe in the Park is only worth 350l. a-year, and he is charged with 100l fine, and the unconſcionable rent of 16s. 8d. His lordſhip's tenure is fifty years. Lady Clifford has an eſtate from the Crown about Spring-Gardens, granted in 1779, value annually 3130l. for fifty years, for which her ladyſhip paid leſs than half of *one* year's income as a fine, and her rent amounts to the groſs ſum of 26l. a-year! Earl Gower pays 56l. per annum for fifty years, and a fine of 170l. for his houſe in Whitehal, eſtimated at 500l. a-year. His Grace of Richmond, in like manner, is unjuſtly charged 70l. a-year for fifty years, for a houſe in Privy Garden, that is not worth above 400l. per annum. The Duke of Portland pays for his meſſuage in the ſame place 16s. 8d. whereas the real value is but 200l. annually. Lord Cadogan pays 14l. 6s. 8d. for two meſſuages in the Privy-Garden, valued at 384l. annually. The Duke of Northumberland is charged for his bargain in Scotland-Yard 13l. 6s. 8d. and it is worth barely 532l. per annum by the valuation. For ſix ſeparate grants to Rich. Glynn, Eſq. the Biſhop of Coventry, Lord G. Germaine, Benjamin Lethieullier, Eſq. William Greaves, Eſq. and Lord Walpole, amounting to the groſs rent of 2000l. per annum, the actual receipt is 155l. Earl Temple pays for his houſe in Pallmall, value 350l. a-year, no more than 15l. Sir Cæſar Hawkins for ſeven houſes, value 270l. pays 29l. a-year; about a tenth of the value. Lord Cadogan, to make him amends for his bargain in the Privy-Garden, which clears but 370l. annually, has five meſſuages in Pallmall for 30l. a-year, which are eſtimated at 240l. Samuel Ruſh, Eſq. for his farm in Piccadilly, value 500l. a-year, is charged 34l. Daniel Graham, Eſq. for 460l. annually, is loaded with 20l. a-year rent. Francis Paddey, Eſq. is ſtill worſe off; for he pays 55l. a-year for 480l. Sir Joſeph Andrews, for 520l. a-year, pays 30l. James Jurin, Eſq. pays the enormous rent of 12l. 10s. a-year for twenty-one meſſuages in Swallow-ſtreet, Glaſshouſe-ſtreet, and Leiceſter-ſtreet, which cannot produce him above 700l. a-year. Lord Robert Manners, for 1200l. a-year, pays 85l. Thomas Lee, Eſq. for 604l. pays 50l. Thomas Pitt, Eſq. pays 13s. 4d. for a neat 1000l. per annum. The Hon. George Hamilton, for 2400l. a-year, pays 10s. and Edward Ruſſel, Eſq. for 1800l. pays 20s.—Of all theſe eſtates, where they are in land, the terms are for thirty-one years; where in houſes, for fifty.

From theſe extracts, and they make but a very few of thoſe which we could ſelect, it appears how very neceſſary reformation is. The grants we have ſelected are all to men of the greateſt conſequence, higheſt rank, or largeſt fortunes in the kingdom. To ſuch men the rent of their houſes muſt be a very petty conſideration; the loſs to individuals would be trifling, while the ſum produced by proper management might become of material ſervice to the public.

To this general rent-roll are ſubjoined three Appendixes. No. I. ſtates the Land-Revenue in Queen Mary's time to produce annually 86,692l. 15s. 2d ½. No. II is a Compendium of the whole Revenue and Profit of the Eſtates of the Crown under James the Firſt, amounting to 455,366l. 17s. 1d. nett; and No. III. a Liſt of the Names of all the Manors, &c. taken by Survey in the Reign of Charles the Firſt.

Referring our readers to Mr. St. John's excellent obſervations on this ſubject, we ſhall conclude the preſent article with a wiſh that the Miniſter may take ſpeedy, ſerious, and effectual ſteps to reſcue the Land-Revenue of the Crown from its preſent ſtate of profligate diſſipation, and put it on a footing at once reſpectable to the King, and ſerviceable to the Nation.

An

An Academy for Grown Horſemen. By Geoffrey Gambado, Eſq. Folio. 1l. 1s. Hooper.

THIS ludicrous work, formed on the model of Swift's "Advice to Servants," which has produced ſo many imitations, is, in many inſtances, executed with very great humour, and irreſiſtibly provokes our laughter. The author gives directions for every poſſible mode of horſemanſhip, walking, trotting, cantering, galloping, ſtumbling and tumbling, illuſtrated with copper-plates; of which it is enough to ſay, that they come from the port-folio of Mr. Bunbury.

Mr. Gambado arranges his work in the following order: How to chuſe a horſe; how to tackle him; in what ſort of dreſs to ride him; how to mount and manage him; how to ride him out; and above all, how to ride him home again.

As to the firſt head, the choice of a horſe, he leans moſtly to that particular claſs known by the name of dray-horſes, in preference to blooded ones.

"On the road, what dangers do we incur from the weakneſs of our horſes! The pitiful ſpider-legged things of this age fly into a ditch with you at the ſight of a pocket handkerchief, or the blowing of your noſe; whereas mount one of theſe, and the world cannot alter your route:—Meet a higler's cart, he will ſtop it, either with his own head or your leg; fall in with a hackney coach, and he will carry you flap daſh againſt it."

"The height of a horſe is perfectly immaterial, provided he is higher behind than before. Nothing is more pleaſing to a traveller than the ſenſation of continually getting forward; whereas the riding a horſe of a contrary make, is like ſwarming the banniſters of a ſtair caſe, when, though perhaps you really advance, you feel as if you were going backwards.

"Let him carry his head low, that he may have an eye to the ground, and ſee the better where he ſteps.

"The leſs he lifts his fore-legs, the eaſier he will move for his rider, and he will likewiſe bruſh all the ſtones out of his way, which might otherwiſe throw him down. If he turns out his toes as well as he ſhould do, he will then diſperſe them to the right and the left, and not have the trouble of kicking the ſame ſtone a ſecond time.

* * * * * * * *

"A bald face, wall eyes, and white legs (if your horſe is not a grey one), is to be preferred; as, in the night, although you may ride againſt what you pleaſe yourſelf, no one will ride againſt you.

"His noſe cannot project too much from his neck, for by keeping a conſtant tight rein on him, you will then ſit as firm as if you were held on.

"A horſe's ears cannot well be too long: a judicious rider ſteers his courſe by fixing his eyes between them. Were he cropt, and that as cloſe as we ſometimes ſee them now-a-days, in a duſky evening the rider might wander the Lord knows where.

* * * * * * * *

"I have found many perſons who have purchaſed horſes of me, very inquiſitive and troubleſome about their eyes; indeed as much ſo, as if their eyes were any way concerned in the action of the animal. As I know they are not, I give myſelf very little trouble about them. If a rider is in full poſſeſſion of his own, what his horſe has is perfectly immaterial; having probably a bridle in his mouth to direct him where to go, and to lift him up with again, if he tumbles down. Any gentleman chuſing, indeed, to ride without a bridle, ſhould look pretty ſharp at a horſe's eyes before he buys him; be well ſatisfied with his method of going, be very certain that he is docile, and will ſtop ſhort with a "wohey *," and after all, be rather ſcrupulous where he rides him. Let no man tell me that a blind horſe is not a match for one with the beſt of eyes, when it is ſo dark that he cannot ſee: and when he can, it is to be ſuppoſed the gentleman upon his back can, as well as he; and then, if he rides with a bridle, what has he to fear?"

In the article of dreſs, our author recommends a large white wig, a cocked hat, black pluſh breeches in ſummer, and a pompadour or ſome other flaſhy-coloured coat, that in caſe of an accident, as your horſe running off across the country, or the like, you may be a more conſpicuous object for the purſuit of your friends; or at worſt, that they may know in what part of the world to have you *cried*. Your boots and breeches knees muſt never meet, ſo that the flap of your ſaddle chafing you agreeably between them, may ſatisfy you that your leg is in a proper poſition.

"Be very careful to ſpur your horſe in the ſhoulders only; there he has moſt feeling, becauſe he has moſt veins; beſides, by ſpurring at his body, five times in ſix your labour is loſt: if you are a ſhort man, you ſpur the ſaddle-cloth; if you are leggy, you never touch him at all; and if middling, you only

* "I have ſearched Chambers and Johnſon for this Wohey! but cannot find him. I do not recollect ſuch a word in all Shakeſpeare, and he dealt at large in the language. Neither is it to be met with in Maſter Bailey's delicate Collection of Provincialiſms. What is Wohey?"

only wear out your own girths, without your horſe being a bit the better for it."

"On riding eaſtward or weſtward, keep your toes due north and ſouth, and *e converſo*.

"Thus your ſpurs may be brought into play, with little or no exertion; and thus, in turning ſharp round a poſt, your horſe may be prevented from hurting himſelf by running againſt it.

"The being able to guide a horſe, is a matter of ſome moment on the road, though it may not be ſo any where elſe; and I would adviſe you always to ride with a laſh whip; it ſhews the ſportſman, and will aſſiſt you much in your ſteerage. If your horſe bears too much to the right, of courſe you drop the reins entirely on that ſide, and pull them up ſharp with both hands on the other; but if that does not anſwer, you muſt refer to your whip, and a good ſmart cut over his right cheek and eye, will ſoon ſet him ſtraight again. This is the mode you will ſee adopted by every judicious pig-driver †; and I am told that a pig is eſteemed by judges, to be far more averſe to direct progreſſion, than a horſe."

"Before ever your horſe gets into motion, clap both your ſpurs into him pretty ſharp; this will ſet him going for the whole day, and ſhew him you have ſpurs on, which if he did not know, he might incline to be idle. Thus then you go off with eclat, provided nothing is in your horſe's way; and if there is, you have probably put him ſo on his mettle, that he will leap over it and run away with you. If he ſhould, however, you will make a moſt ſpirited and magnanimous appearance."

"When a man is once well run away with, the firſt thing that occurs to him, I imagine, is how to ſtop his horſe; but men by no means agree in their modes of bringing this matter about. Some will run him at a ditch, which I allow to be a promiſing experiment, if he leaps ill or not at all. Frenchmen (and the French are excellent horſemen) will ride againſt one another; no bad way either: and I have ſeen riders make directly for a ſtable (if a door happens to be open), and with good effect.

"Of all theſe methods, I am clearly for the ſtable door; becauſe, if entering full ſpeed, you ſhould be afraid of your head, ſpread out your legs ſufficiently, and your horſe will go in without you."

"In riding the road, obſerve in paſſing a whiſky, a phaeton, or a ſtage-coach, in ſhort, any carriage where the driver ſits on the right hand, to paſs it on that ſide; he may not ſee you on the other; and though you may meet with a laſh in the eye, what is the loſs of an eye to a leg, or perhaps a neck.

"Should a man on horſeback be on the road, and leading another horſe, always daſh by the led one; you might otherwiſe ſet the man's horſe capering, and perhaps throw him off; and you can get but a kick or two by obſerving my inſtructions."

"In paſſing a waggon or any tremendous equipage, ſhould it run pretty near a bank, and there be but a ditch and an open country on its other ſide, if you are on buſineſs and in a hurry, daſh up the bank without heſitation; for ſhould you take the other ſide, and your horſe ſhy at the carriage, you may be carried many hundred yards out of your road; whereas by a little effort of courage, you need only graze the wheel, fly up the bank, and, by ſlipping or tumbling down into the road again, go little or nothing out of your way."

Having laid down theſe admirable rules, Mr. Geoffrey Gambado concludes poetically with a hope to ſee his pupils yet on Sunday,

"————————Fearful to be late,
Scour the New Road, and daſh thro' Groſvenor-gate;
Anxious and fearful too his ſteed to ſhew,
The proud Bucephalus of Rotten-Row;
Careleſs he ſeems, yet vigilantly ſly,
Woo's the ſtray glance of ladies paſſing by;
While his left heel, inſidiouſly aſide
Provokes the caper that he ſeems to chide."

The Plates, which are moſt happily adapted to the work, particularly "How to ſtop your horſe," "How to turn any horſe, mare, or gelding," "How to ride genteel and agreeable up Hyde-Park," and "How to ſtop your horſe at pleaſure," which are irreſiſtibly ludicrous, conclude this very laughable performance.

† "A very *in*-judicious remark this: were a pig to be driven in a hard and ſharp, or a Weymouth, and a horſe in packthread tied to his hind-leg, it is a matter of doubt with me, whether the latter would drive ſo handy as the former. As pigs now can play at cards as well as horſes, I think it is but fair to ſuppoſe them capable of dancing a minuet with equal activity and grace, whatever Mr. Aſtley may alledge to the contrary. The author is very hard upon pigs."

Com-

Comparative Reflections on the paſt and preſent Political, Commercial and Civil State of Great Britain: With ſome Thoughts concerning Emigration. By Richard Champion, Eſq. late Deputy Paymaſter General of his Majeſty's Forces, and Author of Conſiderations on the Situation of Great Britain, with reſpect to the United States of America. 8vo. 6s. Debrett.

(*Concluded from Page* 205.)

THE Sixth Letter is entitled, "An explanation of the apparent contradiction "in the actions of the principal Whig leaders, with reſpect to America, at two different periods of time."—"The firſt of "theſe periods (he ſays) was when Lord "Rockingham came into office in April "1782. That excellent nobleman refuſed to accept the Adminiſtration, until "the conditions which he ſtipulated to "be performed, were previouſly agreed "to by the Court. One of theſe ſtipulations was, that an immediate end "ſhould be put to the American war, and "the independence of the United States "unconditionally granted."—This is a full confirmation of what we ſtated in a former Review, that the Marquis of Rockingham's laſt and ſhorteſt Adminiſtration laid the foundation of an eternal ſeparation between Great-Britain and her refractory Colonies. "The laſt of theſe periods (ſays "he) was when the Duke of Portland "came into Adminiſtration in conjunction with Lord North, Lord Stormont, "and Lord Carliſle, men who had hitherto acted upon oppoſite principles "to him."—*Quis talia fando temperet a lachrymis?* Here the names of the main-ſpring and other Members of the Coalition are carefully avoided which ought to ſtand foremoſt on the liſt, names which conſtituted the very eſſence of the Coalition, one ſide of it at leaſt; but we muſt leave our Author to wander by himſelf through the maze which forms the remainder of this letter, and paſs by the Seventh Letter, explaining the circumſtances attending the formation of Lord Rockingham's Adminiſtration, a ſubject we are not very competent to traverſe.

The Eighth Letter, on the neceſſity of veſting the adminiſtration of government in an able and vigorous Miniſter, begins thus: "Could we ſuppoſe a "Prince in the ſituation of having committed faults, it might follow, that he "would find a full remedy in expiation; "and this by throwing himſelf into the "hands of thoſe, but thoſe only, who "had been the tried friends of his family. This country can boaſt a ſubject "whoſe character is exactly adapted to "take the lead in adminiſtration, even "during the moſt diſtracted ſtate of affairs."—This is ſaying a vaſt deal indeed, in a few words, if theſe words can be made good; but after the moſt careful and attentive peruſal of this letter, conſiſting of eighteen pages, deſcribing the man in the moſt high-flown ſtyle of panegyric, we confeſs ourſelves utterly unable to make the application to any man living; or even to gueſs, with any ſatisfaction to ourſelves, at the man here pretended to be pointed out to public approbation, and as an object of Royal confidence and univerſal applauſe; which deſcription he concludes with theſe words:——"Any Prince whatſoever "might accompliſh the purpoſes of eaſe "to himſelf, his family, and his people, "by veſting the adminiſtration of his "affairs in the hands of ſuch a man as I "have here deſcribed—a man of integrity, of honour, of ability; ſupported by "families of great property and extenſive "connections; in fine, poſſeſſed of thoſe "qualifications, which, by engaging the "confidence of all honeſt men, would "put an end to any diſtractions of the "Empire, even in the moment of their "ariſing, and timely guard againſt the "calamities which, in ſuch a caſe, "would threaten the kingdom; and "hence peace and happineſs to the "Prince and people would certainly enſue."—Now we ſay without reſerve, that if there exiſts ſuch a man as is here deſcribed, may he be the Man whom the King ſhall delight to honour and place all his confidence in, and inveſt with ample unconfined powers to manage all his affairs foreign and domeſtic, to the ſatisfaction of the Prince upon the throne, and the great joy and comfort of all his loyal loving ſubjects; to which we believe all the people will ſay AMEN!—Who? where is the man?—Let him be pointed out immediately, without loſs of a moment of time. There is not a moment to loſe.

The Ninth Letter is on the ſtate of the commerce of Great-Britain before the war; and, indeed, goes on to trace the progreſs of trade in the war, which he conſiders principally to have ariſen from the

the trade of war, as a vaſt trade in itſelf, which employed many hands; but the conſideration of this article we ſhall leave to merchants, manufacturers, and others concerned in the trades of peace and war.

The Tenth Letter treats of the State of Commerce of Great-Britain ſince the peace—reflects ſeverely on the Britiſh Adminiſtrations for their prohibitory laws and regulations enacted and carried into execution againſt the Americans, but carefully avoids ſaying any thing reflecting the leaſt on the United States, for the provocation on their part given to the Britiſh Legiſlature to uſe theſe methods.—He ſays, "It is very probable, that the "dreadful proſpect which opens itſelf to "Great-Britain will ſoon be matured. "The two great wounds which the commercial part of it may expect, will be "received from the Eaſt-India Company, "and the American Merchants. Of the "latter enough has been ſaid: the former cannot be mentioned without horror."—It is ſomewhat remarkable that our zealous Author ſhould here couple his beloved Americans with his execrated Eaſt-Indians, as the joint cauſe of the downfal of the Britiſh Empire. He then proceeds to draw a pretty ſtriking and true picture of the preſent ſtate of the Eaſt-India Company, and the conduct of their upper-ſervants; touches upon the conduct of Adminiſtration loading the people with taxes for the ſupport of that Company; the commutation-act, and the pernicious conſequences accruing to the public from the tea-trade; and adds theſe emphatical words: "The people, who "have been plundered by the preſent "Miniſters, to pay their duties and their "dividends, are ſtill to be plundered to "pay off their debts, in order to re-eſtabliſh this monopoly for farther oppreſſion and diſtreſs."—It is well worth the while of Miniſters and Parliament to conſider attentively, and ſee whether theſe things are ſo or not?

Our Author then goes on to enquire into the advantage or diſadvantage derived from a trade with India, and thinks it terminates in an exchange of the ſilver of Europe for the manufactures and luxuries of the Eaſt. He then relates the different ancient modes of merchandize with the Eaſt, by the way of the Caſpian and Euxine Seas, through Alexandria in Egypt and the city of Venice, which terminated at laſt in a voyage by the way of the Cape of Good Hope. How long that will continue, he does not take upon him to ſay, but thinks it would be a much more natural communication, if the trade ſhould fall back into its ancient channel through Egypt; for which he aſſigns various plauſible reaſons, through which we cannot ſpare room to follow him, nor yet through various other ſpeculations on bullion, gold, and ſilver, and their effects upon Spain and Portugal.

The Eleventh Letter, upon the former and preſent State of the Manners of the People of Great-Britain, contains many excellent obſervations, well worthy of the ſerious conſideration of all ranks of people in Great-Britain.

In the Twelfth Letter he aſcribes the change of our manners chiefly to the effect which the Eaſt-India wealth has produced; wherein he glances at "rings, "bracelets, ſtomachers, and other equally valuable jewels, torn out of the "mines in the Eaſt-Indies, and brought "in haſte to ornament the perſons of "ſome of the moſt faſhionable and exalted members of the community in "England;" and at other extraordinary circumſtances of India Governors ſupplanting ancient families in their parliamentary intereſts and connections, and taking their places, vying with them in magnificence, ſplendor of manſions, and extravagant living in town and country.

In the Thirteenth Letter, after touching a little on the diminution of reſpect paid to our Nobility, and the probable cauſes of the ſame, Mr. Champion throws out ſome very ſevere animadverſions on the conductors of our daily newſpapers, comparing their number, uſe, and application formerly, with their preſent overgrown number, abuſe, and deviation from their proper objects, ends, and deſigns of public utility, to contrary and ſiniſter purpoſes. We leave theſe things with a recommendation to the Gentlemen concerned to conſider well the charge, how far it is juſtifiable, and to profit by the reproof, and to ſhew it in their future diurnal productions, by a careful, circumſpect, and manly conduct of their reſpective papers. He then compares the vices of our Nobility with thoſe of the degenerated Romans, as deſcribed by *Cicero* and *Ammianus Marcellinus*; adding, that to debaſement of manners we have added its natural conſequence, ſervility of mind; and concludes this letter with ſome gloomy remarks on the public debt, and the confuſion it is likely, ſome time, to occaſion.

In the Fourteenth Letter he makes a more ample, general, and ſtriking compariſon between the manners of LONDON and ROME, in the days immediately preceding

ceding the deſtruction of that famous city and Republic, which he alledges the riots and conflagrations of 1780 had very nearly realiſed. "The vaſt body of the citizens, ſays he, were then incapable of defending her againſt an unarmed banditti.—In the year 1780 they did not appear to have the power of action. Had not the military arrived at the very inſtant in which their fate ſeemed to be ſuſpended in a doubtful balance, the great and opulent city of London would moſt probably have been plundered and deſtroyed: a devaſtation, which, like that of Rome, would have filled the world with horror and apprehenſion."—We do not coincide in opinion with our author on this point. If ſuch a thing had happened to London, great would have been the cataſtrophe, no doubt: yet, even in that caſe, there would have been a very material and eſſential difference between the ſtate of ancient Rome in the moment of deſtruction, and the modern Commonwealth of Great Britain ſuffering ſuch a calamity in her metropolis. All praiſe and thanks to Divine Providence that the dire experiment was not made!

The 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, and 20th Letters are wholly dedicated to the doctrine of emigration from England—as a land of evils and impending calamities—to America, painted as a land flowing with milk and honey, abounding with plenty ſpringing ſpontaneouſly out of the earth, without the huſbandman's labour, and almoſt without his care; pointing out the moſt eligible ſituation in America for emigrants to reſort to, and be bleſſed in that happy land,

"Offering its bliſsful iſles and happy ſeats,
Where annual Ceres crowns th' unculture'd field,
And vines unprun'd their bluſhing cluſters yield;
Where olives, faithful to their ſeaſon, grow;
And figs with nature's deepeſt purple glow.
From hollow oaks where honey'd ſtreams diſtill,
And bounds with noiſy foot the pebbled rill;
Where goats, untaught, forſake the flow'ry vale,
And bring their ſwelling udders to the pail.

Jove for the juſt preſerv'd theſe happy climes;
To which the gods their pious race invite,
And bid me, raptur'd bard, direct their flight."

Here is a picture, though ſomewhat curtailed by us, of ſomething better than Canaan, the ancient Land of Promiſe, and riſing near to the deſcription of Paradiſe, or garden of Eden itſelf. Now what man or woman, reading and believing all this, would not be tempted to fly upon the wings of the wind to this beatifick country, as here repreſented?

Our author, however, ſeems to have believed himſelf, in hopes of ſeeing theſe viſions realiſed, and actually proceeds to point out the moſt proper employments of emigrants in America, and what deſcriptions of men are beſt adapted to the calls and neceſſities of that country. He goes even ſo far as to ſuggeſt a regular ſyſtematic plan for whole bodies to emigrate from Great Britain and Ireland, to form new colonies in America; and for one colony to be the means of ſeducing, aiding, and aſſiſting another to abandon their native country, with their wealth, riches, arts and ſciences, tools and implements of manufactures, mechanics and huſbandry, until all the valuable, uſeful members of the community ſhould be drawn out, and ſo leave this depopulated country a mere deſolate deſerted iſland. Such a deluſive romantic dream, portending deſtruction to the Commonwealth, and ruin to many, many individuals, is not to be endured even in a land of liberty. We therefore reprobate theſe whole ſix Letters.

Upon the whole, we look upon the work under conſideration as a kind of a political creed, or confeſſion of faith, as now generally adopted among our Anglo-American enthuſiaſts and furious oppoſitioniſts, both in high and low life, containing all their ſentiments collected into one point of view; the chief object whereof ſeems to be to paint Great Britain as a once great and glorious kingdom now crumbling to pieces, and ſinking into irretrievable ruin, coloured with the very blackneſs of deſpair; apparently with a view to turn the attention of the readers from this gloomy object to the new United States of America, which he paints as a Phœnix of a new unrivalled Empire, riſing out of the aſhes of the parent kingdom, poſſeſſing all her former excellencies and glory, uncontaminated with her ſpots and blemiſhes; and to preſs home upon the minds of Britons a general emigration to America, as the only ſure means of avoiding thoſe evils propheſied

phesied to come upon this devoted infatuated land, before the difficulties, already great in England, should increase to such a degree, as to make the removal of a family unpleasant and inconvenient. Indeed, the whole drift of the book seems to be to sicken the good people of Britain of their native country, and to urge them on to seek an asylum in America; and to point out the best method of emigration for individuals, families, kindreds, and whole communities or colonies to embrace and pursue with the most vigorous attention and assiduity. We therefore recommend the readers of the work before us to use great care and circumspection in the perusal, and to make large and liberal allowance for the very strong bias they may see was upon the mind of the author when he wrote it.

We cannot avoid, at the same time, giving a caution to men in high stations to take special care, that, by their conduct and management of national affairs, they do not realise many of those predictions which the author holds out so positively. And we scruple not to tell them, that many melancholy truths are incontrovertibly stated by him, which well deserve their most serious consideration, in order to profit by the lessons even of our enemies, more salutary and beneficial to us, when attended to, than the false delusive flattery of pretended friends.—*Hic est ab hoste doceri!*—It is lawful, nay it is commendable and truly praise worthy to be taught by the sarcastic ill-natured admonitions of our adversaries. Under such restraint and caution, we could wish every Minister and servant of the Crown would read and ponder well the contents of this extraordinary production.

The Odes of Anacreon; translated from the Greek. By the Rev. D. H. Urquhart, M. A. 4to. 2s. Cadell.

TO transfuse the beauties of old Anacreon into the English tongue, it requires the nicest touches of art, added to no small share of congeniality of disposition in the translator. To neither of these requisites has Mr. Urquhart any pretensions. Instead of aiming to catch the spirit or fire of the author, his sole object seems to be, to render the meaning literally, faithfully, and, as it were, *verbum verbo*. This being the case, insipidity is the sole characteristic of the version before us; which has not even the merit of being illustrated with notes either critical or explanatory, or with the smallest remark tending to exhibit in its true light the character of Anacreon, or of the period at which he lived.

A Trip to Holland; containing Sketches of Characters: together with Cursory Observations on the Manners and Customs of the Dutch. 12mo. 2 vols. 6s. Becket.

THIS trip is of the *sentimental* class, and confessedly formed on the model presented to the fancy of the author by the Sentimental Journey of "*poor Yorick*." The work, though upon the whole rather frivolous, and abounding more in caricatures than faithful pictures of the manners and customs of the Dutch, is not destitute of merit. We are apt to think, however, that the author would in general have pleased more, had he in general *endeavoured* to please less, merely by an affectation of—what he is incapable of imitating with success—the *Shandyan* manner.

The Romance of Real Life. 3 vols. 12mo. Cadell. 9s. 1787.

THIS Romance, or more properly these Romances are abstracts of several remarkable cases in the jurisprudence of France. The incidents in many of them, though indisputably authenticated, are infinitely more astonishing, and, at least, as instructive as those of the romances of fiction. The great design of this little work is, to caution us against hasty and premature judgments, even when appearances are most strong, and most especially when the life and character of an individual are at stake, by shewing us how often the high courts of justice in France, after mature thought and close investigation, have been grossly and palpably erroneous in their decision, to the murder of many unhappy wretches, and the eternal degradation of their families. To an Englishman it is meet cause for triumph, that while not a year elapses in France without repeated instances of such misjudgment, in his own country centuries have passed over without a blemish on our tribunals; one, among

ten thouſand proofs, of the ſuperior excellency of the Britiſh conſtitution, and its ſacred palladium, Trial by Jury.

Theſe little ſtories are related in a plain, but pleaſing ſtyle; and the name of the author from whom it is abſtracted, is ſubjoined to each. On the whole, we found it an amuſing little work, and as ſuch we recommend it.

Select Odes from the Perſian Poet Hafez. Tranſlated into Engliſh Verſe, with Notes critical and explanatory, by John Nott. 4to. 10s. 6d. ſewed. Cadell.

TO the lovers of oriental literature—thoſe eſpecially who are yet but young in the ſtudy of the Perſian language—this elaborate but ingenious production will be found a valuable preſent. With all the ſprightly endowments, and voluptuous propenſities, which endeared Anacreon to ancient Greece, Hafez, the celebrated Bard of modern Shiraz, not unoften unites a vein of morality and ſentiment which places him in a point of view ſuperior to that in which the old *inſpired* Son of Bacchus choſe generally to exhibit himſelf *.

Of the Poet Hafez it is, indeed, no ſmall praiſe, that in the brilliancy of his wit, added to the charms of his verſification, there were ſuch charms as to induce the moſt powerful ſovereigns of the Eaſt to ſolicit the encomiums of his Muſe; that even by all the proffered pomp and ſplendor of Courts he could not be induced to relinquiſh the humble enjoyments of literary retirement; and that the effuſions of his imagination were not only the admiration of the jovial and the gay, but the manual, as it were, of *piety* to the ſuperſtitious ſons of Mahomet, *exemplarly* determining to them the councils of the wiſe, and prognoſticating the fate of armies, and the riſe or the downfal of nations.

In his preface, Mr. Nott diſclaims all pretenſions to novelty of remark upon the productions of his author, but pays a juſt tribute of reſpect to the Count Reviſki, to Mr. Richardſon, and to Sir William Jones; profeſſing to have trodden in their ſteps, though not ſo implicitly as to preclude the exerciſe of his own judgment. For the merit of having endeavoured to direct the attention of the public to what had been before ſaid by others, our tranſlator counts no praiſe. In the work now publiſhed, he has exhibited in an Engliſh dreſs, only *ſeventeen* of the Odes of Hafez; but he has accompanied them with the originals, which, when carefully compared with the elegant verſions of Mr. Nott, and particularly with his notes upon them, will, in our opinion, be of no ſmall utility in promoting—what has long been wanted both in a literary and commercial view—a ſcientific knowledge of the Perſian tongue.

In the farther proſecution of this idea, Mr. Nott gives us reaſon to expect, that ſhould the ſpecimen before us be favourably received, his future labours will contain more accurate and more profound reſearches into the language of Perſia; claiming to himſelf, in the mean time, the privilege (which far be it from us to deny him) of being tried not by the excellence or imperfection of his work, conſidered abſtractedly, but by its correſpondence with the plan he profeſſes to have laid down—a plan, in the execution of which he diſcovers, it muſt be confeſſed, no ſmall degree of ardour, if not actual enthuſiaſm.

The Hiſtory of Miſs Greville. 3 vols. 12mo. 10s. 6d bound. Cadell.

IN theſe volumes we diſcover little novelty of character, little variety of adventure, but much *morality* of inſtruction, clothed in language which if it does not always deſerve the praiſe due to grammatical purity, ſeldom fails to pleaſe by its vivacity, or to intereſt by its animation.

The grand object of the work being to

* From the life prefixed of Hafez by our Tranſlator, we learn that he was cotemporary with Tamerlane, who was exceedingly diſpleaſed with him for having ſaid in one of his Odes, that "*he would give for the mole on the cheek of his beloved all Samarcand and Bokhara.*"—

In the comment on this little paſſage, a curious portrait is preſented of Oriental manners.—Tamerlane, it ſeems, thought that Hafez meant to undervalue the towns of Samarcand and Bokhara, when he had offered to barter *their riches* for the *mole on his favourite's cheek*. Upon this, "our bard is reported to have ſaid, *How can the gifts of Hafez impoveriſh Timur?* meaning, that *poets in general had nothing to give*; and that they might laviſh away kingdoms in their verſes, without doing the ſmalleſt injury to their royal poſſeſſors. Tamerlane acknowledged that he was more pleaſed with the poet's *wit*, than with the utmoſt panegyric his *ſong* could have beſtowed."

evince

evince by *example*, that a *firſt attachment* of the heart may be *weakened*, at leaſt, if not wholly *conquered*, by the united aids of *reaſon* and *reſolution*, let us ſee with what powers of *imagination* our author has eſtabliſhed a doctrine which has created a world of *words* among philoſophers of "ſchool-taught pride," but about which, we believe, among thoſe who ever *truly* felt in their early years the force of a *firſt impreſſion*, there never was, nor is likely to be, but *one opinion*.

Into the *morality* of the queſtion we look not, nor have we, at preſent, any buſineſs to look. It is to the general *truth* or *fallacy* of the ſyſtem we ſhould direct our enquiries.

From the ſtory of Miſs Greville we learn, that the heroine of the piece is deeply enamoured of an amiable and deſerving youth, Lord Rivers, who in return loves her with a boundleſs affection. Before the virtuous purpoſe of their mutual flame can be accompliſhed, his Lordſhip finds it neceſſary to repair to America; and, during the interval of his abſence, all the letters he writes to the young lady are intercepted by her father. Stung with this apparent inattention in the miſtreſs of his affections, he is told, and he believes, that ſhe has formed an engagement with another; while ſhe, from the mere circumſtance of his ſilence, concludes him to be, *like the reſt of his ſex*, faithleſs and inconſtant.

While, in conſequence of theſe baſe proceedings, the lovers are to an extreme anxious and unhappy about each other, the father of Miſs Greville becomes involved in pecuniary difficulties; and, as his *generous* friend in thoſe difficulties, he introduces to her acquaintance Sir Charles Mortimer. Miſs Greville is *charmed* with generoſity; and *doubly* is ſhe charmed with it when, *by methods that cannot alarm the niceſt ſenſibility*, he relieves *her* wants with ſtill more generoſity than he had relieved thoſe of her father.

Of all theſe *generous* proceedings the conſequence is, that in a very ſhort ſpace of time Miſs Greville becomes Lady Mortimer. While they are yet at the height of *wedded happineſs*, Rivers returns; and all the frauds that had been practiſed to delude both him and his *ſtill-loved* Greville, are exhibited in their naked colours. It now appears, that Rivers and Mortimer had themſelves lived formerly in habits of intimate friendſhip. The lady, however, riſes ſuperior to her *former* paſſion. She ſees, and ſhe is impreſſed with the vaſt debt of *gratitude* due to Mortimer; nor will ſhe deviate from that line of conduct which *Virtue ſhould dictate to his wife*. The conſequence is, that—thanks to the influence of *gratitude* and *eſteem* over the filly paſſion, called *love*, in the boſom of the heroine of the piece—the abuſed, the wretched Rivers returns to America, and—*to the diſgrace of the author*—*is* KILLED.

Alan Fitz Oſborne, an Hiſtorical Tale. By Miſs Fuller. 2 vols. 12mo. 6s. Murray.

IN this "*Hiſtorical* Tale," while both truth and hiſtory are wantonly ſet at defiance, we find many beauties of imagination deformed with many abſurdities of taſte.

The ſtory of the piece, under Miſs Fuller's management, intereſts the *paſſions* of the reader, while it offends his *judgment*; and ſo "puzzled in mazes" is he while endeavouring to develope the various incidents of *incongruity* which compoſe the work, that he muſt be bleſſed with more patience than has fallen to our lot, if he does not "ever and anon" exclaim to himſelf, "*Chaos* is come again!"

But from this rude, heterogeneous ſection, let us endeavour to form *ſomething* like a regular fabric of truth.—An outline, then, we will attempt to give of the ſtory, as exhibited before us; not, however, without beſtowing upon it every ſtigma, where ſtigma may appear due.

Alan Fitz-Oſborne, "the mighty hero of this *mighty* tale," is the ſon of an Earl of that name, and of Matilda, the heireſs of De Burgh, who lived at the period of our third Henry. The Earl has a brother, who is repreſented to be a wretched and moſt contemptible creature;—one, however, who *loves* Matilda, and who, borne away by the impetuoſity of his illicit, his infamous *deſires*, is diſpoſed to *hope all, dare all*, in the purſuit of them.

Walter is the name of this brother; and by the virtuous Matilda his brutal paſſion is rejected with equal indignation and ſcorn.

In the mind of a man poſſeſſed of ſentiments far more elevated than thoſe of Walter,

Walter, a ſudden tranſition from extreme love to extreme averſion is natural. But *averſion alone* pervades not the boſom of Walter after his repulſe from Matilda. He meditates, and he accompliſhes her death, after having by the baſeſt machinations contrived to ſend her huſband to the *Holy Land*, where rumour ſpreads it that the good Earl had fallen in battle.

In the mean time, Edward, the eldeſt ſon of King Henry, having paſſed the years of infancy, begins, with all the pride of manhood, to join the pious followers of the Croſs *. At the departure of the Earl—the meek, it would appear too, the *ſimple* Earl—Alan was entruſted to the care of the perfidious Walter, who, thirſting ſtill for blood, not only perſecuted him with a relentleſs, though unprovoked vengeance, but made a baſe attempt upon his life.

At length the illuſtrious youth, in defiance of all oppoſition, arrives ſafely in the *ſanctified* territory of Paleſtine. There he behaves like a Hero—a *Chriſtian* Hero; and after many triumphant engagements, as a Champion of the *Croſs* againſt the multitudinous and multiform Champions of the *Creſcent*, he obtains a truce from the mighty Sultan of Babylon.

In the courſe of this truce the victorious Alan, overcome with melancholy, becomes, amidſt all his conqueſts, enamoured of ſolitude; and, throwing from him the *laurels* he had acquired, paſſes the interval in "*inglorious eaſe*," among the woods of Joppa.

In thoſe woods—mark it, reader!—the youth diſcovers his *long-loſt father*, who was *ſuppoſed* to have fallen in battle, but who—mark it again!—ſunk into melancholy like his ſon—had become an ANCHORET. But *why* did he become an Anchoret? The beaux and belles of *our day* will laugh when we tell them, that the reaſon was, *he doubted the fidelity of his* WIFE.

Wars, however, and even the *rumours* of wars, at length ceaſe. And what is the conſequence? An incident from which we are informed, that the dutiful youth brings his father back to England; where, uniting himſelf to a woman of virtue, he is repreſented to be bleſſed, *ſupremely* bleſſed, in the arms of Love, Peace, and Friendſhip.

Love, Peace, and Friendſhip!—Often in the courſe of theſe volumes have ſuch *care-ſoothing* expreſſions *met our ears*; but ſo it has happened, that they have but few ſtriking inſtances truly *reached our hearts*. Miſs Fuller, however, muſt not be diſmiſſed till we have paid her the compliment (and it exceeds a compliment, for it is a *truth*) of obſerving, that amidſt all the imperfections of her work, there is a *nerve* in her ſtyle of which many *gentlemen*-authors might be proud, and of which it will pleaſe us to ſee a repetition on a ſubject more favourable to her talents than that of Alan Fitz-Oſborne.

The Adventures of Monſieur Provence, being a Supplement to the Engliſhman's Fortnight at Paris. Tranſlated from the French. 12mo. 2 vols. 6s. ſewed. Kearſley.

THERE are few of our readers, we ſhould ſuppoſe, who do not recolleſt—recollect too with ſome pleaſure—the *Milord* who ſhone ſo conſpicuouſly in the *Quinzaine Anglois*, or "Engliſhman's Fortnight at Paris." Be this as it may (as in the world of literature there are many *ſtrange* diſguiſes) we cannot help ſuſpecting the "Supplement" before us to be a production of the very pen that produced the work itſelf.

In the moral of each, certain it is, that

* In peruſing a *Tale*, even when dignified with the epithet *hiſtorical*, we expect not to "ſee things as they are," nor even as they literally were; but here, or rather in what follows, we find a groſs, an improper, and—what is unpardonable—an *unneceſſary* deviation from truth. On this ſubject what ſays Hiſtory?—What, conſonant to Hiſtory, does even the Muſe of Thomſon ſay in his Edward and Eleanora?—There we learn that Edward was accompanied to the Holy Wars by his dear, his virtuous Eleanor; that he was wounded by a poiſoned arrow; and that, with an affection and a fortitude that have already immortaliſed her name, ſhe ſucked from his deadly ſore the venom, preſerving his life by the deed, while ſhe manifeſtly endangered her own.—Alas! Miſs Fuller, where was your recollection, when you omitted this *grand* hiſtorical fact? Of what avail might it not have been to you, even in the formation of a *Tale?* In ſuch caſes, Miſs, *away with your* "SALVES!"—At preſent, criticiſm—and ſorry are we to ſay it—CRITICISM *admits not of a ſingle* SALVO *for you*, when, like another *good* Lady Bountiful, you repreſent the cure in queſtion to have been accompliſhed by a SALVE *merely*.

In

no two pieces can be more different; for as in the one we behold a man of real merit, who, with all the advantages that might be ſuppoſed to flow from ſuperior birth, ſuperior education, and even ſuperior talents, is ſuffered to pine in obſcurity and want, ſo in the other we have the picture of a wretch, who, merely through ſtratagem and intrigue, obtains both wealth and honour.

The object of the preſent work is to ſhew, that "genius, honour, and veracity, ſhut almoſt every door againſt him who poſſeſſes them;" and we wiſh there were not ſome truth in the remark, when the author boldly declares, that Genius is often deſpondent and miſerable while Folly ſtalks abroad ſucceſsful and triumphant.

To the PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Bromley, Oct. 3, 1787.

GENTLEMEN,

NOT any of the Grammars or Dictionaries I have yet ſeen, have taken any notice of the word *as*, but as a Conjunction.—It has even eſcaped the obſervation of the late learned Dr. Johnſon, though in his Dictionary he has quoted a ſentence from Tillotſon in which it occurs twice, but not reconcilable to that part of ſpeech which is called a Conjunction. The ſentence alluded to is this: "Is it not every man's intereſt, that there ſhou'd be *ſuch* a Governor of the world *as* deſigns our happineſs, *as* wou'd govern us for our advantage?" Vide Johnſon's Dict. *As* 19, anſwering to *ſuch*.

In remarking upon this, I would not be thought by any means to dictate to *ſuch* a one *as* Johnſon was; but if any future Engliſh Grammar or Dictionary ſhall make its appearance, may it not be thought worth the author's while to take more notice of this word than what has been hitherto done, and give it a place among Relatives? I admit that all Relatives have the nature of Conjunctions—but few Conjunctions have the nature of Relatives.—In the above ſentence, and others of the ſame kind, the word *as* muſt (in my opinion at leaſt) be as much a Relative as the words who, which, that, &c. But admitting it a Conjunction, where is the nominative caſe to the verbs *deſigns* and *wou'd govern?* If it be a Conjunction in this caſe, the ſentence muſt be elliptical, which, I think, is not neceſſary. In tranſlating it into any other language, as *Latin* or *French*, ſhould we not uſe *talis* and *qualis*, *tel* and *quel*, &c.? Theſe few crude obſervations I have thrown together in hopes of ſeeing it more intelligently handled by ſome of your more ingenious Correſpondents, if theſe obſervations ſhould be deemed worthy of an inſertion in your uſeful and entertaining Magazine.

Your's, Gentlemen,

K—— H——.

To the PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

GENTLEMEN, *Dover.*

THE following Anecdote may be depended on as a fact. Its inſertion in the European Magazine will further oblige your correſpondent

RUSTICUS.

ANECDOTE OF J. J. ROUSSEAU.

IN the year 1767, Rouſſeau, piqued at the neglect with which he found himſelf treated in this kingdom after his ridiculous charges againſt his friend David Hume, quitted Wooton in Derbyſhire very abruptly—even without acknowledging the many civilities he had received from Mr. Davenport, to whom the houſe he had reſided in belonged, and for the uſe of which he was indebted to that gentleman's friendſhip for Mr. Hume. On his arrival at Dover, in Kent, as the wind or tide did not ſerve for the paſſage-boats to ſail immediately, he received an invitation to dine with P—— F——, Eſq. a reſpectable character of that place. Whilſt at table, he expreſſed the greateſt impatience to be at ſea, and could not be perſuaded but

Mr.

Mr. F—— had been requeſted by General Conway, then Secretary of State, to detain him. In this belief he aroſe from table repeatedly, ran to the window, and eagerly looked if the wind was fair. At laſt, in ſpite of every aſſurance from his kind entertainer, that he was at liberty to do as he pleaſed, his fears ſo overcame his reaſon, that he haſtened on board the boat, which then lay dry in the harbour, and ſhut himſelf up in the cabin. At this want of confidence in John James, Mr F—— aſked his governante, an elderly lady who reſided with him under that appellation, what method it would be moſt eligible to purſue to bring the eccentric philoſopher from his hiding-place. She, well acquainted with all his extravagancies, and with her own power over him, went, at Mr. F——'s requeſt, after the runaway. She began with diſplaying the very impolite manner in which he had returned the attentions of that gentleman, and how much beneath a man of ſenſe it was to act as he had done. Every one who knows any thing of Rouſſeau, knows the opinion he entertained that every individual, every nation combined to render him an object of contempt and miſery. He ſuppoſed that every one knew his perſon and his hiſtory, and thence became ſuſpicious of every one. With this idea ever in his mind, he was apprehenſive that the account of the wind's not being fair, was only a pretext to detain him in this kingdom. What could induce him to ſuppoſe the Engliſh wiſhed to hinder his return to France, it would be difficult, I believe, to aſcertain. Be that as it may, the good lady's rhetoric was all given to the wind. At laſt, vexed at the obſtinacy of John James, ſhe began to menace and abuſe him moſt unmercifully, with all the warmth of female indignation. This had the deſired effect; the poor philoſopher, ever wiſhing to live in peace, and yielding more to the violence of her rage than the force of her arguments, followed the good lady, trembling, to the ſhore.

He returned to Mr F——'s houſe, and converſed ſociably with that gentleman and his family till late in the evening. Among other things he expreſſed a fear that there might be in his writings ſome ſentiments which the vulgar miſunderſtanding, and his enemies miſrepreſenting, would prove prejudicial to the intereſts of religion. He ſaid he wrote to men of ſenſe and feeling only—always from the heart, and with the pureſt intentions.—"I am not ignorant of the human mind, (continued he) I know what influence the writings of a man even ſo little known to ſome as I am, may have upon the thoughtleſs part of mankind. Hence I tremble to think of the effect which the Confeſſions of Faith of a Savoyard Vicar, publiſhed in my Treatiſe on Education, may produce in the minds of the weak and undiſcerning! I am the moſt miſerable of men! Before I commenced author, no one enjoyed life with greater delight than I did! At the age of forty, a queſtion propoſed by the Academy of Sciences at Dijon in Burgundy, raiſed my ambition to become an author. Succeſs made me fooliſh enough to continue one, and from that period have I been the moſt perſecuted, baniſhed, and unhappy of the human race. Every circumſtance of my life has been maliciouſly held forth to the public view, and always in a falſe light."

Rouſſeau was a man of great ſenſibility, but that ſenſibility degenerating into weakneſs, proved a ſource of diſtruſt and inquietude to himſelf and all that ſurrounded him. With all his powers of mind he had but little knowledge of what is termed the World. He knew the heart of man, but he knew it only in its ſtate of purity, before cuſtom, luxury, and neceſſity, had made it what we now ſee.

A few years after his return to the continent, Rouſſeau married the woman mentioned above as his governante. To the beſt of my information ſhe is ſtill living.

I have, ſomewhere, a copy of French verſes written by Rouſſeau on his wife, which a gentleman, juſt returned from France, put into my hands a few weeks ſince. As I have not ſeen them in print, they ſhall be at your ſervice very ſoon, being at preſent miſlaid.

N. B. In your laſt Magazine, page 235, column 2, line 12, for *livery* read *living*, as it was in my copy.—"An epithet drawn from art degrades nature," ſays Dr. Johnſon.

DIA-

DIALOGUE OF THE DEAD
BETWEEN A FAQUIR AND A VESTAL.
By Mr. MERCIER.

Faquir.

OF what ſervice has it been to me, during forty years, to be driving nails in my buttocks, ſleeping whilſt upon my legs, ſuſpending myſelf by a rope over the flames, or looking at the tip of my noſe until it was illuminated? I believed I ſhould have gone ſtraight to the paradiſe of our Holy Prophet, and there enjoyed the blue-eyed Houries. I am finely deceived! I have neither body nor wife; I am no longer any thing but a poor wandering ſhade, that a blaſt of wind ſends from one ſide to another; I have not even the deſires I reſtrained; and all this the better to taſte the celeſtial enjoyments.

Veſtal. You have great reaſon to complain truly! Were you buried alive, like me? They certainly waited until you were dead before you were buried.

Faq. You muſt ſurely have been, then, in a deſperate trance?

Veſt. No. A ſenate who called themſelves the legiſlators of the earth, and a people who conquered it by their arms, condemned me to that puniſhment.

Faq. You muſt, then, have been a traiteſs to the ſtate?

Veſt. No.

Faq. What had you done, then?

Veſt. What did I do!

Faq. You heſitate.

Veſt. There are certain things we cannot relate without reluctance.—

Faq. Why? What we did with our bodies above has no relation to our preſent ſituation; it is a kind of covering we have thrown off, and is now foreign to us. Let us honeſtly own our paſt follies; I was an ideot all my life, mortifying, ſcourging, flaſhing my poor body that could not but—You do not ſeem to have done as much.—Come, do not bluſh, tell me all; what ſignify a few ſpots on the clothes that are no longer ours?

Veſt. (ſighing) Do you know Rome?

Faq. No.

Veſt. How! Yet it conquered the whole world.

Faq. The whole world! Not ſo neither; I proteſt I never heard any mention made of Rome. But what connection is there between that city and your extraordinary interment?

Veſt. I was born in that city, the miſtreſs of the Univerſe. They attributed their preſervation to ſome bucklers which fell from Heaven, and keeping up a fire which came down in the ſame manner.

Faq. That was a ſtrange kind of ſuperſtition in a people whom you repreſent as governing the whole earth by their arms and laws!

Veſt. The keeping up this ſacred fire, depoſited in a temple, was entruſted to young girls. I was choſen to watch over this celeſtial fire; and as they believed the empire would be endangered if it was ſuffered to go out, the law puniſhed our negligence with death. We were, moreover, commanded to preſerve our virginity on pain of being buried alive.

Faq. Ah! I now diſtinctly perceive why you were buried before you died. But I am much aſtoniſhed that ſuch a conquering nation ſhould attach its great and proud deſtiny to the frail ſecurity of virginity.

Veſt. They did every thing to make us forget this ſacrifice; rank, dignity, reſpect, riches, every thing was granted us. The moſt honourable ſeats at public ſpectacles were reſerved for us. The axes and faſces were carried before us, and thoſe of the Conſuls bowed down to us. If a criminal fell in our way, our meeting confirmed his pardon and ſaved him from puniſhment.

Faq. Thoſe were extraordinary privileges. But amidſt thoſe honours and univerſal reſpect, you did not think you had amends enough made you?

Veſt. Notwithſtanding the tremendous law, the ſhame, the moſt cruel death with which I was threatened, I became—ſacrilegious.

Faq. The violation of your oath had, then, very alluring charms, madam?

Veſt. The executioners, the deſolation of Rome, of my family, the pontiffs, the fulminations of Heaven and earth, all vaniſhed in preſence of my lover.—He riſke! as much as I.

Faq. Then I have nothing more to ſay.—

Veſt. When I promiſed to live chaſtely, ſerenity then filled my ſoul, and the innocent life I led could not inform me of the extent of the ſacrifice. But ſolitude ſoon deſtroyed the veil of infamy. I felt an inſupportable void; my imagination penetrated the temple's walls, and far diſtant from its melancholy incloſure fought the object it delighted to adorn with all manner of perfection. My duty appeared ſevere; encompaſſed with the homage of my country, I envied the obſcure liberty of the meaneſt citizen. I ſaw nothing at length in this unextinguiſhable fire, placed on Veſta's altar, but the emblem of the uſeleſs flame that fired my breaſt.

Faq. You were more enlightened at leaſt

than me. I was firſt the dupe of all the extravagancies to which I became a victim. I was honeſtly a martyr, which is very rare. But tell me ſomething of your lover, the name of this ſacrilegious man.—The ſtory is intereſting.

Veſt. His name was Valerius. One day I ſaw him at the temple viewing me attentively; it ſeemed as if a fiery dart had pierced my heart: I caught a look, and was enlightened, as if ſurrounded with a new exiſtence. Nature ſeemed embelliſhed; I taſted, for the firſt time, the forerunner of happineſs. Whenever I ſuſpected my lover to be within the encloſure of the temple, I walked with more grace and dignity: he viewed me, concealed, in the crowd; frequently on great ſolemnities. I was ſurrounded with acclamations, and this profane crowd knew not for whom I aſſumed the noble deportment, and added to the pomp of the worſhip of which my lover was the ſecret divinity. But when the crowd retired, the temple being ſhut, every thing around me was gloomy darkneſs; my ſoul was engroſſed by ſhuddering melancholy and wretched deſpair. I rent the ſolitary walk with my groans.—I ſaid to myſelf, I love; and Valerius, in the midſt of Rome, ſurrounded by eaſy and ſeducing beauties, will contemn a conqueſt which will be dangerous: he will not have the reſolution to encounter death for me; the charms of all the Roman ladies are offered him, they vie with each other for him, they attach him, they draw him away by turns. Muſt I, then, remain in ignorance whether I am beloved? and am I condemned to live in ſo cruel an incertitude?

Faq. Your lover, perhaps, ſaid as much on his part?

Veſt. He gueſſed my thoughts, and from that moment he was worthy of me.—On the firſt feſtival he came to the temple. My companions and I were all arranged in order; we carried the ſacred vaſes, and went round the ſanctuary in proceſſion with ſolemn ſteps: a ſlight veil concealed us, but did not prevent us from ſeeing every one of the ſpectators. Valerius had fixed himſelf in the foremoſt rank of the people. When I came very near him I caſt a glance at him, which was half concealed by my veil. In reply, he laid his hand upon his heart, and in an inſtant his eyes darted lightning, and were moiſtened with tears. My ſight almoſt failed me. Fainting, I had like to have dropped the vaſe from my hand, but hope and joy filled my heart. Satisfied and proud of my conqueſt, I advanced boldly to the ſteps of the altar, and no longer doubted but he would dare undertake every thing for me.

Faq. You intereſt me, prieſteſs. I, who never heard of love in my life, you give me a deſcription of it after my death. Still I feel that there is ſomething in it.—Come, let me hear the end of this adventure.

Veſt. The night following I watched in the temple, to keep alive the ſacred flame. This only glimmering fire enlightened the majeſtic ſpace; when it grew pale, the vaulted roof inſpired a religious awe; but in the dreary ſolitude, I thought I ſaw the image of my lover wandering and multiplied about me. I extended my arms towards Heaven, with ſome inarticulate expreſſions, deterred at the thoughts of a culpable vow; and by an oppoſite ſentiment, I claſped the ſtatue of Veſta, and exclaimed—"Oh, goddeſs! if I offend thee, grant that the coldneſs of the marble may poſſeſs my heart! I burn, and am the votary of another power. What avails it thee, that the ſacred fire ſhould be conſtantly fed by the hand of a virgin? Why ſhould my homage be leſs pure by dividing my heart between thy worſhip and that of Love?"—Whilſt I pronounced theſe words, I heard a noiſe in the dome of the temple. Turning my head, at one of the avenues I perceived a man ready to paſs the barrier that ſeparated us. I endeavoured to cry out, but my voice was reluctant. Sliding down by the cord, he fell with all his weight at my feet. I trembled all over, becauſe I expected the pavement of the temple to be covered with his blood.—I ran to him and raiſed him.—'Twas Valerius; but he could not ſpeak. He reſted his head and hands on one of the pillars. My heart was rent, but he ſoon recovered himſelf, and we ſtrayed, hand in hand, in the vaſt labyrinth of this ſolitude. Our expreſſions and our hearts were confuſed: the intoxication, the ſweet delirium of love, deprived me of all ideas of the place wherein I was, as well as of the depoſit confided to my charge. Wandering abſorbed in tranſports unfelt before, and more overwhelmed with my lover's ecſtacy than my own, the hours fled; the paſt and future all diſappeared. Valerius became the god of the temple, and, entirely devoted to him, I did not perceive that darkneſs was ſurrounding me every where, that it augmented, and that it was overſpreading the ſacred receſſes. The glimmering fire now caſt its laſt expiring ſhade.—I perceived the danger; I broke from my lover's arms; I ran, the flame grew pale, wavered, and ſeemed, for an inſtant, to revive, but its rays expired juſt as I came up to the altar. A ſlight ſmoke which exhaled, pronounced my death and puniſhment. Valerius inſtantly joined me; he ſeized my cold and frozen hand, and, whilſt I was juſt dying, ſupported me.—I implored Veſta, I implored Love.—Valerius, with a bold blaſt, recalled the extinguiſhed flame.—

Gods!

Gods! he was not guilty.—In an inſtant I ſaw the ſacred fire revive and ſhine again.

Faq. What obligations were you not under to Veſta!

Veſt. What obligations was I not under to Love! Valerius appeared more adorable to me; the danger I had experienced made him ſtill more dear to me. I preſſed him in my arms, and, for the firſt time, the tears of Gratitude equalled thoſe of Love.

Faq. I imagine you were not very ungrateful.

Veſt. Alas! amidſt the expreſſions of the moſt lively tenderneſs, my joy was not complete; I already felt the horror of ſeparation. The dawn appeared, and I had occaſion for a ſupernatural courage to chace him from the temple. The ſeventh day reſumed my duty of prieſteſs in rotation—

Faq. Which you long hoped for.

Veſt. I appointed to meet him in the ſame place at the ſame hour, and he was certain of the ſame return of love, as I could have wiſhed to annihilate the interval of thoſe ſlow and cruel hours between moments ſo ſhort and delicious.

Faq. You have made me ſhudder at the riſks you ran, whilſt the flame was glimmering. How, then, did you dare to venture again ſeven days after?

Veſt. Ah! Faquir, thou haſt never loved, I ſee; thou haſt only ſeen the Houries by the ſtrength of thy imagination. Now learn what thou art a ſtranger to.—Obſerve that deſire, youth, the novelty of objects may have ſeduced and influenced me to take the firſt ſtep; but love cauſed the ſecond: love had imprinted on my ſoul a certain character of impatience and eagerneſs to which I totally abandoned myſelf. I was proud to love; a ſentiment ſo novel filled every object which had any connection with my happineſs with the ſame fire that influenced me. I wiſhed for the ſeventh day; I implored the ſun, impatient of his tardy approach.—I wiſhed to haſten his weſtern fall, and cauſe him to accompliſh in one day the revolution of the tedious period. Ah! Faquir, ſurely I may be allowed to lay open the weakneſs for which I have ſuffered ſo cruelly.

Faq. I cannot but admire how much you were an *Anti-Veſtal.*

Veſt. Conſider this temple as removed, and you might view me as a lover, a ſpouſe, perhaps a happy mother!

Faq. That is all very well; and whilſt, during forty-five years, I have mortified myſelf, what good has it produced to the world? I previouſly thought I was exerciſing airs of virtue.—I find there were as great fools in Rome as in my country; that is ſome conſolation at leaſt, and I may imagine the epidemic diſorder is univerſal.—But did Valerius come back on the ſeventh day?

Veſt. Alas! he did, to his misfortune, and to mine.

Faq. How?

Veſt. Some ſuſpicions having ariſen, his ſteps were traced.

Faq. Ah, I tremble for him; that was bold indeed.

Veſt. Faquir! Veſta was revenged!

Faq. Oh! what a cruel goddeſs! But why would you create ſuch deities yourſelves?

Veſt. She reigned before I was born; conſequently I was ſubſervient to ſuch powers, even when I came into the world. Ah! Faquir, pity me! I gave myſelf up to the ecſtacy of a happy and contented love. Grief and fear were baniſhed from my mind. Serene as if fortunate, I indulged myſelf in a ſilent tenderneſs, where voluptuouſneſs, leſs poignant but milder, ſeems to identify us to the object we adore. Our ſouls in uniſon, accorded in the ſame thoughts and ſentiments. But how ſhall I deſcribe the horror that ſucceeded this happy ſtate! Doleful and increaſing ſcreams reſounded from the vaults of the temple; the attendants entering with flambeaux in their hands, diſpelled more welcome darkneſs.—Enraged prieſts—

Faq. Prieſts! Ah, you were undone! I think I already ſee you in the fatal dungeon.

Veſt. The dejection of my afflicted companions, the ſilent reproaches viſible on their countenances, the indignation of all the ſpectators, but, above all, the ſight of my lover bound, ſtruggling in vain, and caſting his laſt parting looks on me—image but to yourſelf all thoſe circumſtances, which at once attacked my eyes, my ears, my heart! I inſtantly perceived the conſternation which, from the narrow limits of this temple, would extend over Rome and the whole empire. One would have thought it was on the point of ruin. I was ſtripped of my prieſtly ornaments, which were handled with horror; all orders of the ſtate foreboded the moſt dreadful diſaſters; all manner of buſineſs, as well public as private, was ſuſpended; you would have imagined that Valerius, by having captivated me, had broken the taliſman that ſupported not only Rome but the whole univerſe.

Faq. It was very extraordinary that a people of ſo much importance ſhould have choſen ſuch a taliſman.

Veſt. Sentence of death was ſoon pronounced on me by the unanimous voice of all the pontiffs, who condemned me to be interred in a cave, where with cruel pity they had provided bread, water, milk, and a funeral lamp, as to make the victim taſte the apparatus of death, and to lengthen out its torment.

As I was led to my grave, the crowd fell back; I was forſaken by all friends and relations. I was ſurrounded by prieſts, judges, executioners, who, with a gloomy ſilence, held down their dejected heads. The grand pontiff, when on the point of compelling me to the fatal ladder, which was to ſeparate me for ever from the living, began to exhort me, and talk to me of the Gods; but I ſilenced him. "Stop, barbarian," ſaid I, "do not touch me. I can deſcend without thy help into the bowels of the earth; there I ſhall hear no more of thy ſanguinary rites. Doſt thou pretend to judge of love? I die, ſince Valerius is to die. I have tranſgreſſed the laws of Veſta, but thoſe of Nature are more ſacred and more antient. If in my youth and inexperience I blindly wore the chains of ſuperſtition, I had a right to caſt them off when I attained to reaſon and ſentiment. Avaunt! your fire will die on the altar of Veſta; but the fire of love will never be extinguiſhed, becauſe it is lighted up by the hand of the great Author of Nature. This is the fire I cheriſh, this I have carefully preſerved, and in death only it will abandon me; I ſhould ſay rather, it will ſurvive my aſhes."

Faq. This diſcourſe had no effect upon the prieſts?

Veſt. No. I deſcended into the tomb that awaited me, whilſt they filled up the entrance. Judge what I ſuffered, ſeeing the earth falling around me, and burying me in a narrow ſpace, near a lamp which was to be extinguiſhed only with my life. What remains to be told is inexpreſſible; a ſlow death; a thouſand deaths; from deſpair to annihilation, and from annihilation to deſpair. To ſuffer thus for love, what dreadful moments! But during the long courſe of this miſery I never reprobated my lover. Love was in my heart, and ſeemed to alleviate my horrible ſufferings. I murmured the name of Valerius, and my greateſt torment was to be ignorant of his fate. The only remorſe I had was to have been the cauſe of his miſery. I excuſed my own, and I never ceaſed thinking of Valerius till an end was put to my exiſtence.

Faq. We muſt forget what is paſt, as it is pretty equal at preſent whether we were happy or unhappy above. Life is only to us as a dream half effaced. Let no gloomy remembrance trouble the peace we now enjoy. Leave that wretched Rome and her prieſts to themſelves. Do you think they ſtill have Veſtals there?

Veſt. Do you think there are any Faquirs yet exiſting?

Faq. Yes—Farewel, prieſteſs.

LETTERS of the late Mr. STERNE.

(*Continued from Page* 136.)

LETTER XVI.

To ——— ———.

Sunday Evening.

DO not imagine, my dear fellow—and do not ſuffer, I beſeech you any pedantic, cold-hearted fellow to perſuade you—that *ſenſibility is an evil*. You may take my word on this ſubject, as you have been pleaſed to do on many others—that ſenſibility is one of the beſt bleſſings of life—as well as the brighteſt ornament of the human character.

You do not explain matters to me, which, by the bye, is not fair; but I ſuppoſe, from the tenor of your letter, which is now beſide me, that you have been made a dupe of by ſome artful perſon—who, I am diſpoſed to think, is ſome *cunning baggage*—and that, under the impreſſions of this game that has been played you, your vanity is alarmed, and your underſtanding piqued; and then you lay all this dire grievance, in a very pettiſh manner, let me tell you, at the door of your ſenſibility. And, which is worſe than all the reſt, you write to me as if you really believed yourſelf to be in earneſt, in all the ſee-ſaw obſervations you have written to me on the ſubject.

Be aſſured, my dear friend—if I thought the ſentiments of your laſt letter were not the ſentiments of a fickly moment—if I could be made to believe, for an inſtant, that they proceeded from you in a ſober, reflecting condition of your mind—I ſhould give you over as incurable, and give up all my hopes of your riſing into that proud honour, and brilliant reputation, which, I truſt, you will one day poſſeſs.

I was almoſt going to write—and wherefore ſhould I not—that there is an amiable kind of *cullibility*, which is as ſuperior to the ſlow precaution of worldly wiſdom, as the ſound of *Abel's Viol di Gamba* to the braying of an aſs on the other ſide of my paleing.

If I ſhould, at any time, hear a man pique himſelf upon never having been a dupe—I ſhould grievouſly ſuſpect, that ſuch an one will, ſome time or other, give cauſe to be thought, at beſt, a mean-ſpirited, dirty raſcal.

You may think this is ſtrange doctrine—but, be that as it may—I am not aſhamed to adopt it. What would you ſay of any character who had neither humanity, generoſity, nor confidence? Why, you would ſay, I know you would—ſuch a man

"Is fit for treaſons, ſtratagems, and ſpoils"—

And yet impoſition—dupery—deception—call it by what name you will, attends upon theſe virtues like their ſhadow. For virtue, my

dear

dear friend, like every other poſſeſſion in this world, though it is the moſt valuable of all—is of a mixed nature; and the very inconveniences of it, if they deſerve that name, form the baſis on which its importance and natural excellence is eſtabliſhed.

Senſibility is oftentimes betrayed into a fooliſh thing;—but its folly is amiable, and ſome one or other is the better for it. I am not for its exceſſes—or a blind ſubmiſſion to its impulſe, which produces them;—yet ſomehow or other, I ſhould be ſtrongly diſpoſed to hug the being who would take the rag off his back—to place it on the ſhivering wretch who had nought to cover him.

Diſcretion is a cold quality—but I have no objection to the poſſeſſing as much of it, as will direct your finer feelings to their proper objects.—But here let its office finiſh;—if it proceeds a ſtep further—there may be miſchief:—it may cool that current which is the life-blood of all virtue, and will, I truſt, warm your heart, till it is become a clod of the valley.

Senſibility is the ſource of thoſe delicious feelings which give a brighter colour to our joys, and turn our tears to rapture. Though it may now and then lead us into a ſcrape, as we paſs through life—you may be aſſured, my dear friend, it will get us out of them all, *at the end of it*;—and that is a matter which wiſer men than myſelf will tell you, is well worth thinking about.

So leaving you to your contemplations—and wiſhing them, and every thing you do, an happy iſſue—I remain, with great truth,

Your affectionate,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XVII.

To ——— ———.

Bond-ſtreet, Thurſday Morning.

SO, my dear friend, you are pleaſed to be very angry with the Reviewers;—ſo am not I. But as your diſpleaſure proceeds from your regard for me, I thank you—as I ought to do—again and again.

I really do not know to whom I am perſonally indebted for ſo much obliging illiberality. Nor can I tell, whether it is the ſociety at large, or a ſplenetic individual, to whom I am to acknowledge my obligation. I have never enquired who it is, or who they are: and if I knew him or them, what would it ſignify? and wherefore ſhould I give their names immortality in my writings, which they will never find in their own?—Let the aſſes bray as they like; I ſhall treat their worſhips as they deſerve, in my own way and manner, and in a way and manner that they will like leſs than any other.

There is a certain race of people who are ever aiming to treat their betters in ſome ſcurvy way or other; but it has ever been a practice with me, not to mind a little dirt thrown upon my coat, ſo that I keep my *lining unrumpled*.—And ſo much for that envy, ignorance, and ill-nature, for which what I have written is far too much.

I am rejoiced, however, for twenty good reaſons, which I will tell you hereafter, that London lies in your way between Oxfordſhire and Suffolk, and one of them I will tell you now—which is, that you can be of very great ſervice to me; ſo I would deſire you to prepare yourſelf to do me a kindneſs, if I did not know that you are always in ſuch a ſtate of preparation.

The town is ſo empty, that though I have been in it full four and twenty hours, I have ſeen only three people I know—Foote on the ſtage, Sir Charles Davers, at St. James's coffee-houſe, and Williams, who was an haſty bird of paſſage on his flight to Brighthelmſton, where I am told he is making love in right earneſt, and to a very fine woman, and with all the ſucceſs his friends can wiſh him. Our races at York were every thing we could deſire them to be in the Ball-room, and every thing we did not deſire them to be on the ground. The rain ſaid nay, with a vengeance, to the ſports of the courſe, for all the waterſpouts of the heavens ſeemed to be let looſe upon it. However, in the amuſements *under cover*, we were all as merry as heart could wiſh. I had promiſed a certain perſon that you ſhould be there, and was obliged to parry a ſcore or two of reproaches on your account.

But, though I forgot to tell it you before, I am by no means well, and if I do not get away from this climate before winter ſets in, I ſhall never ſee another ſpring in this world; and it is to forward my journey to the South, that I requeſt you to make haſte to me from the Weſt.

Alas, alas, my friend, I begin to feel that I loſe ſtrength in theſe annual ſtruggles and encounters with that miſerable ſcare-crow, who knows as well as I do, that do what I can, he will finally get the better of me, and all of us. Indeed he has already beat the vizor from my helmet, and the point of my ſpear is not as it was wont to be. But while it pleaſes Heaven to grant me life, it will, I truſt, grant me ſpirits to bear up againſt the ſawcy circumſtances of it, and preſerve, to my laſt ſeparating ſigh, that ſenſibility to whatever is kind and gracious, which, when once it poſſeſſes the heart, makes, I truſt, ample amends for a large portion of human error.

You may, indeed, believe, that while I am ſenſible of any thing, I ſhall be ſenſible of your friendſhip; and I have every reaſon to think, that ſhould my term be drawing nigh to its

period,

period, you will continue to love me while I live, and when I am no more, to cheriſh the memory of

Your ever faithful and affectionate,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XVIII.

To —— ——.

I SAW the charming Mrs. Veſey but for a moment, and ſhe contrived with her voice, and her thouſand other graces, to *diſ—order* me; and what ſhe will have to anſwer for on the occaſion, I ſhall not employ my caſuiſtry to determine; nor ſhall I aſk my good friend the Archbiſhop, from whoſe houſe, and amidſt whoſe kindneſs and hoſpitality, I addreſs this to you.

I envy, however, your ſaunter together round an *empty* Ranelagh; and I ſhould have liked it the better, becauſe it was empty, and would give the imagination, and every delicious feeling, opportunity to make one forget there was another being in the room but ourſelves.

You will, I am ſure, more than underſtand me, when I mention that ſenſe of female perfection—I mean, however, when the female is ſitting or walking beſide you—which ſo poſſeſſes the mind, that the whole globe ſeems to be occupied by none but you two; when your hearts, in perfect uniſon, or I ſhould rather ſay, harmony with each other, produce the ſame chords, and bloſſom with the ſame flowers of thought and ſentiment.

Theſe hours—which virtuous, tender minds have power of ſeparating from the melancholy ſeaſons of life—make ample amends for the weight of cares and diſappointments which the happieſt of us are doomed to bear. They caſt the brighteſt ſunſhine on the dreary landſcape; and form a kind of refuge from the ſtormy wind and tempeſt.

With ſuch a companion, is not the primroſe bank and cottage, which humble virtue has raiſed on its ſide, ſuperior to all that ſplendor and wealth have formed in the palaces of Monarchs? The ſcented heath is then the *perfumed Arabу*; and though the nightingale ſhould refuſe to lodge among the branches of the poor ſolitary tree that overſhadows us—if my fair minſtrel ſhould but pour forth the melting ſtrain, I would not look to the muſic of the ſpheres for raviſhment.

There is ſomething, my dear friend, moſt wonderfully pleaſant in the idea of getting away from the world; and though I have ever found it a great comfort, yet I have been more vain of the buſineſs, when I have done it in the midſt of the world. But this *aberration* from the crowd, while you are ſurrounded and preſſed by it, is only to be accompliſhed by the magic of female perfection. Friendſhip, with all its powers—mere friendſhip cannot do it. A more refined ſentiment muſt employ its influence, to wrap the heart in this delicious oblivion. It is too pleaſing to laſt long; for envious, ſleepleſs care is ever on the watch to awaken us from the bewitching trance.

You, my friend, poſſeſs ſomething of the reality of it: and I, while I enjoy your happineſs, apply to fancy for the purpoſe of creating a copy of it. So I ſit myſelf down upon the turf, and place a lovely fair-one by my ſide—as lovely, if poſſible, as Mrs. P——, and having plucked a ſprig of bloſſoms from the May-buſh, I place it in her boſom, and then addreſs ſome tender tale to her heart; and if ſhe weeps at my ſtory, I take the white handkerchief ſhe holds in her hand, and wipe the tears from off her cheek, and then I dry my own with it; and thus the delightful viſion gives wing to a lazy hour, calms my ſpirits, and compoſes me for my pillow.

To wiſh that care may never plant a thorn upon yours, would be an idle employment of votive regard; but that you may preſerve the virtue which will blunt their points, and continue to poſſeſs the feelings which will, ſometimes, pluck them away, is a wiſh not unworthy of that regard with which I am

Your moſt affectionate,

L. S.

Lydia writes me word that ſhe has got a lover—Poor dear girl!

Biſhopthorp, Thurſday night.

LETTER XIX.

To —— ——.

Sunday Morning.

IF you wiſh to have the repreſentation of my ſpare, meagre form, which, by-the-bye, is not worth the canvas it muſt be painted on, you ſhall be moſt welcome to it; and I am happy in the reflection, that when my bones ſhall be laid low, there may be any reſemblance of me, which may recal my image to your friendly and ſympathiſing recollection.

But you muſt mention the likeneſs to Reynolds yourſelf; for I will tell you why I cannot. He has already painted a very excellent portrait of me, which, when I went to pay him for, he deſired me to accept, as a tribute, to uſe his own elegant and flattering expreſſion, that his art wiſhed to pay to my genius. That man's way of thinking and manners are, at leaſt, equal to his pencil.

You will ſee, therefore, the delicacy of my ſituation, as well as the neceſſity, if the genius of Reynolds is to be employed in the buſineſs, of your taking it entirely upon yourſelf. Or if your friendly impatience, which you expreſs with ſo much kindneſs, will let you

wait

wait till we make our tour to Bath, your favourite Gainſborough may do the deed.

Or why not your little friend Coſway, who is riding faſt into fame and fortune? But be it as you pleaſe, and arrange it according to your own fancy.

At all events, I ſhall treat myſelf when I get to Rome with my own buſto, if Nollikens does not make a demand for it that may be inconſiſtent with my Exchequer. The ſtatuary decorations of my grandfather the Archbiſhop's monument, in the Cathedral at York, which you admire ſo much, have given birth, I believe, to this whim of mine; and this piece of marble, which my vanity—for let it be vanity if you pleaſe—deſtines for myſelf, may be placed by the hand of friendſhip, and by your's perhaps, near my grave—and ſo much for that.

But I was born for digreſſions, and I, therefore, tell you at once, not raſhly, or prematurely, but with all due ſobriety and reflection, that Lord —— is of a low, baſe, pimping nature. If he had been nothing but a fool, I ſhould have ſaid—Have mercy upon him! but he has juſt underſtanding ſufficient to make him anſwerable for what he does, and not ſufficient to perceive the ſuperiority of what is great over what is little. If ever that man riſes into a good or a noble action, I would be bound to be conſidered as a retailer of ſcandal, and an ill-natured man, as long as I live, and as long as my memory lives; but no more of him, I beſeech you—and the hour tells me to write no more of any thing, for I muſt haſten where I ought to have been half an hour ago—ſo God bleſs you, and believe me, wherever I am, to be

Moſt cordially your's,
L. STERNE.

OF THE ECCENTRICITIES OF IMAGINATION.

A CERTAIN writer, apologizing for the irregularities of great genii, delivers himſelf thus: "The gifts of imagination bring the heavieſt taſk upon the vigilance of reaſon; and to bear thoſe faculties with unerring rectitude or invariable propriety, requires a degree of firmneſs and of cool attention, which does not always attend the higher gifts of the mind. Yet, difficult as nature herſelf ſeems to have reduced the taſk of regularity to genius, it is the ſupreme conſolation of dulneſs to ſeize upon thoſe exceſſes, which are the overflowings of faculties they never enjoyed." Are not the *gifts of imagination* here miſtaken for the ſtrength of paſſions? Doubtleſs, where ſtrong paſſions accompany great parts, as perhaps they often do, there imagination may increaſe their force and activity: but where paſſions are calm and gentle, imagination of itſelf ſhould ſeem to have no conflict but ſpeculatively with reaſon. There, indeed, it wages an eternal war; and, if not controuled and ſtrictly regulated, will carry the patient into endleſs extravagancies. I uſe with propriety the term *patient*; becauſe men under the influence of imagination, are moſt truly diſtempered. The degree of this diſtemper will be in proportion to the prevalence of imagination over reaſon, and, according to this proportion, amount to more or leſs of the whimſical; but when reaſon ſhall become as it were extinct, and imagination govern alone, then the diſtemper will be madneſs under the wildeſt and moſt fantaſtic modes. Thus one of theſe invalids, perhaps, ſhall be all ſorrow for having been moſt unjuſtly deprived of the crown; though his vocation, poor man! be that of a ſchoolmaſter. Another is all joy, like Horace's madman; and it may ſeem even cruelty to cure him. A third is all fear; and dares not make water, leſt he ſhould cauſe a deluge.

The operations and caprices of imagination are various and endleſs; and, as they cannot be reduced to regularity or ſyſtem, ſo it is highly improbable that any certain method of cure ſhould ever be found out for them. It hath generally been thought, that matter of fact might moſt ſucceſsfully be oppoſed to the deluſions of imagination, as being proof to the ſenſes, and carrying conviction unavoidably to the underſtanding; but I ſuſpect, that the underſtanding, or reaſoning faculty, hath little to do in all theſe caſes: at leaſt ſo it ſhould ſeem from the two following, which are very remarkable, and well atteſted.

Fienus, in his curious little book *De Viribus Imaginationis*, records from Donatus the caſe of a man, who fancied his body increaſed to ſuch a ſize, that he durſt not attempt to paſs through the door of his chamber. The phyſician, believing that nothing could more effectually cure this error of imagination than to ſhew that the thing could actually be done, cauſed the patient to be thruſt forcibly through it; who, ſtruck with horror, and falling ſuddenly into agonies, complained of being cruſhed to pieces, and expired ſoon after.—Reaſon, certainly, was not concerned here.

The other caſe, as related by Van Swieten, in his Commentaries upon Boerhaave, is that of a learned man, who had ſtudied till he fancied his legs to be of glaſs; in conſequence of which he durſt not attempt to ſtir, but was conſtantly under anxiety about them. His maid, bringing ſome wood to the fire, threw it careleſly down; and was ſeverely reprimanded by her maſter, who was terrified not a little for his legs of glaſs. The ſurly wench,

out

out of all patience with his megrims, as ſhe called them, gave him a blow with a log upon the parts affected: which ſo enraged him, that he inſtantly roſe up, and from that moment recovered the uſe of his legs.—Was reaſon concerned any more here; or, was it not rather one blind impulſe acting againſt another?

MILITARY ESTABLISHMENT OF THE ANGLO-SAXONS.

[From the Firſt Volume of GROSE'S MILITARY ANTIQUITIES.]

BY the Saxon laws, every freeman of an age capable of bearing arms, and not incapacitated by any bodily infirmity, was, in caſe of a foreign invaſion, internal inſurrection, or other emergency, obliged to join the army, that being one of the three ſervices compriſed under the title of the *trinoda neceſſitas*; theſe were, attending perſonally in war for the defence of the nation, working at and contributing to the building of the public caſtles and fortreſſes, and repairing bridges and highways.

In forming their armies the following regulations were obſerved: all ſuch as were qualified to bear arms in one family, were led to the field by the head of that family. Every ten families made a tything, which was commanded by the borſholder, in his military capacity ſtiled conductor. Ten tythings conſtituted an hundred; the ſoldiers of each hundred were led by the chief magiſtrate of the hundred, ſometimes called the hundredary. Several hundreds formed a trything, which was commanded by the officer called a trythingman; and the force of the county or ſhire was commanded by the hertoch, dux, or duke, and he by the king, or an officer called the kyning's hold, i. e. the king's lieutenant or general, which office laſted only during the war. In times of peace, or when the king did not think it neceſſary to have a general, the militia remained under the command of the dukes of each county.

Every landholder was obliged to keep armour and weapons according to his rank and poſſeſſions; theſe he might neither ſell, lend, nor pledge, nor even alienate from his heirs. In order to inſtruct them in the uſe of arms, they had their ſtated times for performing their military exerciſe; and once in a year, uſually in the ſpring, there was a general review of arms, throughout each county.

The clergy were exempted from perſonal military ſervices, not only as being contrary to their profeſſion, but likewiſe that they might the better attend to their religious duties.—Their eſtates, though held in *franc almoigne*, were however chargeable to the *trinoda neceſſitas*, the only impoſition to which they were liable.

The greater part of the Anglo-Saxon forces conſiſted of infantry; the cavalry was chiefly compoſed of the Thanes, and ſuch men of property as kept horſes.

The Saxon cavalry are frequently delineated in ancient illuminations as riding without ſtirrups, with no other defenſive armour than a helmet; their weapon a ſpear. It is nevertheleſs certain, that defenſive armour was worn by their officers and great men about the time of the Norman conqueſt.

Their infantry ſeem to have been of two ſorts, the heavy and light-armed. The firſt are repreſented with helmets made of the ſkins of beaſts, the hair outwards, large oval convex ſhields, with ſpikes projecting from the boſſes, long and very broad ſwords, and ſpears. The light-infantry with ſpears only, and ſome no other weapon than a ſword; beſide which, different hiſtories relate that they alſo uſed clubs, battle-axes or bills, and javelins; the latter they darted with great dexterity, and then inſtantly came to cloſe fight. The dreſs of both horſe and foot was a tunic with ſleeves, the ſkirts reaching down to the knees; the horſemen wore ſpurs with only one point.

The kings commonly wore their crowns in battle, which alſo in ſome meaſure anſwered the purpoſe of a helmet.

The Anglo-Saxon mode of drawing up their armies, was in one large denſe body, ſurrounding their ſtandard, and placing their foot with their heavy battle-axes in the front.

By the laws of king Edward the Confeſſor, any man who from cowardice abandoned his lord, or fellow-ſoldiers, whilſt under the command of the hertoch, in any expedition by land or ſea, forfeited both his life and property, and his lord might reſume any lands he had formerly granted him. He who was ſlain in war fighting before his lord, either at home or abroad, all payments due for reliefs on his eſtates were remitted to his heirs who were to enjoy his lands and money without any diminution, and might divide it among them.

The introduction of the feudal ſyſtem, which took place in this kingdom about the year 1086, gave a very conſiderable change to the military eſtabliſhment of the nation.—This alteration in the conſtitution, was not, it is ſaid, effected by the ſole power of king William, but was adopted with the conſent of the great council of the realm, aſſembled at Sarum, where all the principal landholders ſubjected their poſſeſſions to military ſervices, became the king's vaſſals, and did homage and ſwore fealty to his perſon for the lands held

held of him, as ſuperior lord and original proprietor. But when it is conſidered, that the great landholders at that meeting were moſt of them Normans, the friends and followers of the king, on whom he had beſtowed the eſtates taken from the Engliſh; the ſuffrage of ſuch an aſſembly, though freely obtained, will ſcarce juſtify the meaſure being deemed a national choice.

By this ſyſtem all the lands of the realm were conſidered as divided into certain portions, each producing an annual revenue, ſtyled a knight's fee. Our ancient lawyers are not agreed as to the quantity of land, or ſum of money of which it conſiſted; it indeed ſeems to have varied at different periods: however, in the reigns of Henry II. and Edward II. a knight's fee was ſtated at 20l. per annum. The number of knights fees in this kingdom was eſtimated at ſixty thouſand.

By the feudal law, every tenant in capite, that is every perſon holding immediately from the king the quantity of land amounting to a knight's fee, was bound to hold himſelf in readineſs with horſe and arms to ſerve the king in his wars, either at home or abroad, at his own expence, for a ſtated time, generally forty days in a year, to be reckoned from the time of joining the army. Perſons holding more or leſs, were bound to do duty in proportion to their tenures: thus one poſſeſſed of but half a fee, was to perform ſervice for twenty days only. The lands of the church were not exempt, but eccleſiaſtics were generally indulged with performing their ſervice by deputies, although ſometimes their perſonal appearance was inſiſted on, poſſibly from a ſuppoſition that their preſence with the army would give a confidence to the ſoldiers, and a ſanction to the cauſe; effects not unlikely in thoſe days of ſuperſtition; or perhaps the inſtance here particularly alluded to, was occaſioned by ſome new contrivance of the clergy to avoid the performance of their military ſervices, by calling a convocation.

The ſervice being accompliſhed, the tenant was at liberty to return home; if he or his followers afterwards continued to ſerve with the army, they were paid by the king: certificates from the conſtable or marſhal were ſometimes required, in proof that a knight had duly performed his ſervice.

If a tenant in capite, or knight, could not perform his ſervice in perſon, through ſickneſs, being a minor, or any other cauſe, he obtained leave to ſend ſome able perſon in his ſtead; an indulgence for which it was often neceſſary to fine to the king, a fine being, in the language of thoſe days, not only an amercement for an offence, but alſo the price of a favour. Our records afford ſeveral inſtances, wherein feudal tenants unable to bear arms were by proclamation directed to find unexceptionable perſons to perform their ſervices for them.

As a tenant who held ſeveral knights fees, could not do the ſervice of more than one in his perſon, he might diſcharge the others by able ſubſtitutes being knights, or by two eſquires, ſometimes ſtyled ſervients, in lieu of each knight.

Sometimes the king compounded with his tenants for particular ſervices, and ſometimes for thoſe of the whole year, accepting in lieu thereof pecuniary payments, with which he hired ſtipendiary troops: this is generally ſuppoſed to have introduced the practice of levying ſcutages, firſt begun by king Henry II. The puniſhment for non-attendance, when duly ſummoned, was a heavy fine, or forfeiture of the tenure.

The tenants in capite, in order to find ſubſtitutes for thoſe fees, for which they could not ſerve themſelves, made under-grants to their favourites and dependants, liable to the ſame conditions as thoſe on which they held them from the crown, namely fealty and homage, and that their tenant ſhould attend them to the wars, when they ſhould be called upon by the king, there to ſerve for a ſtated time at their own expence, properly armed and mounted: theſe again had their under-tenants and vaſſals. Men at arms, or knights, were generally attended by their tenants and vaſſals, both on horſeback and on foot: theſe ſerved in the infantry either as archers or bill-men.

REMARKABLE CHARACTERS, MANNERS, &c. IN THE HIGHLANDS.

[From Mr. KNOX's "TOUR to the HEBRIDES," juſt publiſhed.]

"THE only boat upon Coll, in which any perſon, except thoſe amphibious animals the Highland fiſhers, would venture himſelf, belonged to Mr. Maclean, and had been taken to Sky by his family, who were upon a viſit. In this dilemma, a venerable old man offered, with a degree of frankneſs that I little expected, to carry me in his veſſel to Bara, or wherever I might think proper to go; not only ſo, "but faith," ſaid he, I "can introduce you to any family in the "Long Iſland, for every body knows Wil"liam Macdonald, who has been a fiſher"theſe five and forty years, and was alway"reſpected by the firſt lairds in the High"lands.—I ſaw your book," added he, "in "the Iſle of Sky: O! how you have trim"med that ***** *****! *He* talk of "fiſhing! He knows more about cuſtom"houſe fees, and how to harraſs induſtrious "men who toil at ſea; throwing out his "gibes by a good fire-ſide, with the white

" bottle before him. If you can be ready " to go to-morrow morning, we'll get out " with the ebb tide; our harbour is none " of the beſt, but leave that matter to old " Macdonald, who knows it weel."

This old man commenced herring fiſher in 1742, and by his indefatigable attention, and great experience, realiſed 7000l. a much greater ſum than any perſon in the weſt of Scotland had acquired by that profeſſion only. He had in latter times four good ſailing veſſels, with which he went to the fiſhing every ſeaſon; and he became ſo well acquainted with the appearances of the approach of the herrings at one loch, and of their departure for another, that he was often ſucceſsful, when other veſſels went away empty. He had alſo acquired a more perfect knowledge of the coaſt of the Highlands than any perſon living, excepting Mr. Mackenzie, who ſounded the whole of it.

Being thus a complete maſter of the fiſhing trade, and of the very hazardous navigations of theſe ſeas, he became at laſt a guide to the whole buſs fleet, in whatever related to ſailing, fiſhing, curing, and the markets. " When I came out of any loch," ſaid he, " they uſed to ſay, There goes Macdonald! " Let us weigh our anchors, there's nothing " more in this place for us. Then the " ſwifteſt among them would try to keep up " with us, but we ſcudded awaw like birds, " and laughed at the beſt of them. I have " ſeen fifty ſail crouding after us, as if they " had been in purſuit of the Monſeers Then " I hauled down a ſail to give them time to " bear up, for they had as good a right to " the herring as myſelf: I ſhewed them " the way, as if they had been my own " children.—But I ſhould not ſpeak of " ch ldren; I have been ruined by my chil- " dren. My two daughters married two " brothers, who dabbled too far in the Ame- " rican trade, and were often obliged to me " for aſſiſtance. At laſt, by cautionary, " and by money advanced them at different " times, I loſt every ſhilling; was put into " priſon; and am now obliged, at the age " of ſeventy years, to go to ſea again for a " poor livelihood. The laird of Boiſdale, " good gentleman, has let me have a ſmall " veſſel for 100l. though worth 200l. which " I am to pay when I am able. I take a " freight, or any thing that offers. But I " am now too old for this buſineſs; an arm " chair would be more agreeable."

This being the hiſtory of poor old Macdonald, he is always a welcome gueſt at the feaſts of hoſpitality in the Highlands; and here I found him in Mr. Maclean's houſe, where he enjoyed all the conveniences of one of the family.

Anecdote of Dr. Johnson.

AT Dunvegan, the ſeat of Macleod, the chief of that ancient clan, and proprietor of the ſouth weſt part of Sky, Dr. Johnſon, who met with the utmoſt civility from the family, made a *faux pas*. Lady Macleod, who had repeatedly helped him to ſixteen diſhes, or upwards, of tea, aſked him if a ſmall baſon would not ſave him trouble, and be more agreeable. " I wonder, madam," anſwered he roughly, " why all the ladies aſk me " ſuch impertinent queſtions? It is to ſave " yourſelves trouble, madam, and not me." The lady was ſilent, and went on with her taſk.

Salubrity of the Hebrides.

TO one of theſe iſlands the late ſir John Elliot flew for the recovery of his health, after having tried in vain the uſual places of reſort, and every aſſiſtance that waters and medicine could beſtow. For this voyage, he hired a large veſſel at Leith or elſewhere, ſailed round the north coaſt by the Pentland Firth, and ſtretched from thence to Harris, where his old acquaintance Capt. Macleod provided a decent lodging for him in the houſe of Mr. Campbell, a reſpectable tackſman in the pleaſant iſland of Bernera.

Upon his arrival at Harris, he was ſo far exhauſted that he could ſcarcely walk a hundred yards from the veſſel, and his voice was ſo feeble that he could not diſtinctly articulate his words. He began his regimen with goats whey, butter-milk, vegetables, and other ſimples. His diſorder lay in his ſtomach, which retained very little of even the weakeſt food or drink; yet was at the ſame time ſo voracious, that he could not be kept from eating almoſt conſtantly, and, with the greateſt deſire, thoſe kinds of food that were the leaſt proper for him. He, who in his practice ſtrictly forbade the uſe of fleſh meat and butter, could not be prevented, by Mr. Campbell and his family, from devouring quantities of both, which returned inſtantly into a tub placed before him.

He did not, however, neglect the whey, &c. which, with the air of the wide ocean, probably contributed to the change that began to appear in his looks, after he had been four or five weeks upon the iſland.

In proportion as his ſtomach began to retain proper nouriſhment, in the ſame proportion his unnatural appetite abated; and in ſix weeks from the time of his arrival, his health ſeemed to be nearly reſtored. If he had ſet out earlier in the ſummer, and remained at leaſt three months upon ſuitable diet, amuſing himſelf in ſhooting, fiſhing and ſailing among theſe iſlands, it is thought that he would have recovered entirely.

He

He returned in September, by the north paſſage, to Edinburgh, in a much better ſtate of health than when he left that city, but died ſoon after at the ſeat of a nobleman in England.

MANNER of LIVING in the HEBRIDES.

IN the Hebrides, and upon the coaſt of the main land, a gentleman can entertain twenty people with thirty or forty different articles, at an expence not exceeding fifteen or twenty ſhillings for eating, which in London would coſt twenty pounds. The gentlemen in the Highlands have alſo the advantage in their wines and ſpirits, owing however, in a great meaſure, to a melancholy cauſe. Many ſhips are wrecked and broke in pieces upon their coaſts every year, and the floating part of the cargoes is found at ſea, or thrown upon the ſhore, where it is claimed by the proprietor.

Dr. Johnſon, or his factor, in ſpeaking of a Highland breakfaſt, makes a heavy complaint againſt the uſe of cheeſe at that meal. "In "theſe iſlands however," ſays he, "they do "what I found it not very eaſy to endure. They "pollute the tea-table by plates piled with "large ſlices of Cheſhire cheeſe, which min-"gles its leſs grateful odours with the fra-"grance of the tea." There is another article that is uſed univerſally upon the ſhores of the Highlands, and over the Hebride Iſlands, of which the Doctor takes no notice, viz. broiled fiſh, which muſt have been equally offenſive to him, and for which omiſſion we cannot account.

Having given the particulars of a Highland dinner and ſupper* in the principal families, I ſhall complete the bill of fare of the day, by ſpecifying thoſe of the breakfaſt, viz.

A dram of whiſkey, gin, rum, or brandy plain, or infuſed with berries that grow among the heath.

French rolls; oat and barley bread.

Tea and coffee; honey in the comb; red and black currant jellies; marmalade, conſerves, and excellent cream.

Fine flavoured butter, freſh and ſalted. Cheſhire and Highland cheeſe, the laſt very indifferent.

A plateful of very freſh eggs.

Freſh and ſalted herrings broiled.

Ditto haddocks and whitings, the ſkin being taken off.

Cold round of veniſon, beef and mutton hams

Beſides theſe articles, which are commonly placed on the table at once, there are generally cold beef and moor-fowl to thoſe who chuſe to call for them. After breakfaſt the men amuſe themſelves with the gun, fiſhing, or ſailing, till the evening, when they dine, which meal ſerves with ſome families for ſupper.

ACCOUNT of a very Extraordinary ERUPTION of FIRE in ICELAND, in 1783.

[From "PENNANT'S SUPPLEMENT to ARCTIC ZOOLOGY," lately publiſhed.]

UPON the firſt of June, 1783, there was obſerved a ſhaking of the earth, in the weſtern part of the province of Shaptarfiall, which increaſed until the eleventh, and was ſo great that the inhabitants were under the neceſſity of quitting their houſes. At this time there was obſerved a continual ſmoke, or ſteam ariſing out of the earth, in the northern and uninhabited parts of the country. Three fire-ſpouts broke out, of which that in the north-weſt was the greateſt. After riſing to a conſiderable height in the air, they were collected into one ſtream, which aſcended ſo high as to be ſeen at the diſtance of thirty-four miles. The whole country, for double that diſtance, was covered with a thick ſmoke and ſteam.

The fire was mixed with prodigious quantities of brimſtone, ſand, pumice-ſtone, and aſhes, which fell in the fields, villages, and towns, at a conſiderable diſtance. The pumice which fell in the villages, being red-hot, did conſiderable damage. Along with the pumice-ſtone there fell a great quantity of dirty ſubſtance like pitch, ſometimes in the form of ſmall balls, and ſometimes like rings or garlands.

After a few days the fire came out, ſometimes in a continued ſtream, and at other times in flaſhes, which were ſeen at the diſtance of thirty or forty miles, and were accompanied with a noiſe like thunder. The phenomenon continued the whole ſummer. What was remarkable in this eruption, upon the ſame day that the fire broke out, there fell a great quantity of rain in all that neighbourhood, which did almoſt as much harm as the fire. At a greater diſtance from the fire, there was ſevere coldneſs in the atmoſphere; in ſome places a very heavy fall of ſnow, and in others a great quantity of hail. The extreme heat of the ſtreaming fire, meeting with ſo large a body of water, occaſioned ſuch a ſteam in the air as to darken the ſun, which appeared like blood, and the whole face of nature ſeemed to be changed.

When the fire firſt broke out, there was a conſiderable increaſe of water in the rivers Skapta and Piorſa; but upon the eleventh of

* Viz. delicate beef, mutton, veal, lamb, pork; veniſon, hares, pigeons, fowls, tame and wild ducks and geeſe, partridges and great variety of moor fowl; ſalt cod, ling and tuſk, freſh cod, whiting, haddock, mackrel, ſkate, ſoals, flounders, lythe, ſalmon, trout, herrings, ſprats, and cuddies, with the produce of a garden; all theſe luxurious varieties, Mr. Knox ſays, are the articles which a Highland laird or chieftain has at his table at dinner and ſupper.

June, the former was totally dried up in leſs than twenty-four hours; and the day following a prodigious ſtream of red-hot lava ran down its deep channel through the whole of its courſe. The fiery ſtream, beſide entirely filling up the valley in which the river Skapta ran, ſpread itſelf for a conſiderable diſtance on each ſide, laying all the neighbouring country under fire; and even overflowed all the buildings in the village of Buland, the ſituation of which was remarkably high.

It appears from the narrative, that the extent of the ground covered by the lava was fifteen miles long, and ſeven broad. The perpendicular height of the edge was from ſixteen to twenty fathoms; ſo that wherever it came it covered every village it met with, as well as ſeveral hills; and thoſe which, on account of their great height, it did not cover, were melted down by it in ſuch a manner that the whole ſurface was in a fluid ſtate, and formed a lake of fire, reſembling red-hot melted metal.

This terrible eruption was productive of two other circumſtances equally wonderful. Two iſlands have been thrown up. One of theſe made its appearance in the month of February 1784, where the water was before upwards of a hundred fathoms deep. This iſland is above half a mile in circumference, full as large as the mountain Erian in Iceland; and, by the laſt accounts, it continued burning with great vehemence. The other iſland, which is at a greater diſtance northward, is yet larger in circumference, very high, and has likewiſe burnt without intermiſſion for a conſiderable time.

Ever ſince the firſt breaking out of the eruption, the whole atmoſphere has been loaded with ſmoke, ſteam, and ſulphurous vapours. The ſun became at times totally inviſible, and, when it could be ſeen, was of a reddiſh or bloody colour. The fiſheries are moſt of them deſtroyed; for the banks, where the fiſh uſed to be, are ſo ſhifted and changed as not to be known again by the fiſhermen; and the ſmoke is ſo thick as to prevent them from going far out to ſea; for no object is viſible at above the diſtance of fifty fathom. The water of the rain falling through this ſmoke and ſteam, is ſo impregnated with ſalt and brimſtone as to deſtroy the hair, and even the ſkin, of the cattle; and all the graſs in the iſland is ſo covered with ſooty and pitchy matter, that the moſt of it is deſtroyed; and what is left is rendered poiſonous to any cattle that eat of it; ſo that thoſe which have eſcaped the fire are now dying for want of food, or poiſoned by the unwholeſome remains of the vegetables. Nor are the inhabitants, in many reſpects, more free from dangers than the cattle. Many have loſt their lives by the poiſonous quality of the ſmoke and ſteam, of which the whole atmoſphere conſiſted; particularly old people, and ſuch as had any weakneſs and complaint of the breaſt and lungs.

During the fall of the rain which has been mentioned, there was obſerved at Trondheim, and other places in Norway, and alſo at Faroe, an uncommon fall of ſharp and ſalt rain, which was ſo penetrating that it totally deſtroyed the leaves of the trees, and every vegetable it fell upon, by ſcorching them up, and cauſing them to wither. At Faroe there fell a conſiderable quantity of aſhes, ſand, pumice, and brimſtone, which covered the whole ſurface of the ground whenever the wind blew from Iceland; and the diſtance between theſe two places is at leaſt eighty miles. Ships that were ſailing between Copenhagen and Norway were frequently covered with aſhes and brimſtone, which ſtuck to the ſails, maſts, and decks, beſmearing them all over with a black and pitchy matter. Many parts of Holland, Germany, and other countries in the North, obſerved a brimſtone vapour in the air, accompanied with a thick ſmoke; and in ſome places there fell upon the earth every night a light grey-coloured ſubſtance, which, by its yielding a bluiſh flame when thrown upon the fire, evidently appeared to be ſulphurous. Theſe appearances continued, more or leſs, all the months of July, Auguſt, and September.

This volcanic phenomenon is the moſt extraordinary of any upon record; and the account of it merits particular preſervation in the annals of natural hiſtory.

POETRY.

A VISION,

Written while paſſing through the STREIGHTS of GIBRALTAR.

By THOMAS CLIO RICKMAN.

FAIR was the day, all blythſome blew the gales,
And only favouring zephyrs fann'd the ſails;
Full on the right tremendous roſe to view
Rude Afric's mountains, cloath'd in ſable hue;
And not unrivall'd on the other ſide,
The Andaluſian hills frown'd o'er the tide:
And now as from the Atlantic ſurge we ſteer'd,
The ſeat of Mars himſelf, Gibraltar's rock appear'd.
In proud romantic ſtate it awful roſe,
And look'd indignant on inſulting foes.
Such ſcenes the mind with various feelings fir'd,
And e'en the viſions of the night inſpir'd.

When lo! methought our bark reſail'd the tide,
And Gib again I view'd with Engliſh pride.
And, wond'rous, as I look'd on either ſide,
Near me methought proud Peru's conqueror ſtood,
And next to him the ſhade of Penn I view'd:
When Cortez, pointing towards the ſlaughterous place,
"There lives, cried he, the firſt of human race!
"Glory herſelf preſides o'er that bleſt Rock,
"Of men, and winds, and ſeas, it ſtands the ſhock.
"In me, tho' Mexico's conqu'ror you behold,
"And him who ranſack'd Peru's mines for gold;
"Yet, Penn, continued he with thundering voice,
"Much more would my ambitious ſoul rejoice,
"On this rude Rock to hold of war the rod,
"And ſhine in Europe's eyes Gibraltar's God;
"To hurl deſtructive red-hot balls around,
"And ſee the daring foe or burnt, or drown'd,
"Than be that Cortez; tho' my well known name
"Scarce boaſts a rival in the liſts of fame."
Here Penn, with accents forcible and mild,
While on the impaſſion'd conqueror he ſmil'd,
"Cortez! full well thou know'ſt my different creed,
"And that my heartſtrings at this proſpect bleed.
"Thou know'ſt with what a different eye I ſee
"That horrid ſyſtem long embrac'd by thee;
"For oft' our converſations this way lead,
"And even Cortez will ſometimes recede.
"Say, on America's delightful ſhore,
"Without the murderous blade, or cannon's roar,
"Have I not conquer'd, and far more obtain'd
"Than ever thy rapacious madneſs gain'd?
"E'en now on earth my fame ſurpaſſes thine,
"And brighter blazon'd all my actions ſhine.
"Come, let's away—this proſpect glooms my heart,
"And makes the tear of deep affliction ſtart.
"Poor human nature! take them as thy due:
"I would, ah! could I, give thee wiſdom too *."

IDYL.

'TIS gone! the bark that wafts my Love,
To Gallia's ſhore it bears its way.
Ye Zephyrs! gently bid it move;
Ye Loves! around it fondly play.

Ye Waves! O ſoftly curl around,
As when thy new-born Venus ſmil'd!
By you my joys or woes are crown'd:
If calm, I'm bleſt—if rough, I'm wild.

Farewel!—and may no arts efface,
Sweet girl! the charms your ſoul can beaſt,
And every foreign mode you trace,
Endear you more to Albion's coaſt:

And when the adverſe ſhore you roam,
Its ſports, its fam'd attentions ſee,
O charmer! will a thought ſteal home,
Nor with unkindneſs think on me?

Dover. RUSTICUS.

SONG,

Adapted to the Muſic of "GENTLE RIVER."

TO MY HEART.

CEASE, my heart, ah ceaſe lamenting!
All thy hopes and all thy pain,
All thy faithful tend'reſt wiſhes,
All are treated with diſdain!
Sure the maid who thus can ſcorn thee,
Ill deſerves thy love ſincere:
All that hear thy woe-ſick ſtory,
All but Lucy weep to hear.

O how vain the Muſe to charm thee!
Vain thy reaſon!—vain thy pride!
Happy thou would'ſt bleed for Lucy,
Cold to all the world beſide.
If 'tis madneſs reigns within thee,
Then 'tis pleaſure to be mad;
For I prove, alas! thou canſt not
With the wonted peace I had!

Dover. RUSTICUS.

To the Right Honourable Lady CHARLOTTE GORDON, dreſt in a Tartan Scotch Bonnet, with Plumes, &c.

By Dr. BEATTIE.

WHY, Lady, wilt thou bind thy lovely brow
With the dread ſemblance of that warlike helm,
That nodding plume, and wreath of various glow,
That graced the chiefs of Scotia's antient realm?

Thou know'ſt, that Virtue is of power the ſource,
And all her magic to thy eyes is given;
We own their empire, while we feel their force,
Beaming with the benignity of Heaven.

The plumy helmet, and the martial mien,
Might dignify Minerva's awful charms;
But more reſiſtleſs far the Cyprian Queen,—
Smiles, graces, gentleneſs, her only arms.

* For the character of Cortez, ſee the Hiſtory of the Conqueſts of Peru and Mexico.—For that of Penn, ſee the Hiſtory of the Britiſh Settlements in America, by Abbe Rayna.

To

To the PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

GENTLEMEN,

LOOKING over an old drawer a few days ago, I recovered the four following little pieces, which were all written by a Youth, at that time under ſixteen. As he was under my care, I remember the occaſion of them perfectly well. That on the death of the celebrated Philoſopher Porphyrie was occaſioned by a converſation, at which the youth was preſent, wherein that Philoſopher's violent zeal againſt Chriſtianity, and its defender Origen, were mentioned, which led to the conſideration of the different tempers inſpired by Chriſtianity and Paganiſm; Origen telling the Conſul, when threatened with death, that a Chriſtian could put off his body with as much indifference as a Philoſopher put off his coat; the other, when his fortunes became adverſe, flying, *upon principle*, to ſelf-murder for relief; dying with all the rage and blaſphemy of Paganiſm. Next morning the youth preſented me with the following lines on the ſubject, which I hope are not unworthy of a place in your valuable Magazine. The ſentiments here aſcribed to Porphyrie, are thoſe of Seneca and other Heathens, who accounted a virtuous man as equal to the Gods, and ſuperior to whatever they could inflict;——a ſuperiority which, however boaſted of, conſiſted ſolely of blind arrogance, brutal rage, and ſelf-deſtruction.

PORPHYRIE is ſuppoſed to ſpeak.

AH ſhame! ah ſhame! ſuch was not Origen!
Serene and calm I ſaw the reverend man;
When threatened with an inſtant dreadful death
By Cæſar's Conſul. Smiling, he reply'd,
As unconcern'd we put our bodies off,
As a Philoſopher puts off his coat,
Shall Porphyrie, in manly fortitude,
Be leſs than Origen? No, none ſhall ſay,
That he, whom Porphyrie's ſuperior mind
Has baffled at hard argument, ſhould yet
In manly fortitude ſhame Porphyrie.
Ha! ſummons all your terrors, Erebus,
I ſcorn to ſhrink. Now grant this firm reſolve.
Yes, I have rapt the grand celeſtial pride
Which the dread Thunderer would to himſelf
Make ſacred. On him I, with pride, look down,
And ſmiling, view the impotence of all,
Or mortal, or immortal. In myſelf
Supreme and independent here I ſtand.
Deep ſinks the valiant blow: and now, thou Fate,
Thou Deſtiny deem'd irreſiſtible,
I dare thy worſt to make my ſoul know fear,
Or terror ſeize my heart.—And here he drew
Another deſperate ſtroke: deep in his heart
The poignard ſunk, and Porphyrie was no more.

Being deſired to write ſome lines for the tombſtone of a worthy old Farmer whom he knew, our Youth produced the following, which are not inelegant:

WHAT few proud tombs, with trophies dreſs'd,
This humble ſtone can tell;
By all his friends and family bleſt,
He bade the world farewell.

His widow's and his children's ſighs
A better praiſe declare,
Than all the marble eulogies
Given by the joyful heir.

But the ſagacious widow and wiſe children rejected the above, and ſubſtituted in its place:

Afflictions ſore long time I bore,
Phyſicians *was* in vain;
Until the Lord he thought it beſt
To eaſe me of my pain.

Epigram on laying the Foundation of a New Exchange at ————. Written in his Thirteenth year.

THAT *gain* is *gainful*, all mankind agree,
And good Exchanges muſt the beſt things be;
But bad Exchanges are the greateſt evil:
If you don't credit me, pray aſk the Devil.

The following was written for a Schoolfellow:

HAIL, happy morn! Still feſtive joy be thine.
And come, O Genius of my native land!
Sacred to thee this day ſhall ever ſhine;
To thee and Honour's cauſe illuſtrious ſtand.
The faireſt of the Spring's gay train,
When Flora o'er the Cambrian plain
Scatters the primroſe and the panſie blue,
O come, and with thy Britiſh fire
My lips, my glowing breaſt inſpire,
To ſing the praiſes to thy heroes due.

Aghaſt the Roman Legions ſtood,
When plunging in the briny flood,
The Britons met them ere they gain'd the ſhore;
Ev'n Cæſar gaz'd appall'd, when he beheld
Their naked breaſts oppoſe the Roman ſhield;
And the great Chief, with cautious fear,
Retir'd before the Britiſh ſpear,
And left the Britiſh ſtrand diſtain'd with Roman gore.

Full

Full oft, Caractacus, thine awful eye
Has ſeen the Roman ſquadrons fly
Before thy lifted ſword:
Nor leſs the Hero didſt thou ſhine,
When, tho' in chains, thy worth divine
Was own'd by Rome's proud lord.

What hoſts of Heroes claim the ſong
Of Britiſh line from Brutus ſprung!
Yet, 'midſt the glorious train,
The Muſe ſhall celebrate thy name,—
Brave Gam, the ſong ſhall ſpeak thy fame,
While Britiſh Bards remain.

When England's nobleſt Henry led the van,
And dar'd, with few, the numerous bands of France,
A troop of Knights to ſeize the Hero ran.
O'erpower'd he fell. Beneath the brandiſh'd lance
With ſcatter'd helm bold Henry lay.
Brave Gam beheld. With rage he glows,
His ſingle arm repels the foes,
And turns the fortune of the glorious day.

Nor ſhall the heroes ſleep unſung,
Who on this happy morn, on Gallia's coaſt,
O'erthrew the braveſt troops of Gallia's hoſt.
As in the keen purſuit they drove along,
A field of leeks the cloſing ſcene ſupply'd:
St. David's was the day, and both they choſe—
The day to Heav'n ſtill to renew their vows;
And with the humble leek, their well-earn'd pride,
The weary Victors deck'd their manly brows.

SONNET.

Imitated from PETRARCH.

BLEST ſhade, that on the ſilent wing of night
Frequent return'ſt, to chear that lonely hour
With thoſe dear eyes, whoſe pure and tender light
Not death hath dim'd, but given diviner power
To ſoothe with ſoftened ray the longing ſight,
And ſtay a while pale Grief's inceſſant ſhower;
Oh, kind beyond the grave! thy form I know,
And hail the gentle viſion of thy love;
Nor throbs my boſom in ſo wild a woe,
As ſad I ſeem along the plains to rove,
Where firſt thy beauties taught my ſong to glow;
Where ſtill my unavailing ſorrows flow;
Oh, only joy this wounded heart can ſhare,
To ſee that beauteous form, and know my Laura *there*.

SONNET from the SAME.

By the Rev. Mr. BANNISTER.

THE air, the fragrance, and the cooling ſhade
Of that ſweet laurel, whoſe all-cheering ſight
Fill'd ev'ry breaſt with wonder and delight,
Blaſted by death remorſeleſs, droop and fade.
Extinct that light—thoſe eyes for ever clos'd.
On whoſe ſoft beams my penſive ſoul repos'd.
O death! ſo often call'd to aid deſpair,
Bring to my arms my much-lamented fair.
But as the ſun eclips'd, his glory ſhrouds,
By the dark ſhadows of the moon o'erſpread,
And ſoon emerging from the gath'ring clouds,
With luſtre unimpair'd erects his head;
Thus Laura only ſleeps;—their vernal bloom
(Her ſlumbers o'er) her vivid cheeks aſſume;
She joins the ſpirits bleſt, the heavenly train,
In thoſe bright realms where joys eternal reign.
This humble tribute of my verſe receive,
For know, thy name to diſtant times ſhall live,
If verſe like mine a laſting fame can give.

The following Verſes were hung on the Boughs of a venerable Walnut-Tree, which over-ſhadows the Burial-ground of the celebrated Poet WALLER, in Beaconsfield Church-Yard.

By Mr. PRATT.

STRANGER, if virtue, or if verſe, be dear,
With pious caution pay thy viſit here.
Planted by him, whoſe ſacred duſt has laid
Twice fifty ſummers underneath my ſhade,
Protector of the hallow'd ſpot I ſtand,
To guard this vault from each unhallow'd hand;
Spare then each branch that canopies the tomb,
A part of Waller feeds my verdant bloom;
Oh! ſpare each leaf that bow'rs the poet's grave,
For in each leaf a part of him you ſave;
And on the fruits which cluſt'ring round me grow,
A more than vulgar deſtiny below:
Taſte, but with rev'rence kneeling at the ſhrine,
So may'ſt thou eat, and Waller's Muſe be thine;
A ſecond *Tree of Knowledge* may I be,
And *unforbidden Wiſdom* ſhine in thee.

THE BACHANALIAN.

I.

POETS may rack their crazy brains,
To court the Muſe in lofty ſtrains,
While humble I invoke the Nine,
And ſing in praiſe of Roſy Wine.

II.

Tho' Fortune ſeldom ſmiles on me,
Yet I can ſtill contented be:
Whene'er ſhe frowns I'll not repine,
But drown my care in Roſy Wine.

III.

Sequeſter'd from the giddy throng
That ſkim the tide of life along;
If e'er to Pleaſure I incline,
'Tis that I find in Roſy Wine.

IV.

Let others ſeek for Wealth and Fame,
Or bubble Honour's empty name;
Let others Laurel wreaths entwine,
I'll be content with Roſy Wine.

V.

Love ſpreads his ſilken toil in vain,
Nor gives my heart a moment's pain:
I ne'er (to bow at Beauty's ſhrine)
Will quit my charming Roſy Wine.

VI.

When Wit and Mirth unite their pow'r,
And brighten ev'ry ſocial hour;
For all the wealth of India's mine
I'd not exchange my Roſy Wine.

VII.

Attend, ye ſons of gloomy Care,
'Tis Bacchus bids you not deſpair;
To him your troubled thoughts reſign,
And try the power of Roſy Wine.

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While o'er my ſoul ſoft Friendſhip ſheds her gleam,
In Friendſhip's praiſe renew your pleaſing pow'rs.

Were I, bright nymphs, for once your guardian care,
Would you for me but wake your heavenly lyre,
Then might theſe lines Philander's worth declare,
And ages yet unborn that worth admire.

Methinks I ſee on Time's eternal baſe,
Unalterably fix'd, his ſacred name;
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To aid an earth-born votary now deſcends:
Hail, wond'rous Goddeſs! thou my numbers chuſe,
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With looks benignant then the Goddeſs ſpoke—
"Riſe ſuppliant, riſe, the Muſe aſſiſts thy toil."
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But ah! no more beheld the radiant ſmile.

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Yet ſhall this tongue thy native virtues name;
For thee the infant Muſe her voice ſhall raiſe,
And bid this pen thy innate worth proclaim.

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The world is ſunk, and every eye retires
To cloſe in ſleep, my ever-grateful breaſt
For thee Philander wak'd its latent fires.

From their high thrones e'en Sion's Saints ſhall bend,
And liſt'ning Angels echo back my pray'r;
At thy great name the hoſts of light attend,
And hail with rapture Heaven's eternal care.

May ſpotleſs Peace within thy guiltleſs ſoul
For ever dwell more beauteous than before;
May every year with added honours roll,
And ſuns revolving ſhew thy virtues more.

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Whoſe riſing merit, cruſh'd by Scorpion woe—
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T' unite the weſtern with the eaſtern main;
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Nor need aſſiſtance from th' impelling tide.
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Or ſhould the winds their friendly aid deny,
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Securely be convey'd from ſhore to ſhore;
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The nation's treaſures artful foes beguile,
Our naval ſons, a gallant, hardy race,
With ſtrength increas'd purſue the ardent chace;
The Britiſh thunder with tremendous roar
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Defy the united ſtrength of France and Spain,
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Cold breezes blow: th' aſcending vapour ſhrouds
Our youth's gay morning with a night of clouds;

The drizzly ſhower, th' impetuous ſtorm deſcends—
Care, diſappointment, and the loſs of friends,
Th' unmerited reproach, th' undue return
For deeds of kindneſs, teach us ſoon—to mourn.
Timely, O Jardine, to my wounded heart
The balm of thy ſerenity impart:
And teach me, Arthur, while the tempeſts blow,
To ſtem, with fortitude, the tide of woe:
My friends, communicate the lenient cure:
Teach me to ſtrive, to pardon, and endure.

And yet, ah me! at this oppreſſive hour
Your hearts are troubled too; your ſpirits lower:
The tear yet oozing in the redden'd eye,
Th' untimely vigil, and th' unbidden ſigh,
Muſings, and throbbings, when obſerv'd, ſuppreſt,
Prove the ſad conflict of the troubled breaſt.
With you, I pour the tributary tear;
With you, at Irvine's unexpected bier!
A beam of Science, parted ſoon, deplore!
Our fellow-labourer, alas, no more!
The partner of our ſocial hours, with whom
We liv'd, the tenant of an early tomb!
Haſten, my friends, O haſte and give relief
With the compoſure of becoming grief;
Go! from the deeply, deeply ſmitten heart
Elicit tenderly the barbed dart:
Go to the chief in ſorrow, who lament
Their ſtaff now broken, and their bow unbent:
For ſympathy with friendly counſel join'd,
May yield ſome ſolace to th' afflicted mind.—
But how, with ſhaking knees, approach the door
Where Irvine liv'd?—where Irvine lives no more!
How meet the ſorrows that have cauſe to flow,
Or find exceſs in reaſonable woe!
How ſoothe the pangs that rend a Widow's heart!
Or comfort to the Fatherleſs impart.—
Poor, little Boy! Affliction's early prey,
Grief hath ſoon clouded thy commencing day!
Who can thy loſs, thy heavy loſs, repair?
Who introduce thee to a world of care?
But yet I will not bid thy ſorrow flow:
Soon wilt thou learn, too ſoon, thy load of wo;
Amuſe thee, Boy: or loſe thyſelf in ſleep:
'Tis thy poor Mother who muſt wake and weep.

Spirits of Mercy! unto whom 'tis given
To miniſter on earth, the Peace of Heaven;
And ſoothe the ſuff'rings of a wayward doom:
Come, on the wings of Conſolation come!
Breathe all your influence here, benign and mild,
To the lone Widow and her only Child.

Edin. Aug. 7th, 1787.

A CURIOUS and INTERESTING LETTER from DAVID ROSS, Eſq. to ——, Eſq.

DEAR SIR,

OUR converſation of yeſterday evening made ſuch an impreſſion on my mind, that I cannot avoid requeſting you to publiſh the following anecdotes.—They relate ſo immediately to Mr. Palmer's plan, and to the commercial and mercantile intereſts of the metropolis, that I think it would be unjuſt to conceal them.

In the year 1752, during the Chriſtmas holidays, I played George Barnwell, and the late Mrs. Pritchard played Milwood. Doctor Barrowby, phyſician to St. Bartholomew's hoſpital, told me he was ſent for by a young gentleman in Great St. Helen's, apprentice to a very capital merchant. He found him very ill with a ſlow fever, a heavy hammer pulſe, that no medicine could touch. The nurſe told him he ſighed at times ſo very heavily, that ſhe was ſure ſomething lay heavy on his mind. The doctor ſent every one out of the room, and told his patient he was ſure there was ſomething that oppreſſed his mind, and lay ſo heavy on his ſpirits, that it would be in vain to order him medicine, unleſs he would open his mind freely. After much ſolicitations on the part of the doctor, the youth confeſſed there was ſomething lay heavy at his heart, but that he would ſooner die than divulge it, as it muſt be his ruin if it was known. The doctor aſſured him, if he would make him his confidant, he would by every means in his power ſerve him, and that the ſecret, if he deſired it, ſhould remain ſo to all the world, but to thoſe who might be neceſſary to relieve him. After much converſation, he told the doctor, he was the ſecond ſon to a gentleman of good fortune in Hertfordſhire; that he had made an improper acquaintance with a kept miſtreſs of a captain of an Indiaman then abroad; that he was within a year of being out of his time, and had been entruſted with caſh, draughts, and notes, which he had made free with, to the amount of two hundred pounds. That, going two or three nights before to Drury Lane, to ſee Roſs and Mrs. Pritchard in their characters of George Barnwell and Milwood, he was ſo forcibly ſtruck, he had not enjoyed a moment's peace ſince, and wiſhed to die, to avoid the ſhame he ſaw hanging over him. The doctor aſked where his father was? He replied, he expected him there every minute, as he was ſent for by his maſter upon his being taken ſo very ill.

The

The doctor desired the young gentleman to make himself perfectly easy, as he would undertake his father should make all right; and, to get his patient in a promising way, assured him, if his father made the least hesitation, he should have the money of *him*. The father soon arrived. The doctor took him into another room, and, after explaining the whole cause of his son's illness, begged him to save the honour of his family, and the life of his son. The father, with tears in his eyes, gave him a thousand thanks, said he would step to his banker, and bring the money. While the father was gone, Doctor Barrowby went to his patient, and told him every thing would be settled in a few minutes, to his ease and satisfaction: That his father was gone to his banker for the money, and would soon return with peace and forgiveness, and never mention or even think of it more. What is very extraordinary, the doctor told me, that in a few minutes after he communicated this news to his patient, upon feeling of his pulse, without the help of any medicine, he was quite another creature. The father returned with notes to the amount of 200*l.* which he put into the son's hands—they wept, kissed, embraced. The son soon recovered and lived to be a very eminent merchant. Doctor Barrowby never told me the name, but the story he mentioned often in the green-room of Drury Lane theatre; and after telling it one night when I was standing by, he said to me, "You have done some good "in your profession, more, perhaps, than "many a clergyman who preached last Sun-"day"—for the patient told the doctor, the play raised such horror and contrition in his soul, that he would, if it would please God to raise a friend to extricate him out of that distress, dedicate the rest of his life to religion and virtue. Though I never knew his name, or saw him to my knowledge, I had for nine or ten years, at my benefit, a note sealed up with ten guineas, and these words: "*A tribute of gratitude from one who was* "*highly obliged, and saved from ruin, by* "*seeing Mr. Ross's performance of Barn-*"*well.*"

I am,
Dear Sir,
Hampstead, Yours truly,
20th August 1787 DAVID ROSS.

(COPY.)

THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

SEPTEMBER 29.

MRS. Taylor, who a few years since performed at Covent-Garden under the name of Mrs. Robinson, appeared at Drury-Lane in the character of Elwina in Percy.—This lady is considerably improved since her former appearance in London, but we doubt that the managers of this theatre have still to look for an occasional substitute for Mrs. Siddons.

OCT. 1. A person who assumed the name of Seymour, appeared at Covent-Garden in the character of Macbeth. As his attempt was a decided failure, it is unnecessary to dwell on faults which will no longer offend the eye or ear. Before the play the following Address was spoken by Mr. Pope:

WHENE'ER a new-fledg'd *Poet* hither brings
The trembling Drama on his *untried* wings,
True to his call the friendly Prologue waits,
Your favour courts—your justice deprecates:
And let it not presumptuous then appear
If once the *Actor* begs a partial ear.——
Bold is the hope on critic ground to raise
The envied garland of theatric bays.
——When here, high candidates for buskin'd fame,
"*Fancy's rich Child*,"—and tuneful *Otway* came;
They soon perceiv'd, it was an easier art
To frame a play, than to perform a part;
Th' unwilling robe resign'd, they snatch'd the pen,
And wrote like *Gods* who could not act like *men*.
If these reflections have their rise in fact,
And 'tis indeed so hard a thing to act,
How dangerously to him must they apply,
Who proves to-night his tenfold Vanity.
But sure there's space beneath the Eagle's flight
For humbler hopes to range an honour'd height,
And Vanity herself might claim excuse
—A private foible answ'ring public use.——
Fate but for this might fameless WOLFE have spar'd,
TULLY been mute—nor thrice-famed CHATHAM heard;
Where cold precaution in the breast abounds,
"Th' attempt too oft, and not the deed confounds."
FANCY, 'tis true, on liking can impose
A zeal as ardent as e'en Genius knows;
But till your voice declar'd it false or true,
None ever yet the uncertain impulse knew.—
That voice to try—and in such dubious plight,
A *poor Probationer* comes forth to-night;
Not in a desperate mood, with impious rage
'Gainst gentle nature Rueborn war to wage.—

Obtrusive still his fruitless pains to waste,
And sadly plead *Necessity* for *Taste*.
No! from this trial taught, with rev'rence he
Will onward, or retreat, as you decree.
—What tho' no bright reversion cheers his view,
By friends forsaken,—and condemn'd by you,
He'd sooner seek a rough retreat to gain
Beyond the limits of the Western main;
Sooner in India from *Oppression* crave
With her unhappy sons an envied grave,
Than here, in spite of Nature and the Muse,
Your patience torture—and your grace abuse.

3. Mr. Blanchard, from the Bath Theatre, appeared at Covent-Garden in Hodge in Love in a Village, and Sharp in The Lying Valet. He appears to be possessed of some talents for low humour, which must suffer by a comparison with the excellent performer in that walk at Covent-Garden. Waving any comparison, we cannot deny him praise for his performance in each of the characters he represented.

12. Mr. Fennel, under the name of Cambray, appeared at Covent-Garden in the character of Othello. This arduous part has been often attempted with little success, and though frequently chosen for a first performance, would with more propriety be reserved for the last effort of the histrionick art. The powers of a novice in the profession cannot but sink under such an effort, and therefore it will not be wondered at if we are less profuse in our praises than other critics have been on this occasion. Mr. Fennel, however, exhibited many of the requisites of a good actor, and we entertain great hopes of his performance, when time and industry shall have matured his talents.

15. Orpheus and Eurydice, a pantomime by Mr. Rich, originally produced in the year 1740, at that time performed with unbounded success, and since at different periods revived with equal applause, had this evening the singular fate of being generally condemned. It has since been attempted one night, and, to the astonishment of every old frequenter of the theatre, finally condemned.

18. Mr. Bowden, from Manchester, appeared at Covent Garden in Robin Hood.—His voice is a tenor that goes down to B, and rises perhaps as far as E. His tones are manly, and, as far as they go, all natural. The applause he met with, has been given from all quarters; both those who are judges, and those who rely on their ear only, unite in praising him. We may therefore conclude that he has passed the fiery ordeal of trial, and will hereafter afford great entertainment to the public.

19. Mr. and Mrs. Bernard from Bath, appeared at Covent-Garden in the characters of Archer and Mrs. Sullen in The Stratagem, and Keckfey and the Irish Widow in the farce of that name. Both were received with applause, and both were intitled to it in a degree. If their performances were not of the first rank, they were, at least, above mediocrity.

25. Mr. Sedgewick, who has been long known at the Anacreontic Society as a very good finger, tried his talents at Drury-Lane Theatre in the character of Artabanes in the opera of Artaxerxes, and performed it with considerable applause. He promises to be a better substitute for Bannister than any one that theatre at present affords.

THE ADDRESS TO FRIENDSHIP,

Spoken by Mr. PALMER, on Mr. BANNISTER'S Night at the ROYALTY-THEATRE,

By THOMAS VAUGHAN, Esq.

LIVES there a feeling in the human breast,
Whose virtues stand more eminent confest,
Than sacred *Friendship?* whose exhaustless ray,
Pure as its source, dispels life's clouds away;
Cheers from the widow's eye the falling tear,
And frees the child of sorrow from despair;
Is man's best med'cine in the worst disease,
And makes e'en age wear—cheerfulness and ease;
Sheds its sweet influence o'er domestic woe,
And guards the social hour from every foe;
Points to the scene of future joys afar,
Not as a meteor—but a guiding star;
Improves our happiness, abates our fear,
By doubling transports, and dividing care.
These are the virtues which on *Friendship* wait,
And these the blessings—*I*—have felt of late,
From *One* *, "who, once determin'd, never swerves,
Weighs ere he trusts, yet weighs not ere he serves;"
But, nobly fir'd with sympathetic zeal,
Dar'd to encounter what he dar'd to feel;
Nor shrunk he from the Verdict of our Laws,
Obtain'd by Faction in Oppression's cause.
And what is *Friendship*'s call, when blest with pow'r,
If not exerted in the pressing hour?

* Mr. C. BANNISTER.

Then

Then ſpare the feelings of a grateful heart,
Nor blame the fond emotions I impart,
Which live impreſs'd—beyond the reach of art.
Nor yet to One—is fix'd the debt I owe,
But proudly boaſt the Friendſhip *you* beſtow,
Which here—I'll cheriſh to my lateſt days,
The grateful Servant—You have deign'd to raiſe.

An OCCASIONAL ADDRESS for MISS POWELL,

At the THEATRE ROYAL, MARGATE.

Written by Mr. PRATT.

THANKS to our ſtars, a ſov'reign law in nature
Is practis'd now-a-days by ev'ry creature;
TO PLEASE is now the aim in ſmalleſt things:
TO PLEASE, without the aid of fins or wings,
Some dive like fiſh, ſome ſoar like birds in air,
While birds and fiſhes at the ſtrangers ſtare,
Thinking it odd how gentlemen got there.
TO PLEASE, the *beaſts* too, in *our* arts advance;
Geeſe learn the graces, puppies learn to dance:
Thoſe lightly trip now their old waddle's o'er;
Theſe move like Belles the minuet *de-la-cour*;
And dare he own it, * Etiquette would tell,
Half *his* queer couples ne'er will dance ſo well.
O ſay, ye blunderers, on a Thurſday ball,
Doth not a well-bred puppy beat ye all?
And tho' for nights ye practiſe the Cotillon,
I'll wager Pug againſt ye for a million.
Follies, to PLEASE us, thus riſe one by one,
And ev'ry new-born trifle has its run.
TO PLEASE, the bubbles ſwell; to pleaſe, they burſt;
And froth the ſecond melts like froth the firſt.
The *Rage*, the *Thing*, the *Twaddle*, and the *Bore*,
Have had their faſhion, and prevail no more;
And vaſt balloons, theſe bubbles in the air,
Now ſcarce can make a country bumpkin ſtare.
The learned *horſe* yields to accompliſh'd *dogs*,
While they give place to more accompliſh'd *bugs*.
But, ah! the learned hogs themſelves muſt yield,
For turkies *now at ſchool* muſt take the field.
If education, and 'tis paſt diſpute,
Can form the man, it ſure may form the brute;
And ſince the rage of wiſdom ſpreads ſo wide,
Sure man and beaſt the honours ſhould divide;
And ſince they both for talents merit praiſe,
Let pigs be gown'd, and puppies wear the bays;
Let ſcientific apes a wreath obtain,
And owls turn wits, and write for Drury-lane.
All, all would pleaſe; we ne'er can ſtint the flame
Which gilds the path to glory or to fame;
Or gay, or ſerious, ſocial is the glow,
And mutual ev'ry joy, and ev'ry woe.
TO PLEASE, to ſoothe, to ſoften, to unite,
O'er life's dark ſhade to draw the tendereſt light;
From grief the real object to eraſe,
And ſhew a fabled ſorrow in its place;
All theſe, bleſt office, to diſplay is *ours*,
But, oh! an office ſtill *more* bleſt is *yours*.
Rich from the bounty of the public heart,
Springs the lov'd recompence which crowns *our* art;
The actor but reflects your gen'rous aid;
And 'tis by you our toils are—*overpaid*,
(curtſeys.)
Ev'n I am your's; and when you ſmile approv'd;
When moſt my little ſkill your plaudits mov'd;
When you moſt honour'd what I trembling play'd,
It was but ſmiling on the powers you made.
Bleſt be the wreath, and doubly bleſt the ſpot,
Where beauties thrive, and errors are forgot:
Where ſmalleſt flowers are nurs'd with kindeſt care;
Feel a rich ſoil, and prove the mildeſt air.
Thus feeble ſtreams acquire unwonted force,
When daily fed by ſome ſuperior ſource;
Some ſacred fountain the rich tide beſtows,
While broad, as Mine, from you each favour flows.

The following congratulatory Addreſs was ſpoken by Mrs. R. MARTIN, at Mr. R. MARTIN's Theatre, at which his Grace the DUKE of RUTLAND, and moſt of the principal Nobility and Gentry of the county of GALWAY in IRELAND, were preſent, before the repreſentation of the tragedy of DOUGLAS.

AWAK'D Hibernia's harp—though long unſtrung,
A theme ſublimer than has yet been ſung

* Mr. Walker, Maſter of the Ceremonies.

Demands

Demands thoſe dulcet notes, that ancient ſkill
Which Monarchs heard well pleas'd on Tara's hill.
Thou that to heroes haſt been wont to ſing,
For heroes *ſons* attune the warbling ſtring;
With renovated magic numbers ſhow,
That what our Granby *was*—is Rutland now;
That laurel wreath—that wreath which cannot fade,
That lineal tranſmit from the glorious dead,
Which once adorn'd the god-like Father's brows,
Nought of its verdure with the Son ſhall loſe.
Thrice welcome Granby's Son—Oh, glorious name!
So oft recorded in the Book of Fame;
With all the virtues of thy race inſpir'd,
Lov'd by the good, and by the brave admir'd;
Theſe do Ierne's loyal ſons approve,
The worthy image of the King they love.
Long here propitious to our hopes remain,
Confirm our proſpects from this virtuous reign,
Sprung from a race in feats of valour try'd,
From men who nobly liv'd, and nobly dy'd—
By thee united in one common cauſe,
We'll guard our country and protect the laws.
No more ſhall foreign or domeſtic wiles
Diſturb the concord of the ſiſter iſles;
Juſtice and Liberty ſhall, hand in hand,
Wave their wide banners o'er this happy land;
And hither ſhould our foes preſume to ſteer,
They'll meet a Minden fate—another Granby here.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

Conſtantinople, Aug. 25.

THE following is a tranſlation of the Manifeſto publiſhed by the Sublime Porte againſt Ruſſia, remitted to Count Choiſeul-Gouffier, the King of France's Ambaſſador, the 24th inſtant:

"The peace concluded between the Sublime Porte and the Court of Ruſſia in 1187 (1774), was chiefly made for the repoſe and tranquility of their reſpective ſubjects; yet the Court of Ruſſia has not ceaſed to raiſe and maintain pretenſions capable of diſturbing the good harmony which that peace ought to procure: It has even proceeded ſo far as to ſeize on the Crimea, a proceeding directly oppoſite to the conditions agreed on to ſerve as a foundation of the Treaty of Cainardgik. It was ſtipulated in the inſtrument then given on both ſides, that there ſhould be no further diſcuſſion between the two Empires, and that they ſhould enjoy a perfect peace. It was ſpecified in the capitulations, that they ſhould avoid for the future all intrigue whatever, and all plots ſecret or public; yet the Court of Ruſſia has raiſed up Prince Heraclius, who was furniſhed with a diploma of inveſtiture as vaſſal of the Sublime Porte. Ruſſian troops have been placed in Teflis: they have declared themſelves Supreme over the ſaid Prince, and from that moment the diſorder in Georgia and our adjoining frontiers has been general. When we alledged that this proceeding was a formal infraction of the Treaties, it was maintained to the contrary. It was expreſly agreed on that the Oczakowians ſhould have the free and unlimited extraction of the ſaltpans, which always belonged to the inhabitants of that frontier; yet they have always met with a number of impediments, and experienced every ſort of ill-treatment from the Ruſſians; and when they reclaimed the execution of the Conventions, the Court of Ruſſia has conſtantly refuſed it. The Conſul of that Court has ſeduced the Waywode of Moldavia, who has the rank of a Prince; he favoured his flight, and when the Sublime Porte reclaimed him, the Ruſſian Envoy replied, his Court would not deliver him up; a refuſal directly oppoſite to the Treaties. The Ruſſian Court has ſhewn its bad deſigns by giving what turn it pleaſed to many ſimilar things. It has corrupted the ſubjects of the Sublime Porte, by eſtabliſhing Conſuls in Wallachia, Moldavia, in iſles and places where the preſence of thoſe officers were uſeleſs, and even prejudicial to the true believers. It has invited to its eſtates the ſubjects of the Sublime Porte, and employed them in its marine or other ſervices. It has eſpecially entered into the interior diſpoſition of our Adminiſtration, by ſoliciting either the recal or puniſhment of Governors, Judges, Vaſſals, and of all the Officers not in their intereſts, and even of the Pacha of Georgia and the Princes of Wallachia and Moldavia. Every one knows how generouſly the Porte behaved to the Ruſſian Merchants: they carried on their trade in the Ottoman States with ſafety and liberty, and might go where they choſe, for which reaſon we expected the ſame indulgencies for the ſubjects of the Sublime Porte. Such were our conventions when the Ruſſian Court wanted to monopolize all the commerce, and exacted a duty far greater from the ſubjects of the Sublime Porte than from other powers. When the ſubjects of the Sublime Porte wanted to recover their debts in the Ruſſian States, they met a thouſand obſtacles: not being able to

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go where they wanted, they were obliged to return without their due; many even have disappeared without our knowing what became of them. When the merchant veſſels of the Sublime Porte wanted either through ſtreſs of weather or want of water, or any other urgent neceſſity, to go on board a Ruſſian ſhip, the Ruſſians kept them off with their guns. They have likewiſe ſometimes fired on our veſſels from Soghoudgiak. The Court of Ruſſia wanted to introduce the article relating to Prince Heraclius amongſt other articles of a great deal leſs importance, and gave notice in a miniſterial manner, by its Envoy, to the Sublime Porte to furniſh a common inſtrument for all theſe objects; if not, it had ordered General Potemkin to march to our frontiers with 60 or 70,000 men, to exact the execution of all the articles, and that the Empreſs was to come there herſelf. This notice was an open and formal declaration of war. The order given to General Potemkin to repair to our frontiers, at the head of ſo many troops, is analogous to the proceedings of the Court of Ruſſia with regard to the uſurpation of the Crimea. If the Ruſſians remain maſter of it, the Porte cannot hope to remain in ſecurity for the future, and they will always have ſome bad deſigns to fear. Theſe conſiderations engaged the Porte to ſhew to the Ruſſian Envoy the deſire they had for the Crimea to be eſtabliſhed on its ancient footing, and to make a new treaty to cement friendſhip between the empires. The Envoy anſwered, he could not make theſe propoſitions to his Court, and that if he was to do it, he foreſaw no good could reſult from it. He rejected or eluded the articles which contained our complaints, and formally anſwered, that his Court would not renounce the Crimea. That for all theſe reaſons and others, either ſecret or public, which it is impoſſible to enumerate, the Sublime Porte is obliged to declare war; in conſequence of which he has publiſhed this Manifeſto to the reſpectable Court of France, to inform it of the reſolution ſhe has taken to go to war with Ruſſia. The Sublime Porte ſubmits the motives herein contained to the equity of her friends.

"The 11th of Z hade, the year 1201, (the 24th of Auguſt, 1787.)"

Hague, Sept. 26. The following is a letter from her Royal Highneſs the Princeſs of Orange to the reigning Duke of Brunſwick:

"SIR, *Nimeguen, Sept.* 15, 1787.

"The moment your Highneſs enters the province of Holland at the head of the body of troops the King, my brother, has entruſted to you, permit me to recommend again to you the intereſts of that nation, which is ſo dear to me, and to whoſe proſperity I ſhall always glory in contributing as much as in my power. I could not foreſee that ſo ſimple an intention as that of my going to the Hague would have had ſuch ſerious effects, and ſo entirely oppoſite to the ſalutary views which determined me to undertake that journey.

"I expected great obſtacles before I ſucceeded in my endeavours to reſtore peace and tranquility; but the only difficulty for which I was unprepared, becauſe it was the leaſt probable, was unfortunately that which deprived me of every means of attaining my end, by ſtopping my journey by violent means.

"But if the unheard-of proceeding uſed towards me in Holland, a proceeding the impreſſion of which has only been modified by my inward knowledge of not having merited it; if this proceeding, I ſay, has been diſapproved by all the Courts, and every man of honour and good-breeding, what muſt be thought of thoſe who compoſe the preſent plurality of the States of Holland, to ſee them miſconſtrue and ſacrifice the intereſts of their country to little perſonal views, and oblige the King to take a ſatisfaction they have obſtinately refuſed to his friendly exhortations.

"The King, by declaring he conſidered the offence as againſt himſelf, penetrated my heart with gratitude; but after the manner they dared to anſwer him, and the injuſtice which this pretended majority did not ceaſe committing, that Declaration would have raiſed my greateſt fears for that country which for twenty years I have conſidered as my own, and whoſe intereſts are inſeparable from thoſe of my houſe, if I had not been made eaſy by the Declaration of the States-General, that of the principal Members of the Aſſembly of the States of Holland, and of the greateſt part of the nation, as well as by the magnanimous ſentiments which characterize his Majeſty.

"The King could not give a ſtronger proof of thoſe ſentiments than by charging your Highneſs with the execution of his orders; and the ſentiments, Sir, you have deſired to ſhew towards me, and which your Highneſs has manifeſted in your Declaration to the States of Holland, do not permit me to doubt of the wiſdom and equity of your intentions; but your Highneſs muſt pardon me if I dare to implore your clemency toward that part of the inhabitants who are blinded and led aſtray by paſſion, and to aſſure you I ſhall conſider your behaviour towards them, and the protection you ſhew to the wiſe part of the nation, as ſo many favours done to myſelf. In the mean-time, I do ſolemnly declare here, that, perfectly agreeable to the moderate principle ſhewn by the Prince in his laſt Declaration,

I will

I will never profit from any circumſtances whatever to procure my family a greater authority than the conſtitution and true liberty of the Provinces grant it, and that for myſelf I ſhall always be ready to employ my good offices for the welfare of this country, and thoſe of my houſe, without fear of trouble or diſputes. I have no ambition for any influence, and I will only accept that which I owe to the confidence and friendſhip I may have merited. It is with theſe ſentiments and the warmeſt gratitude I ſhall all my life remain with the higheſt conſideration, Sir, your Serene Highneſs's moſt devoted Servant and Couſin, WILHELMINA."

Hague, Sept. 25. Their Noble and Great Mightineſſes the Lords States of Holland and Weſt-Friesland were aſſembled yeſterday and this day.

His Serene Highneſs aſſiſted at the Aſſembly of their High Mightineſſes, and was complimented there by a ſpeech pronounced by the Preſident, when the Count Welderen propoſed on the part of the province of Guelderland to congratulate his Serene Highneſs ſincerely on his happy return to the Aſſembly, and teſtified how much they were pleaſed to ſee his Highneſs re-eſtabliſhed in his noble dignities, and again enabled to aſſiſt in the re-eſtabliſhment of the diſordered affairs, and to ſupport every one in his lawful rights and privileges, beſeeching his Highneſs to employ his ſalutary cares for the general welfare, of which the province of Guelderland had always been aſſured and received the moſt ſtrikeng proofs.

Mr. Peter Van Bleiſwyk, Penſionary of Holland, repeated this compliment with his uſual eloquence, and conformed entirely to it.

Laſt Monday, when we had the honour to ſee the family of the illuſtrious Houſe of Orange and Naſſau, all the houſes and buildings were illuminated in as magnificent a manner as the ſhortneſs of the time would allow.

The German Jewiſh nation went the day before yeſterday, at five o'clock in the afternoon, to the Synagogue, which was illuminated, and the books of Moſes magnificently adorned, when, after the uſual prayer, eight of the Pſalms of David, viz. 9, 21, 35, 72, 117, 121, 124, and 125, were ſung; after which the Doctor made a very affecting prayer for the proſperity of the country in general, for all the ſupreme Colleges, the Regencies of the Republic, and their Royal and Serene Higheneſſes in particular. It is remarkable, that the Jewiſh nation, during all the unhappy troubles which have exiſted for ſo many years in our dear country, have ever behaved in the moſt exemplary manner.

Hague, Sept. 25. The States of Holland agreed on Saturday laſt, to write a letter to the Princeſs of Orange, inviting her to return to the Hague, and expreſſing their earneſt deſire to grant her Royal Highneſs ſatisfaction for the inſult offered her near Schoonhoven, in the manner demanded by his Pruſſian Majeſty. Her Royal Highneſs accordingly arrived here yeſterday from Utrecht, and was received with the moſt joyful acclamations of all ranks of people. The deputations of the ſeveral States, and of the principal departments, waited on her Highneſs immediately after her arrival, and every poſſible mark of diſtinction was ſhewn her.

The regiment of Dragoon Guards, and the ſecond battalion of the Swiſs Guards marched into the Hague on Sunday. The garriſon is now complete, and compoſed of the troops always quartered in this reſidence; and peace and good order begin to be happily re-eſtabliſhed.

The Duke of Brunſwick removed his head quarters on Saturday from Gouda to Alphen; and yeſterday, his advanced poſts moved forward as far as Amſtelween and Oud-korke, within four miles of Amſterdam. General Gaudi with his diviſion has attacked and taken Nieuwenſluys with 800 priſoners, 10 pieces of cannon, and 60 officers. *Gazette.*

Bruſſels, Sept. 25. Lord Torrington, Miniſter Plenipotentiary of his Britannic Majeſty at Bruſſels, having received from his Court diſpatches, to be communicated to the Government of the Auſtrian Pays Bas, and being in haſte to obey theſe orders, has addreſſed the following letter to his Excellency Count de Murray, Lieutenant-Governor and Captain-General *per interim*.

"The actual ſituation of affairs in the United Provinces, where the troubles have long ſince fixed the general attention of Europe, having ſtill become more critical by the recent and relative ſtate of politics in theſe provinces, and France having notified the reſolution of aiding with her forces that party in Holland who refuſe to give ſatisfaction to the juſt complaints and demands which his Pruſſian Majeſty has made for the inſult done to the Princeſs of Orange; my Court has ordered me to have the honour of informing the Government General of the Auſtrian Pays Bas, that his Britannic Majeſty cannot conſider the alliance between France and the whole Republic as a juſt and ſufficient reaſon to engage her to ſupport a party in an affair expreſly diſavowed by the majority of the States-General. His ſaid Britannic Majeſty has declared and often repeated, that it was impoſſible for him to ſuffer with indifference the armed interpoſi-

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tion of France in this affair; becauſe, in tolerating this armed interpoſition, there could not but reſult conſequences very dangerous, as well for the conſtitutions and independence of theſe provinces, as hurtful in many reſpects to the intereſt and ſafety of the States of his Britannic Majeſty.

"In conſequence of which, his Britannic Majeſty is neceſſitated to make the ſpeedieſt preparations for equipping a conſiderable naval armament, and for augmenting his land forces, to the end they may be in a ſtate and ready to act on any event.

"But that it will be his greateſt pleaſure to let his ſubjects, and all Europe, enjoy the felicity and bleſſings of peace, unleſs that the intereſt of his States force him to adopt a contrary conduct That in conſequence of theſe gracious diſpoſitions, and in order to avert the ſcourge of war, his Britannic Majeſty has renewed to his Miniſter at Paris, a repetition of theſe intentions, in caſe the Court of France are equally diſpoſed to engage themſelves to terminate amicably, and by equitable arrangements, the points of diſcuſſion which have impaired the ſtate of affairs of the Republic, and reduced it to the deplorable ſituation it is in at this day.

"I have the honour to be, with the moſt diſtinguiſhed conſideration, your Excellency's very humble, and very obedient ſervant,

Sept. 24, 1787. TORRINGTON."

Hague, Sept. 27. Extract from the regiſters of the Reſolutions of the Lords States-General of the United Provinces, Thurſday, Sept. 20, 1787.

"The Lords Deputies of the Province of Holland and Weſt-Frieſland have read in their Aſſembly the reſolution of the Lords States of the ſaid Province their conſtituents hereafter inſerted, viz.

"Having ſeriouſly conſidered the propoſition of the Lords of the Equeſtrian body and Nobles, touching the dangerous ſituation of this Province, and the abſolute neceſſity of preventing its farther ruin by ſpeedy and effectual methods to preſerve and ſave this place from the events which are juſtly feared, it has been thought proper and reſolved to annul the reſolution by which his Serene Highneſs the Prince Hereditary Stadtholder has been ſuſpended from the charge of Captain-General of this Province, and to reſtore to his Serene Highneſs the command of the garriſon of the Hague; to invite him to repair to the Hague immediately; in fine, to uſe with their Noble and Great Mightineſſes every means to preſerve the Province and re-eſtabliſh the tottering conſtitution, and to ſtifle thoſe ruinous diſſentions which have cauſed all the diſaſters, and in conſequence to ſend his Serene Highneſs the following letter, viz.

"*Illuſtrious Prince and Lord,*

"Having thought proper by our reſolution of this day to re-inſtate your Serene Highneſs in your charge of Captain-General of this Province, by annulling and abrogating our Reſolutions of ſuſpenſion, and every thing relative thereto, and particularly to reſtore to you the command of the garriſon of this our reſidence, we inform your Serene Highneſs of it as ſoon as poſſible, beſeeching you at the ſame time, on account of the critical ſtate of our province at preſent, to repair to the Hague, to act conjointly with us for the preſervation of the province, the re-eſtabliſhment of the tottering conſtitution, and to ſtifle the deſtructive diſſentions. With which, &c.

"Notice ſhall be given to the Chiefs of the Militia of our Province to reſpect his Serene Highneſs as Captain-General, and to obey and execute exactly his Orders and Patents, which he ſhall from time to time iſſue.

"That notice of the above be ſent to the Aſſembly of their High Mightineſſes.

"Their High Mightineſſes having deliberated thereon, thanked the ſaid Lord Deputies for the ſaid communication; and their High Mightineſſes teſtify their ſatisfaction touching the ſaid ſalutary reſolution, aſſuring them that their High Mightineſſes will contribute as much as they can to the re-eſtabliſhment of repoſe, union, and harmony amongſt the confederates."

Hague, Oct. 3. The two Deputies from the town of Amſterdam having arrived here, to make in the name of their city a particular apology, which ſeemed to have been arranged between the Deputies and the Duke of Brunſwick, at Leymuyden; her Royal Highneſs the Princeſs, not being ſatisfied therewith, ſent a note to them in which ſhe ſays:

"That ſhe deſires nothing leſs than the puniſhment of the inſults permitted againſt her.

"That ſhe is very much affected at the ſituation which the authors and inſtigators of thoſe inſults have reduced Amſterdam to.—And that ſhe deſires nothing more ardently than to ſee aſſured the means and reſolutions which will cauſe thoſe diſorders and acts of injuſtice to vaniſh, to re-eſtabliſh the conſtitutional regency, to provide for the public peace, and to render to the country its ancient welfare and proſperity. And that ſhe offers with pleaſure to engage the King her brother to deſiſt from every other point of ſatisfaction, and to withdraw his troops from before their town, as ſoon as the ſincerity of their profeſſions are confirmed by the town of Amſterdam, by acceding to the reſolutions which have hitherto been taken for the re-eſtabliſhment of affairs, and acting alſo in concert with the other members of the States of this province, to take ſuch other ſteps and

ſalutary reſolutions proper to fulfil the pure views and the deſigns of proſperity which ſhe propoſes to revive in the country.

"She nevertheleſs would have found much difficulty in coming hither on the invitation made by the States of Holland, if they had not joined the aſſurances that her Spouſe ſhould be re-eſtabliſhed in all: To this end, ſhe begged them not to think, that ſhe deſired to ſee the authors and inſtigators attacked, either in their honour, or in their goods, and much leſs expoſed to loſe their lives; but to prevent further ſuſpicion, they muſt be diſmiſſed from their ſtations, in which they had ſtill power to excite new troubles.

(Signed) WILHELMINA."

From the AMSTERDAM GAZETTE, *Oct.* 4.

All the negociations of our city, whether with the Duke of Brunſwick or at the Hague, have terminated in an *entire ſubmiſſion* to the Court of Pruſſia and to Her Royal Highneſs the Princeſs of Orange, as appears by the following placard:

"The Burgo maſters and Counſellors of the city of Amſterdam find themſelves obliged to declare to the worthy corps of Burghers, that they have always conſcientiouſly endeavoured to act conformably to the advantage of their dear country in general, and that of this city in particular—and that ſtill, in their preſent circumſtances, the good of this city, and that of its inhabitants, is dearer to them than their own lives, and the preſervation of their honours, their employments, and their property.

"The great and imminent danger in which they are involved, and the little time which with difficulty they have obtained to deliberate, not having permitted them to make fully known to the Burghers, all that has been tranſacted, to preſerve this good city from the dreadful miſchiefs that ſeem to impend, they have been obliged to *accede to the points which the other Members of the States of Holland have agreed to*; and to charge the Deputies of this city *to yield to every demand*, in caſe they cannot act otherwiſe—*even the diſmiſſion of the eſtabliſhed Regents*—rather than riſque greater damages to the town and its inhabitants, in addition to thoſe they have hitherto ſuffered; and after all, perhaps after having undergone theſe loſſes, to be obliged to ſubmit to demands ſtill more afflicting. They call God to witneſs, from whom nothing can be concealed, and the oath which they took on aſſuming the magiſtrature, that they have had no other view in conceding every thing, than the prevention of the certain and irreparable ruin of the city.

"Since they have been conſtrained to give up all, they will at leaſt endeavour, and they hope to be able to preſerve the moſt perfect tranquility and ſecurity in this very populous city; to the effecting of which they expect with confidence, that the brave Burghers, who hitherto have exerted themſelves with ſo much zeal for the preſervation of that tranquility, will continue to exerciſe the ſame efforts, and the ſame zeal, to maintain public quiet in the city, and to preſerve each individual, whoſoever it may be, from all manner of violence and oppreſſion.

Done the 3d of October, by me,

H. N. HASSELAER, *Sec.*"

Hague, Oct. 9. Accounts received from Amſterdam this evening mention all the outpoſts of that city being evacuated; that Muiden had ſurrendered; that the ſtrong poſts of Overtoom and Diemenbrok were in poſſeſſion of the Pruſſian troops; and that the Duke of Brunſwick had completely ſurrounded Amſterdam itſelf, on the land ſide, cloſe to the very walls.

The above accounts further add, that the lawful Magiſtrates had been recalled, and thoſe who had uſurped their charges depoſed; that meaſures were taking for diſarming the Free Corps; and that every thing promiſed a ſpeedy reſtoration of peace and tranquility. *Gaz. Amſterdam, Oct.* 11. On Tueſday laſt the Burgher-maſters received the following letter from his Highneſs the Duke of Brunſwick, dated Amſterdam, the 9th inſtant.

"In order to ſecure the requiſition of his Pruſſian Majeſty, and the honour of his arms, of being aſſured of the diſarming of the auxiliaries and free corps that ſhall be found in Amſterdam, I demand of the Burgher-maſters, and Council of the city, for my entire ſatisfaction of the legal mode of their being diſarmed, that the Leyden Port, or Gate, be delivered to his Majeſty's troops that ſhall appear there to-morrow at noon; and I pledge myſelf that no one ſhall come into the city; that the ſtricteſt diſcipline ſhall be obſerved; and that the troops ſhall ſtay no longer after the reſolution of the States, with reſpect to their being diſarmed, ſhall have been put in execution. You ſee, Gentlemen, I aſk no more than what the States require, and what other cities, ſuch as Dordrecht and Rotterdam, deſired of me.

"C. G. F. D. of BRUNSWICK."

In conſequence of the above, on Wedneſday morning a deputation of two Burgher-maſters, and two of the Council, waited on his Highneſs, who was near the Leyden Port, or Gate, in order to ſettle every thing relative to the preſent circumſtances.

Hague, Oct. 12. Her Royal Highneſs delivered, on Saturday laſt, her complaint in writing to the Commiſſioners of their Noble Mightineſſes; which conſiſts in declaring, that ſhe did not require any corporal puniſh-

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ment againſt the authors and abettors of the inſult offered to her, but only that they be diſmiſſed from all their employs. And upon the enquiry made by the Commiſſioners of their Noble Mightineſſes, who were the authors, her Highneſs mentioned the following gentlemen:

M. Daniel Jacobus Canter, Chamberlain of the Council of the city of Haarlem.

M. Franciſcus Gualtherus Blok, Magiſtrate of the city of Leyden.

M. Jan De Witt, Magiſtrate of the city of Amſterdam.

M. Martinus Van Toulon, of the Council of the city of Gouda.

M. Cornelis Van Forceſt, Lord of Schoorl and Camp, of the Council of the city of Alkmaar.

M. A. Coſterus, Secretary at Woerden.

M. Cornelis Johan Dedange, Lord of the manors of Wyngaarden and Ruigbroeke, of the Council of the city of Gouda.

M. Cornelis De Gyzelaar, Penſioner of the city of Dordrecht.

M. Adriaan Van Zeeberg, and M. Pieter Leonard Van de Kaſteele, Penſionaries of the city of Haarlem.

M. Engelbert Francois Van Berckell, and M. Carel Wouter Viſcher, Penſionaries of the city of Amſterdam.

M. Ludovicus Timon de Kempenaar, of the Council of the city of Alkmaar; together with thoſe of the Defenſie Wezen, of the city of Amſterdam.

Adriaan Pompejus Van Leyden, Lord of Hardinxvelt.

M. Balthazar Elias Abbema.

Lodewyk Hovy de Jonge.

M. John Bernard Bicker.

And their Noble Mightineſſes with moſt of the cities, reſolved to give this ſatisfaction; meanwhile Amſterdam was to explain on Thurſday, and ſome of the cities concurred upon the approbation of their principals; ſo that this matter is as good as concluded.

A Letter from Berlin, dated Oct. 10, ſays, "A terrible fire has reduced to aſhes the city of Ruppin, ſituated in the Marche of Brandenburgh, about eight or nine leagues from Berlin. There are not above 240 houſes ſtanding; more than 600 have been burnt, as well as three churches, the Town Houſe, and the building belonging to Prince Ferdinand of Pruſſia, the Royal Magazine, where there was a quantity of cloathing ready to be delivered to the troops; &c. The fire laſted twelve hours. They eſtimate the loſs at many millions.

Hague, Oct. 11. On the 20th ult. the Prince of Orange publiſhed a declaration on the happy revolution of affairs, exhorting the inhabitants to demean themſelves peaceably and orderly; and not on any account to moleſt the perſons or habitations of any, on pain of his higheſt diſpleaſure.

Paris, Oct. 11. The 21ſt ult. the firſt Preſident of the Parliament of Paris thanked his Majeſty for having withdrawn the edict concerning the ſtamp-duty, and the land-tax bills, in the following words:—"Sire, your Majeſty has given to the nation a very manifeſt proof of your equity and juſtice. The worthy heir of Charles the Vth's ſceptre and virtues, you will be numbered, Sire, amongſt the wiſeſt of our Monarchs. Your Parliament, earneſt to concur in your Majeſty's beneficent views, and thoroughly ſenſible of the affectionate expreſſions you deigned to make uſe of in your edict, that no means ſhall be left unemployed to relieve the people and render them happy, have ordered the edict to be regiſtered, and appointed me to preſent to the Throne the homage of public thanks, with aſſurances of the profoundeſt reſpect, and unalterable fidelity to your Majeſty."

His Majeſty moſt graciouſly anſwered—"I am ſatisfied with the ſincere marks of fidelity and obedience I have juſt now received from my Parliament. I am confident that they will always concur in my ſalutary views for the happineſs of my ſubjects, and deſerve the truſt I have placed in them."

A letter from Paris ſince ſays, "The letters patent which recal the parliament here are publiſhed, and all the members are upon their return."

Hague, Oct. 12. On the 19th ult. in the morning, his Serene Highneſs the Duke of Brunſwick made his diſpoſitions for bombarding the town of Amſterdam; but a deputation, in the interval, waited on his Serene Highneſs, intreating him to name the conditions to which he wiſhed the city to ſubſcribe; which being ſignified to them, the following capitulation was ſigned the next day at noon, and the ſame evening his Serene Highneſs took poſſeſſion of the principal gate of the city.

1. A detachment of the king's troops, conſiſting of 150 men, 10 chaiſeurs, and 4 orderly huſſars, ſhall occupy the Leyden Gate; and two pieces of artillery ſhall be placed within cannon-ſhot of that gate.—2. Two battalions of chaſſeurs ſhall be poſted at Overtoom.—3. In order to avoid giving occaſion for any diſturbances, none of the king's troops ſhall enter the city without the previous concurrence of the magiſtrate.—4. The Burgo-maſters and City Council ſhall take the moſt effectual meaſures for ſecuring the Sluices at the Haarlem and Muyden Gates.—5. Legal Information ſhall be given daily to his Serene Highneſs of the progreſs made in carrying into execution the Reſolutions of the State, to which the town of Amſterdam has

already acceded.—6. Monſ. de Haaren, the Pruſſian Commiſſary, ſhall be informed of every thing relative to the diſarming, in order to report an exact account of it.

Done at Overtoom the 10th of October, 1787. (Signed)

DEDEL, B.
CHARLES W. F. ELIAS ARNOLDZ.
Duke of Brunſwick. BEIKER. *Gazette.*

MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

SEPTEMBER 28.

AN unhappy, and perhaps unparalleled, accident happened lately at Paris:—A child of five years of age hanged his brother, who was not quite two years and an half old. On his being reprehended, he anſwered coolly—"I did not hurt him; my brother did not cry; I only did what I ſaw Punch do two or three times."—He had been often to ſee a puppet-ſhew.

A proclamation has been iſſued by the Emperor, by which the preliminary articles are given up, and the Provinces of the Auſtrian Netherlands re-eſtabliſhed in all their ancient privileges.

29. The Seſſion ended at the Old Bailey, when 19 convicts received judgment of death; 83 were ſentenced to be tranſported; 11 to be impriſoned and kept to hard labour in the houſe of correction; 3 to be impriſoned in Newgate; 7 to be whipped and diſcharged; and 42 were diſcharged by proclamation.

A Common-Hall was held at Guildhall for the election of a Lord Mayor for the year enſuing, when Alderman Burnell was choſen without oppoſition.

Mr. Arnott, ſilk-mercer, in Cornhill, having lately miſſed ſeveral pieces of ſilk, his wife (woman like) went to a conjurer, in order, by help of *magic art*, to diſcover the thief. The prudent conjurer promiſed an anſwer in two days; mean while he made enquiries behind St. Clement's church, and found the ſilk at one of the piece-brokers, which had been brought there and ſold by a young lady; which young lady has proved to be the intimate friend of Mr. and Mrs. Arnott. She was taken into cuſtody, and examined laſt week at Bow-ſtreet; but from motives of humanity, we underſtand will not be proſecuted.

OCTOBER 1. A melancholy accident happened in the houſe of the Marquis of Lanſdown, in Berkeley-ſquare. Mr. Mathews, a gentleman advanced in years, who has been for ſome time librarian to that nobleman, coming down ſtairs about eleven o'clock, was ſeized as it is ſuppoſed with a ſudden fit of giddineſs, and fell over the bannitters of a well ſtair-caſe. He unfortunately pitched on his head, and was killed on the ſpot.

Admiralty Office, Oct. 3. The King has ſignified his pleaſure to the Lords Commiſſioners of the Admiralty, that the uniforms of the Flag-officers of his Majeſty's fleet ſhall hereafter be as follows.

Full dreſs. Admirals. A blue cloth coat, laced with gold lace, and loops of ditto, on both ſides regular; three on the flap; ſtand-up collar, with two laces; white cloth cuffs, with three laces; white ſilk lining; gilt buttons, with a ſmall anchor in the center, encircled with a laurel;—white cloth waiſtcoat, plain, three buttons to the flap;—white cloth breeches.

Vice-Admirals. The ſame, with only two laces to the cuffs.

Rear-Admirals. Ditto, with only one lace to the cuffs.

Undreſs. Admirals. A blue cloth coat, with blue lappels, cuffs, and collar; embroidered button-holes, like thoſe now in uſe, regular in the lappel; three to the flap, three on the cuff, and three behind; buttons as above;—white cloth waiſtcoat and breeches plain.

Vice-Admirals. Ditto, with button-holes three and three.

Rear-Admirals. Ditto, with button-holes two and two.

Commodores having Captains under them, the firſt Captain to the Admiral of the fleet, and firſt Captains to Admirals commanding ſquadrons of 20 ſail of the line or more, ſhall be diſtinguiſhed by wearing the ſame frock uniform as Rear-Admirals.

Flag-Officers who are provided with the uniforms in preſent uſe, are permitted to wear the ſame for one year.

5. The following ſhips were put into commiſſion:

Ships.	*Guns.*	*Captains.*
Barfleur	98	Knight
Cumberland	74	M'Bride
Bellona	74	Bowyer
Alcide	74	Caldwell
Robuſt	74	Cornwallis
Perſeverance	36	Young
La Nymph	36	Bertie
Phœnix	36	Paine.

6. At the drawing-room the Neapolitan Ambaſſador introduced ſix gentlemen who brought over the rich preſent for the Queen from the King of Naples.—It conſiſts of a complete ſet of diſhes and plates, on which are painted the hiſtory of the Tuſcan war; and

and the ſtory of Phaeton; and every piece is a different repreſentation. Theſe are accompanied by a number of emblematical figures, about 18 inches high, with about eight chariots and 16 horſes beautifully imagined—a pyramid in the middle repreſents the Muſes with their cymbals. Salts, &c. in the antique ſtyle, and covers of different ſorts, both for the table, ſideboard and deſert, done after the Roman manner. The images are all of a beautiful white, and the countenance of each finely expreſſed. This royal preſent was in return for ſeveral pieces of remarkable fine braſs cannon, preſented long ſince by his Majeſty to the King of Naples, and which are mounted on a favourite frigate, on board of which the King paſſes much of his time.

By a Proclamation in this night's Gazette, the Parliament is further prorogued to the 15th of November next.

Whitehall, Oct. 9. This morning one of his Majeſty's meſſengers, diſpatched by the Right Hon. William Eden, his Majeſty's Envoy Extraordinary, and Miniſter Plenipotentiary at the Court of France, arrived at the office of the Marquis of Carmarthen, his Majeſty's Principal Secretary of State for foreign affairs, with the Moſt Chriſtian King's Ratification of the Convention, ſigned the 31ſt of Auguſt laſt, for explaining the extent and meaning of the thirteenth article of the laſt definitive treaty of peace, which was exchanged with Mr. Eden againſt his Majeſty's ratification, on the 28th of September laſt, at Verſailles, by his Moſt Chriſtian Majeſty's Plenipotentiary.

11. The Court-martial, held for the trial of Major John Browne, of the 67th regiment, gave their ſentence, in ſubſtance as follows:—

"That Major John Browne is guilty of a contempt of the Court-martial held in Antigua in 1786, on the trial of Capt. Robert Hedges of the 67th, in diſclaiming and refuſing to pay obedience to their authority; but they acquit him of any other contempt or diſreſpect.

"That Major John Browne has, in his narrative, arraigned the conduct of the ſaid Court-martial in a degree not ſupported by evidence: but they acquit him of having acted ſcandalouſly, or in a manner unbecoming an officer and a gentleman.

"And that having regard to the very long period of his arreſt, during which Major Browne has neceſſarily been ſuſpended from his duty and command, the Court are of opinion, and doth by their adjudication declare, that the puniſhment thereby ſuſtained is fully adequate to the crimes of which he has been found guilty."

"With reſpect to the charge preferred by Capt. Hedges againſt Major Browne, 'of cruelty or oppreſſion, as commanding officer of the 67th regiment, towards Thomas Edwards, a private ſoldier,' the Court acquit Major Browne of the charge of Cruelty; but are of opinion he is guilty of Oppreſſion towards the ſaid Thomas Edwards, by ſubjecting him, without trial, to a puniſhment of diſgrace and ignominy, during a period of three hundred and nine days:—and do adjudge, that the ſaid Major Browne be ſuſpended from pay and duty, during a like period of three hundred and nine days:—and do humbly recommend, that his Majeſty will be pleaſed to direct, that out of the ſtoppages of the Major's pay, 40l. be paid to the ſaid Thomas Edwards, as a ſatisfaction for the grievance he has ſuſtained."

In reſpect to Capt. Hedges, the Court declare their opinion, that in preferring his accuſation of cruelty againſt Major Browne, he had ſome object in view leſs worthy than that of obtaining redreſs for an aggrieved ſoldier.

At the concluſion of delivering the ſentence, was read, his Majeſty's injunction againſt any officer's taking private ſatisfaction.

Lieut. Urquhart, one of the members of the Antigua Court-martial, and Capt. Hedges, have (it is ſaid) received advice from the War Office, that his Majeſty has no further occaſion for their ſervices.

At the General Quarter Seſſions for the Tower of London, the ſeveral appeals of Meſſrs. Palmer, Hamilton, Gaudry, and Delpini, againſt the convictions of Juſtice Staples, adjudging them rogues and vagabonds, were heard, when the Court unanimouſly quaſhed all the convictions.

12. At a Court of Common Council holden in Guildhall, it was reſolved and ordered,—That the ſum of forty ſhillings for every able ſeaman, and twenty ſhillings for every ordinary ſeaman, over and above the bounty granted by his Majeſty, be given by and during the pleaſure of this Court, and not exceeding one month, (to commence on the day which the Lords of the Admiralty ſhall point out by letter to the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor) to every ſuch ſeaman that ſhall enter at the Guildhall, into the ſervice of his Majeſty's navy.

The Lord Mayor informed the Court, that he waited on Lord Howe at the Admiralty, on the 9th, at eleven o'clock, and was received with the greateſt politeneſs; that in a ſhort time the Lord Chancellor and Mr. Pitt came, who much preſſed his Lordſhip to ſign the preſs-warants, ſtating the neceſſity of the times. But his Lordſhip declared, that he could not, conſiſtent with his own feelings, do ſuch an act until the legality of them

them was determined—refuſed; at the ſame time aſſuring their Lordſhips, that he would uſe every conſtitutional means to obtain men, and give Government every ſupport in his power. That he had iſſued his precepts to take into cuſtody all ſuſpicious and diſorderly perſons, and if their Lordſhips would do him the honour to give him any information of ſeamen, fit objects for the ſervice, in his juriſdiction, they might depend on his attention.

The Thanks of the Court were voted to the Lord Mayor.

13. The King has lately cauſed it to be made known to the nobility and gentry of all the royal houſeholds, that it would be expected they ſhould diſpenſe with all Sunday evening concerts and entertainments of every kind the enſuing winter, as every thing of that ſort will be diſcountenanced by his Majeſty.

PLAYS at BLENHEIM.

19. This evening the ſuperb new Theatre at Blenheim was opened with the comedy of *Falſe Delicacy*, and *Who's the Dupe?* The Dramatis Perſonæ were Ladies Caroline, Elizabeth, and Charlotte Spencer, and Miſs Poſhall; Lords Charles and Henry Spencer, Lord William Ruſſel, the Hon. Mr. Edgcumbe, and Mr. Spencer.——Lady Elizabeth Spencer performed Lady Betty Lambton.—Miſs Marchmont was ſupported by Lady Caroline Spencer.—Miſs Rivers was perſonated by Lady Charlotte Spencer, who that very day entered her 19th year;—and Mrs. Harley by Miſs Peſhall.

Among the Gentlemen, Lord Henry Spencer was diſtinguiſhed in Cecil.—Lord William Ruſſel performed Sydney; and the theatrical powers of Mr. Edgcumbe were called into action in Sir Harry Newburg.—Lord Charles Spencer repreſented Colonel Rivers; and his ſon Mr. Spencer was Lord Winworth.

In the entertainment, Lord Henry Spencer ſupported the character of Dolley, and Lord William Ruſſel, Gradus. Lady Charlotte Spencer retained her chriſtian name; and in the courſe of her part ſung an Italian air.

20. Advices from America inform, that the rebellion in the State of Maſſachuſett's Bay is by no means extinguiſhed, but that the inſurgents are daily receiving additional ſtrength by the junction of a number of diſaffected perſons belonging to the neighbouring States. Several towns in Vermont, which lie near the line of Maſſachuſett's Bay, offered an aſylum and protection to the rebels, who have aſſembled there in large bodies, and threaten to burn and deſtroy the property of the friends to government, as ſoon as they are in ſufficient force to take the field.

21. The Treaſury Board have ſtolen a march upon the contractors in the ſupply of rum for the preſent equipments. Notice was given to receive propoſals for the ſupply of 50,000 gallons, and when the merchants attended, the ten loweſt offers were ſeparately accepted, by which means 500,000 gallons have been procured at the rate of 50,000; whereas if ſo large a conſumption had been known to the contractors, the price would immediately have been raiſed to an extreme degree.

22. Three ſhocks of an earthquake have been felt at Martinique, by which ſeveral houſes at St. Pierre were levelled with the ground. The ſpot called Morne-Vaulain hath ſuddenly diſappeared, and left a chaſm ſix hundred fathoms in length, from whence flames are ſaid to iſſue from time to time.

25. The four regiments to be added to the eſtabliſhment, and which are to be commanded by Sir Archibald Campbell, General Abercrombie, Colonel Muſgrave, and General Marſh, are deſtined for India, where they are to remain. The meaſure is not adopted in conſequence of the impending war, but of the recommendation of Earl Cornwallis, who wrote home that he thought there was not a ſufficient proportion of European troops to the Seapoys. Theſe regiments are accordingly to be added to the eſtabliſhment, and they are to be raiſed in the following manner: The India Company are to give three guineas of bounty money to each recruit, and the officers are to provide their quotas at what further ſum they can, and where they pleaſe.

St. James's, Oct. 27. Thurſday laſt being the anniverſary of the King's Acceſſion to the throne, when his Majeſty entered into the 28th year of his reign, there was a very numerous and ſplendid appearance of the nobility, foreign Miniſters, and other perſons of diſtinction, to compliment his Majeſty upon the occaſion. At one o'clock the guns in the Park and at the Tower were fired; and in the evening there were illuminations, and other public demonſtrations of joy, in London and Weſtminſter.

27. The Seſſion ended at the Old Bailey, when Mr Recorder paſſed judgment of death on 6 capital convicts; 41 were ſentenced to be tranſported; 3 ordered to be kept to hard labour in the houſe of correction; 4 to be impriſoned in Newgate; 3 to be whipped, and 18 diſcharged by proclamation.

The following noble ſpecimen of patriotic zeal has not been lately equalled: the Right Hon. Lady Willoughby is the patroneſs of a ball at Aſford, for the encouragement of the Lincolnſhire ſtuff-manufactory, where all ſuch ladies are invited as ſhall be willing to appear in a gown and petticoat made of wool grown, ſpun, woven, dyed, and finiſhed in Lincolnſhire. This ball is ſupported by ſubſcription, and conducted by a committee.

COUNTRY

COUNTRY-NEWS.

Canterbury, Sept. 27.

THIS afternoon at four o'clock, Powell, the celebrated walker, commenced his journey from Canterbury to London bridge, for a wager of 25 guineas. He was to come from Canterbury and return within 24 hours. He reached the Bridge at half paſt two on Friday morning, and was again at Canterbury juſt ten minutes before four in the afternoon. The ground is 112 miles; in coming he was ten hours and a half; in returning thirteen hours and twenty minutes; ſo that he ſaved his diſtance only by ten minutes. Powell is 53 years old.

At the Quarter-ſeſſions at Durham, Matthew Smith of Harrington, was convicted of ſtealing a ſack or poke of clover. This trial laſted four hours, when the Bench, which was much crouded, ſentenced him to be confined to hard labour for ſix months in the houſe of correction. The following lines have ſince appeared:

BEAT hemp, honeſt Matt, and maintain it a joke,
Let them rail, it will quickly be over;
Much better than buying a pig in a poke
Are the comforts of living in clover.

You ſee yourſelf ſnug in a well-furniſh'd houſe,
Lodg'd gratis as long as you ſtay,
Provided with work, and ſave many a ſous,
For you've never a turnpike * to pay.

A letter from York, dated Oct. 12, ſays, "His Royal Highneſs the Duke of York arrived at his domain at Allerton-Mauleverer on Sunday evening; and on Tueſday morning was waited upon by the Sheriffs of this city, who were deputed by the Lord-Mayor and Corporation to congratulate his Royal Highneſs, in their name, on his arrival; and ſolicit of his Royal Highneſs the honour of enrolling his name among the free citizens."

York, Oct. 19. Monday laſt his Royal Highneſs the Duke of York gave an entertainment at Allerton-Park to his tenants, their families, and in ſhort the whole neighbourhood, in the true ſtyle of ancient Engliſh hoſpitality. Several thouſand perſons were aſſembled. An ox was roaſted whole, and plenty of ale provided for the populace. It appeared to be his Royal Highneſs's intention that nothing ſhould be wanting that could promote the hilarity and feſtivity of the day. There were races and other diverſions in the park till the evening; when the company withdrew into the Hall, and ſat down to an elegant repaſt:—Soon after which dancing commenced, when his Royal Highneſs opened the Ball, went down ſeveral country dances with different young ladies, and honoured the Ball-room with his preſence the greateſt part of the night.—The company broke up about four on Tueſday morning.

Doncaſter, Oct. 20. Thurſday laſt, about three o'clock, his Royal Highneſs the Prince of Wales paſſed through this town, on a viſit to his Royal Highneſs the Duke of York, at Allerton. His Royal Highneſs was attended in his carriage by Colonel Lake and Major Hanger, and (owing to an accident of a horſe in his carriage falling dead juſt before he entered the town) did not ſtop, but ordered the drivers to paſs ſlowly through the town, in order, as we ſuppoſe, that the concourſe of people aſſembled on this occaſion, might have an opportunity of ſeeing his Royal Highneſs.—The bells had been ringing a conſiderable time.

York, Oct. 23. This evening his Royal Highneſs the Prince of Wales arrived at Allerton, the ſeat of his brother the Duke of York. On Friday the Royal Brothers took the diverſion of hawking, ſhooting, and courſing together, in and about Allerton-Park.—On Saturday they honoured Colonel Thornton with their company to breakfaſt at Thornville, where ſeveral of the neighbouring gentry, who had been invited on the occaſion, had an opportunity of ſeeing and partaking of that condeſcenſion, affability, and good humour for which their Royal Highneſſes are ſo remarkably diſtinguiſhable. Their Royal Highneſſes afterwards took the diverſion of foxhunting, and entered into the amuſement with all the warmth of determined ſportſmen. Yeſterday they returned to London.

PREFERMENTS, OCTOBER 1787.

ADMIRALTY-OFFICE, Sept. 24.

THIS day, in purſuance of the King's pleaſure, the following Flag Officers were promoted, viz.

John Montague, Eſq. Richard Lord Viſcount Howe, and Hugh Pigot, Eſq. Admirals of the Blue, to be Admirals of the White.

Right Honourable Molyneux Lord Shuldham, John Vaughan, Eſq. Vice Admirals of the Red,——John Reynolds, Eſq. Sir Hugh Palliſer, Bart. Matthew Barton, Eſq. Sir Peter Parker, Bart. Honourable Samuel Barrington, Vice Admirals of the White,——to be Admirals of the Blue.

Mariot Arbuthnot, Robert Roddam, George Darby, and John Campbell, Eſqrs. Vice Admirals of the White,—James Gambier, William Lloyd, and Francis William Drake, Eſqrs. Vice Admirals of the Blue,——to be Vice Admirals of the Red.

Sir Edward Hughes, K. B. John Evans, Eſq. Mark Milbank, Eſq. Vice Admirals

* This worthy gentleman, who poſſeſſes an eſtate of about 1500l. a year, has a diſlike to the interruption of a turnpike, for which he ſome time ago paid the penalty of the Law.

of the Blue.—Nicholas Vincent, Esq. Sir Edward Vernon, Knt. Sir Joshua Rowley, Bart Richard Edwards, Esq. Rear Admirals of the Red,——to be Vice Admirals of the White.

Thomas Graves, Esq. Robert Digby, Esq. Sir John Lockhart Ross, Rear Admirals of the Red,—Benjamin Marlow, Esq. Alexander Hood, Esq. Rear Admirals of the White ——Sir Chaloner Ogle, Knt. Right Honourable Samuel Lord Hood, Rear Admirals of the Blue,—to be Vice Admirals of the Blue.

Sir Richard Hughes Bart. Sir Francis Samuel Drake, Bart. Sir Edmund Affleck, Bart. Rear Admirals of the Blue, to be Rear Admirals of the Red.

And the following Captains were alſo appointed Flag Officers of his Majeſty's fleet, viz.

John Elliot, Eſq. William Hotham, Eſq. Sir John Lindſay, K. B.—to be Rear Admirals of the Red.

Joſeph Peyton, Eſq. John Carter Allen, Eſq. Sir Charles Middleton, Bart. John Dalrymple, Eſq. Herbert Sawyer, Eſq. Sir Rd. King, Knt. Jonathan Faulkener, eſq. ——to be Rear Admirals of the White.

Philip Affleck, Eſq. Sir Richard Bickerton, Bart. Honourable John Leveſon Gower, Sir John Jervis, K. B. Adam Duncan, Eſq. Sir Charles Douglas, Bart.—to be Rear Admirals of the Blue.

War-Office, Sept. 28. His Majeſty has been pleaſed to appoint Major Generals Spencer Cowper, William Wynyard, Edward Mathew, Richard Burton Phillipſon, Francis Smith, James Pattiſon, John Douglas, Honourable Alexander Leſlie, Samuel Cleaveland Honourable Henry St. John, Sir William Erſkine, John Campbell, and Sir George Osborn, Bart.——to be Lieutenant Generals.

As likewiſe Colonels Thomas Earl of Lincoln, John Campbell, John Leland, James Hamilton, John Stratton, Allan Campbell, James Kooke, Samuel Birch, Charles Crosbie, John Martin, Winter Blathwayte, John Earl of Suffolk, Ralph Abercrombie, Honourable Ciepel Norton, Alexander Reyby, and John Gunning,—— to be Major Generals.

John Fraſer, Eſq. to be Commiſſary of the Commiſſariot of Sutherland.

Edward Morgan, eſq. Barriſter at Law, to be Recorder of Brecon.

The Reverend Mr. Longmire of Linton, and formerly Fellow of St. Peter's College, in the University of Cambridge, to be Maſter of that Society, vice the late Biſhop of Carliſle.

Whitehall, Sept. 29. The King has been pleaſed to order a Congé d'Elire to paſs the Great Seal, empowering the Dean and Chapter of Carliſle to elect a Biſhop of that See, void by the death of Doctor Edmund Law; and to recommend the Reverend John Douglas, D. D. Canon Reſidentiary of St. Paul's, and one of his Majeſty's Chaplains in Ordinary, to be by them elected Biſhop of the ſaid ſee.

War-Office, October 6. 60th regiment of foot, 3d battalion, Major General William Rowley; ditto, 4th battalion, Major General William Gordon to be Colonels Commandant.

3d regiment of foot, Major John Joiner Ellis; 2d battalion of Royals, Captain William Cunninghame; 2d regiment, James Ackland; 4th Regiment, Thomas Stanley; 6th regiment, John Henry Campbell; 7th regiment, William Fitch; 8th regiment, George Munro; 10th regiment, Jeremy Lifter; 11th regiment, Matt. Jenour; 12th regiment, Thomas Pigon; 14th regiment, George Hanbury; 17th regiment, Bulſtrode Whitelock; 18th regiment, Henry Tucker Montreſor; 19th regiment, William Gordon; 22d regiment, John Dumareſque; 3d regiment, Thomas Saumarez; 25th regiment, David Ogilvie; 26th regiment, C. B. Mackenzie; 29th regiment, Alexander Adolphus Dalley; 30th regiment, William Hartley; 31ſt regiment, G. Rutherford; 32d regiment, Paul Colville Caſtlemain; 33d regiment, Robert Crawfurd; 34th regiment, Cuthell Mercier; 35th regiment, George Hallam; 37th regiment, Thomas Digby; 38th regiment, William Braban; 39th regiment, Coote Manningham; 40th regiment, John Edwards; 42d regiment, Adam Gordon; 43d regiment, James Bulkeley; 44th regiment, William Wynyard; 45th regiment, James Robertſon; 50th regiment, M. H. Dickens; 53d regiment, William Cullen; 54th regiment, Thomas Frederick; 55th regiment, Robert Deighton; 56th regiment, Thomas Stribling; 57th regiment, James Fenwicke; 59th regiment, Honourable George Frederick Fitzroy; 63th regiment, John Foſter Hill; 66th regiment, Honourable Charles Fitzroy; 67th regiment, John Elphinſtone; 68th regiment, Thomas Merrick,——to be Captains of companies.

Corps of Royal Engineers. Lieutenant Colonel Thomas Balfet to be Colonel, vice Harry Gordon, deceaſed; and Captain Alexander Mercer to be Lieutenant Colonel.

Charles Henry Fraſer, Eſq. appointed his Majeſty's Secretary of Legation at the Court of Peterſburgh; and Mark Gregory, Eſq. to be Britiſh Conſul at Malaga.

John Cayley, Eſq. appointed his Majeſty's Conſul General in the dominions of the Empreſs of Ruſſia, in the room of Walter Sharp, Eſq. deceaſed.

Sir George Baker, Bart. to be Preſident of the College of Phyſicians.

The Reverend William Lloyd to be Preacher

Preacher at the Charter Houſe, in the room of Doctor Sainſbury, deceaſed.

Mrs. Sparry, who was Governeſs to Lady Chatham's children, to be Keeper of the Levee Rooms at St. James's.

War-Office, October 20. Major General Sir Archibald Campbell, Colonel Robert Abercrombie, from 37th, Colonel Thomas Muſgrave, from 40th, and Colonel James Marſh from 43d, to be Colonels of regiments.

Lieutenant Colonel Gordon Forbes, from late 102d regiment, Lieutenant Colonel George Harris, from 5th regiment, Lieutenant Colonel James Balfour, from late 99th regiment, 5th regiment, Lieutenant Colonel Henry Fitzgerald, from late 85th regiment, 60th regiment, Colonel Archibald M'Arthur, from half pay of the ſame regiment, Lieut. Colonel Peter Hunter, from firſt battalion of ſame regiment, 37th regiment, Major Frederick Mackenzie, 40th regiment, Major Stephen Bromfield, and 43d regiment, Major George Hewitt, to be Lieutenant Colonels.

23d regiment, Brevet Major Boleyn Douglas, 40th regiment, Brevet Major John C. Adlam, 43d regiment, Brevet Major Duncan Cameron, 60th regiment, Major John Adolphus Harris, from 84th regiment, Major William Gooday Strutt, from half pay of the 60th regiment, and Captain Geo. Hart, to be Majors.

37th regiment, Captain Lieutenant John Wilbar Cook, 40th regiment, Captain Lieutenant Wald. Pelh. Clay, 43d regiment, Enſign Lord Charles Fitzroy, 55th regiment, Captain Lieutenant Ralph Gledſtanes, 60th regiment, Captains Frederick Diemar, George Schneider, Frederick de Montrond, Charles Curzon, J. James Ecuyier, Samuel de Viſmes, Captains Lieutenants Richard Maſſey Hanſard, Thomas Walker, Brevet Captain And. Phil. Skene, Lieutenants William Lachenwitz, James Wakeley, and William Martin, to be Captains of companies.

Alſo ſeveral other promotions of inferior rank.

23. Samuel Wallis, eſq. to be one of the Commiſſioners in quality of a principal Officer of his Majeſty's Navy.

26. The honour of Knighthood on Paul Jodrell, Doctor of Phyſic.

27. The dignity of a Marquis of the kingdom of Great Britain to the Right Hon. George Lord Viſcount Townſhend, and the heirs male of his body lawfully begotten, by the name, ſtile, and title of Marquis Townſhend of Raynham, in Norfolk.

Samuel Marſhall, Eſq. to be one of the Commiſſioners for victualling his Majeſty's Navy, vice James Kirk, Eſq.

John Daniell, Eſq. to be Comptroller of his Majeſty's ſalt duties, vice George Hall, Eſq. deceaſed.

MARRIAGES, OCTOBER 1787.

THE Reverend John Batteridge Pearſon, Vicar of Croxall in Derbyſhire, to Miſs Falconer, eldeſt daughter of the Reverend Doctor Falconer, of Litchfield.

Captain Griffiths, of Briſtol, to Miſs Mary Hare.

Mr. Woodbridge, jun. of St. Dunſtan's, Merchant, to Miſs Collins, only daughter of Edward Collins, Eſq. of Richmond.

Mr. Richard Simpſon, of the Accompt-ant-General's Office, Cuſtom Houſe, to Miſs Mary Holland.

Mr. Lewis Wulliamy, Sugar Refiner, of Leman Street, to Miſs Lucy Frances Lucadou, of Old Broad Street.

At Laugharne in Carmarthenſhire, Howell Price, Eſq. to the Right Honourable Lady Aylmer.

Samuel Denton, Eſq. Navy Agent, to Miſs Arabella Parker, of Retford.

Henry J. A. Croſdale, Eſq. Lieutenant of the Yeomen of the Guards, to Miſs Sleorgan, grand-daughter of J. Gould, Eſq. at the Red Houſe, near Ipſwich.

Mr. Pulham, Under Sheriff for Suffolk, to Miſs Amiſs, of Woodbridge.

Archibald Fraſer, Eſq. to Miſs Litchfield, of Eſſex Street.

George Beſt, Eſq. Secretary in his Majeſty's German Office, to Miſs Ann Meilo, of Fenchurch Street.

The Reverend Mr. Sheriffe, of Uggleſhall, to Miſs Affleck, of Bury, niece of Sir Edmund Affleck, Bart.

Lieutenant Colonel Hallows, of the 56th regiment of foot, to Mrs. Bruere, widow of the late Captain George Bruere.

John Foulkes, of Clement's Inn, Eſq. to Miſs Philippa Toller, daughter of the Reverend Brownlow Toller, of Billington Hall, Lincolnſhire.

The Reverend Mr. Hilliard to Miſs Grantham, of Louth, Lincolnſhire.

Mr. J. W. Glenton, Merchant, to Miſs B. P. Kelſall, youngeſt daughter of Mr. J. Kelſall, both of Liverpool.

In the Eaſt Indies, Lieutenant Baily, to Miſs Hope, ſiſter to Captain Hope, Commandant of the 5th battalion of Sepoys.

Benjamin Allen, Eſq. of Bennington Place, Herts, to Miſs Catherine Cotterel, of Windſor.

William Hobſon, Eſq. of Park Street, St. James's, to Miſs Cotton, daughter of T. Cotton, Eſq. of Place Green, Chiſelhurſt, Gent.

William Garret, Esq. of Portsmouth, to Miss Newland, of Havant.

In Virginia, Corbal Washington, Esq. nephew of General Washington, to Miss Hannah Lee, daughter of the Honourable Richard Lee, Esq.

C. Fisher, Esq. of the Tower, to Miss Garnault, daughter of the late Anice Garnault, Esq. of Lincoln's-Inn Fields.

Lieutenant Edmund Nepean, Esq. of the Royal Navy, to Miss Frances Hervey, sister to the Right Honourable Lady Trimleston.

The Reverend John Tattersal, of Eastling, in Kent, Chaplain in Ordinary to his Majesty, to Mrs. Wheler, of Otterden Place, in the same county.

Reverend Edward Moises, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, to Miss Mary Bowes, of Masham, in Yorkshire.

William Williams, Esq. Lieutenant of his Majesty's Royal Navy, to Miss Price, of Serle Street.

At Springkell, near Edinburgh, Michael Stewart Nicolson, Esq. of Carnock, to Miss Catharine Maxwell, daughter of Sir William Maxwell, of Springkell, Bart.

Sir Joseph Naro, Bart. late of the Province of Pennsylvania, to the Honourable Elizabeth Thomas, widow of the late Sir Owen Thomas, Bart. of Birmingham.

Richard Cross, Esq. of Shaw Hill, to Miss Parker, only daughter of the late Robert Parker, Esq. of Cuerden, in Lancashire.

The Reverend Mr. Gilbert Gerard, Minister of the English Church in Amsterdam, to Miss Helen Duncan, daughter of John Duncan, Esq. late Provost of Aberdeen.

Adam Plowman, of Mary-le-bonne Street, Golden Square, to Miss Elizabeth B. Mayo, second daughter of the Reverend Doctor Mayo, of Wellclose Square.

The Reverend Mr. Williamson, of Basingstoke, to Miss Mary Jackson, eldest daughter of the Revend Mr. Jackson, of Farnham.

John Fisher, esq. of Southampton Buildings, Bloomsbury to Miss Campbell, daughter of Robert Campbell, esq. of Creed Place, Glocestershire.

Edward Hillman, esq. of Rook Cliff House, near Lymington, to Miss Martha Willis, sister to the Reverend Joseph Willis, of Sopley.

The Reverend Mr. Holt, one of the senior Vicars of Lincoln Cathedral, to Miss Hamilton of Lynn.

John Wycliffe, esq. of Bishop Auckland, Durham, to Miss Marshall, sister of William Marshall, esq. of Tadcaster.

James Vincent Mathias, esq. Captain in the 62d regiment, to Miss Carter, of Thorpe, near Norwich.

Thomas Townly Parker, esq. to Miss Brooke, of Astley Hall, Lancashire only sister and sole heiress of the late Peter Brooke, esq.

Captain Meyrick, of the 66th regiment, to Miss Keppel, daughter of the late Lord Keppel.

At Southampton, Maurice Bisset, esq. to Miss Mordaunt, only daughter to the Countess Dowager of Peterborough.

Humphry Austen, esq. of Wotton Underedge, to Miss Southgate, of Hackney.

Henry Mountfort, esq. of Gough Square, to Mrs. Andrews, of Kensington.

At Edinburgh, William Miller, esq. of Craigentinny, to Miss Rawson, daughter of Mr. Henry Rawson, of Newark.

Captain Wathen, of the 14th regiment, to Miss Marianne Norford, daughter of Doctor Norford, of Bury.

At Badsworth, Captain Davison, of Thornes, near Wakefield, to Miss Anne Wise, second daughter of Mr. Wise, of Thorp Audling.

Doctor Wood, to Miss Cave, only daughter of Robert Cave, Esq. of Doncaster.

Thomas Layton, Esq. of Trinity College, Cambridge, to Miss Burleigh, of Colchester.

William Denby, Esq. Captain in the East India Company's Service, to Miss Elisabeth Bent, of Barnsley.

The Reverend Thomas Bisse, A. M. of Wadham College, Oxford, to Miss Townsend, of Ham, Surrey.

William Swiney, of Enniscorthy, in the county of Wexford, Ireland, Esq. to Mrs. Palmer, relict of the late John Palmer, Esq. of Naburn, Yorkshire.

MONTHLY OBITUARY, October 1787.

September 12.

ROBERT KENTISH, Esq. at St Alban's.

At Heytesbury, Wilts, John Bradford, Esq. formerly Lieutenant Colonel of the 11th regiment of dragoons, in his 81st year.

Mr. Mitchell, Attorney at Law at Malden.

14. George Clerke, Esq. Watford, Northamptonshire.

15. The Lord Viscount Dillon.

Mr. Chapman, Haberdasher, Bread-Street.

20. Gilbert Lawrie, Esq. late Lord Provost of Edinburgh, and one of the Commissioners of Excise.

The Reverend John Walker, Vicar of Sawbridgeworth, Herts, of Takely, Essex, and Chaplain of the 7th regiment of foot.

23. At Odiham, Hants, the Reverend Benjamin Webb, Clerk, master of the grammar school there.

24. Anna

24. Anna Maria, Countess Dowager of Pomfret, widow of the late Earl of Pomfret.

At East Sheen, Mr. Robert Rashleigh, Merchant.

Lately at Tiffield, in Northamptonshire, Neale Hayton, Esq.

25th, Mrs. Bates, of Covent Garden Theatre.

Lately in Ireland, the Reverend Doctor James Keefe, Titular Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin.

26. Mr. James Park, landlord of the Castle Inn, New Brentford; and in less than two hours his wife.

Mr. Edward Pearson of Cheapside, Silkman.

Lately in her 67th year, Elizabeth, relict of Grenada Pigot Stanley, Esq. of Cumberbach, in Cheshire.

27. Mr. Thomas Dicker, formerly a Colourman in Newport Street.

Miss Stanley, daughter of Mr. Stanley, of Cross Hall, in Lancashire.

Lately, Colonel Norman Lamont of the 55th regiment.

28. At Oxford, the Reverend Edward Carne, late Fellow of Jesus College, and Vicar of Holyhead.

Mr. Deputy Thorpe of the Globe Tavern, Fleet Street.

October 1. Mr. Francis Smith, of Gracechurch Street, Woollen Draper.

Mr. William Lodge, the yeoman of the guard who seized Margaret Nicholson.

Lately, Joseph Webb, Esq. uncle to the Countess of Shaftesbury.

3. Mr. John James, Merchant, of Spital Square.

4. At Shadwell, Captain William Morden, aged 98, upwards of 60 years in the West India trade.

At St. Omer's, Ralph Clavering, of Callaly, in Northumberland.

Lately, the Reverend Mr. Pearson, Rector of Maiden Newton, Dorset.

6. Edmund Cooper, Esq. of Overlegh, in the County of Chester, aged 83.

Lately, at Evesham, Charles Kemp, Esq.

7. Mr. Wilson, Cabinet Maker in the Strand.

Mr. Edward Davis, formerly of Blackwell Hall Factor, and Director of the Union Sun Fire Office.

8. At Falkirk, in Scotland, in the hundredth year of her age, Helen Forfyth.

Mr. Thomas Ryding, Attorney at Law at Liverpool.

9. The Honourable Mr. Dawson, son of Lord Viscount Cremorne.

Mr. Broxholm, Trunk Maker, St. Paul's Church Yard.

Mr. Richard Wilson, Captain in the Newcastle trade.

Lately, at Dublin, the Reverend Robert King, LL. D. Dean of Kildare, and Prebendary of St. Michael in that city.

10. Richard Hayne, Esq. late of Ashborne, in Derbyshire.

At Hull, Francis Bine, Esq. Sheriff of that town.

At Edinburgh, Miss Isabella Gordon, youngest daughter of Sir Alexander Gordon.

Mr. James Williams, of the Island of Barbadoes.

George Nash, Esq. of Quarendon, near Derby, aged 96.

Mr. Geo. Good, Auctioneer, Fleet Street.

11. Miss Louisa Selwyn, youngest sister of William Selwyn, Esq. Member for Whitchurch.

Mr. Thomas Matthew, principal Clerk of the General Post Office, Edinburgh.

Sir Richard Hoare, Bart. aged 53.

Lately in Harley Street, Mrs. Smith, Lady of General Richard Smith.

13. Captain Thomas Jennings, son of the late Robert Jennings, Esq. many years one of the Clerks of the Exchequer.

14. Henry Moyle, Esq. of Greenwich.

At Chelsea, Mr. Reynolds Grignion.

Mr. John Hale, Brewer in Red Cross Street.

Lately at Ballamoore, in the Isle of Man, Sir George Moore.

15. Richard Kelsall, Esq. of Southampton Buildings Holborn.

Lately Rowland Hosier, Esq. of Farnham Green.

17. James Taylor, Esq. of Kingsdown in Kent.

Mr. Goldsmith, Charles Street, Westminster.

18. At Dover, Mr. D. Lardent, late Weaver in Spital Fields.

19. Mr. Cox, master of the Mitre Tavern, Fleet Street.

Mr. George Needham, aged 77, upwards of 40 years one of the Serjeants at Mace in London.

Lately John Whitelock, Esq. of Chiltory Lodge, in Wiltshire.

20. Edmund Sanxay, Esq. of Cheam, in Surry.

Doctor James Beauclerk, Lord Bishop of Hereford, aged 80.

Mr. Balston, Beadle of Goldsmiths company.

21. Thomas Spratt, jun. Esq. of Salisbury, late Town Major of Fort St. George, in the East Indies.

Mr. William Griffiths, of Ellesmere, at Shrewsbury.

Mrs. Horsley, of Sawbridgeworth, widow of the Reverend Mr. Horsley.

24. Mr. Clare, formerly a Hosier in Fleet Street.

At the Castle in Dublin, of a fever, his Excellency the Duke of Rutland, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. His Grace was born on the 15th of March, 1754. He was married on December the 26th, 1775, to Lady Mary Isabella, daughter to the late Duke of Beaufort;—by whom he had six children:—Three of whom are sons, and at present in Ireland; and three daughters who are in England.

BANKRUPTS.

BANKRUPTS.

JOHN STONE, of Staines, Middleſex, Sadler. William Brotherton, of Bloomſbury Market, Merchant. Samuel Watſon, of Blakeney, Norfolk, Corn Merchant. George Palmer, of Briſtol, Woollendraper. Robert Noyes, of Briſtol, Merchant. John Bell, of Gorleſton, Suffolk, Merchant. Wm. Fell, ſen. William Fell, jun. William Mayne, and Alexander Thom, of St. Martin's Lane Middleſex, Taylors. John Blyth Wilkinſon, of Abergavenny, Monmouthſhire, Linen Draper. Jeffery Tylecote, of Oxford Street, Draper. Solomon Mendes Belſario, of Caſtle Street, Houndſditch, Merchant. John Aldred, of King Street, Cheapſide, London, Warehouſeman. William Hobby, of Cloth Fair, Smithfield, London, Woollendraper. Henry Humfrays, of Maddox Street, Taylor. Mary Counſell, of Kingſwood, Wilts, Clothier. James Files, of Fiſh Street, Shoemaker. William Dodgſon, of Dodgſon's Town, Cumberland, Dealer. Anthony Rutherford, of Sunderland, Coal Fitter. Thomas Scott, of Moor Place, near Moor Fields, Merchant. John Davidſon, of King Street, Grocer. John M'Clary, of Saliſbury Street, Merchant. John Lawrence, of Lambeth Marſh, Starchmaker. John Green, of Brampton, Cumberland, Drover. Bar. Batterbe, of Attleburgh, Norfolk, Shopkeeper. Michael Harris and Alexander Sheafe Burke, of Tower Street, Corn and Coal Dealers. James Allen and James Brymer, of Little Bell Alley, Coleman Street, Merchants. John Howitt and Richard Humphreys, of White Croſs Alley, Moorfields, Gauze Dreſſers. William Hubbard and Gregory Southworth Whyley, of Birmingham, Druggiſts. Wm. Neale, of Ludgate Street, (partner with John Redhead) Mercer. Rudolph Heim, of Kenſington, Dealer in ſpirituous liquors. William Howſon, of Goſport, Shopkeeper. William Whitely, of Cannon Street, Merchant. George Galt, of Monkwearmouth, Maſter Mariner. Rowland Thomas, of Birmingham, Plater. Henry Williams, of Broad Street Buildings, London, Merchant. James Thompſon, of High Holborn, Middleſex Hardwareman. Henry Parſons, of Piccadilly, Middleſex, Grocer. Charles Pearſon, of Liverpool, Linen Draper. John Thompſon, of Mark Lane, London, Merchant, Dealer and Chapman. John Lawrence, of Caſtle Street, Holborn, London, Jeweller, Dealer and Chapman. John Pope, of Hinckley, Leiceſterſhire, Shopkeeper. Peter Laytg, of Wells, Somerſetſhire, Linen Draper. William Salmon, of Bath, Corn Factor and Meaſman. Peter Turrall, of Briſtol, Coach Maker and Victualler. William Ride and Joſeph Ride, of the Pariſh of Brailsford, Derbyſhire, Carriers. Edward Bate, of Liverpool, Corn Factor. Philip Hall, of the Fleet Priſon, London, Dealer and Chapman. Francis Holt, of Liverpool, Anchor Smith. Charles Wilkins, of Tower Street, London, Oilman. Joſeph John Vanwingham, of Hatton Garden, Middleſex, Merchant. James Francis Vacher de la Cour, of Southampton Street, near Bloomſbury Square, Middleſex, Merchant. Mark Allegre Bennett and Charles Heaven, of Great Ruſſel Street, near Bloomſbury Square, Middleſex, Merchants. Mark Anthony Bennett and Conrad otherwiſe John Heaven, of Great Ruſſel Street, Bloomſbury Square, Middleſex, Merchants. Samuel Parſons, of Whitcombe Street, Middleſex, Upholder. Thomas White, of Birmingham, Button and Toy Maker. James Cookſon late of Plymouth Dock, Devonſhire, Draper. James Edleſton, of Manchester, Fuſtian Manufacturer. Edward Linney, of Gorton, Lancaſhire Dealer. Samuel Price, of Great Yarmouth, Saleſman. Richard Ware and Wm. Webſter, of Margate, Druggiſts. Chriſtopher Paulſon Wivel, of Charlotte Street, Merchant. Thomas Groombridge, of Suffolk Street, Dealer. John Planner, of Caſtle Street, St. Martin in the Fields, Upholſterer. Richard Parker, of St. Andrew's Hill, Blackfriars, Needle Maker. William Wilkins, of Chepping Wycombe, Feltmonger. John Fell and Owen Williams, of Mount Street, Haberdaſhers. John Saunders, of Bath, Taylor. Thomas Skegg, of Leeds, Silk Mercer. Liſcombe Price, of New Inn, St. Clement Danes, Money Scrivener. Thomas Newland, of Long Sutton, Hants, Merchant. James Smith, of Cambridge, Baker. John Crook, of Brewer's Yard, Timber Merchant. Thomas Living, of Holborn, Haberdaſher. Joſias Dawe, of Plymouth Dock, Mercer. Herman Zurhorſt, of Thavies Inn, Holborn, Merchant. Henry Linderbuſch, of Mary le Bone Street, Cabinet Maker. Lewis Lambert, of the Strand, Stationer. Lewis Lambert, and Thomas Philips, of the Strand, Stationers. Robert Honeyborn, now or late of Bowling Green Lane, Clerkenwell, Merchant. Edward Edwards, of Windmill Street, Cheeſemonger. Aaron Miller, of Cheſter, Scrivener and Haberdaſher. Geo. Atkinſon, of Templeſowerby, Butter Factor. Joſeph Wolff, of Throgmorton Street, Merchant. Thomas Wilkinſon, of Nicholas Lane, Merchant. James Scott Gardner, of Manchester, Victualler. John Moore, of Piccadilly, Spur Maker. James Ingram, of Kirby Kendal, Merchant. Charles Seymour Pearſon and Robert Portus, of Mincing Lane, Brokers. John Forſter, of Princes Street, Coach maker. Francis Moore, of Birmingham, Tripe Seller. William Smith, of Cambridge, Baker. John Wright, of Monk-Wearmouth Shore, Shipbuilder.